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THE SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA

THE ADVENTURES OF M. DE LA VÉRENDRYE

By Agnes C. Laut

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY HOWARD GILES, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS

I

1731–1736

OF all crack-brained dreams that led to far-reaching results, none has ever been wilder than the search for the Western Sea.

It began one sweltering afternoon on June 8, 1731, at the little stockaded fort on the banks of the St. Lawrence, where Montreal stands to-day. Fifty grizzled adventurers—wood-runners, voyageurs, Indian interpreters—bareheaded, except for the colored handkerchief binding back the lank hair, dressed in fringed buckskin, and chattering with the exuberance of boys out of school, had finished gumming the splits of their ninety-foot birch canoes, and now stood in line awaiting the command of their captain, Sieur Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Vérendrye. The French soldier, with his three sons aged respectively eighteen, seventeen, and sixteen, now essayed to discover the fabled Western Sea, whose narrow waters were supposed to lie between the valley of the "Great Forked River" and the Empire of China. It was hoped that the sea would connect French domain on the Gulf of Mexico with New France of Canada. The quest was invested with all the rainbow tints of "la gloire," but the rainbow hopes were founded on the practical basis of profits. Leading merchants of Montreal had advanced goods for trade with the Indians on the way to the Western Sea. Hopes of profit were probably as sane as the man's who buys a mining share for ten cents and looks for thousand-dollar dividends. And the fur trade at that time was capable of yielding such profits. Traders, who had gone west with less than $2,000 worth of goods in modern money, returned three years later with a sheer profit of a quarter of a million. Hope of such returns added zest to La Vérendrye's venture.

Goods done up in packets of a hundred pounds lay at the feet of the voyageurs. A dozen soldiers in the plumed hats, slashed buskins, and brightly colored doublets of the period, joined the throng. Priests came out to bless the departing adventurers, and chapel bells rang out a god-speed. To the booming of cannon, the gates opened. At a word from La Vérendrye, the soldiers fell in line with measured tread and marched out from Mount Royal for the Western Sea, followed by the moccasined woodsmen of ambling gait, pack-straps across the voyageurs' foreheads, packets on the bent backs, the long birch canoes hoisted to the shoulders of four men, two abreast at each end, heads inside the inverted keel.

The trail led between the white fret of Lachine Rapids and the dense forests shrouding the base of the mountain. Farm patches had been hewn from the woods in checker-board squares. La Salle's old

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thatch-roofed seigniory lay not far back from the river. Ste. Anne was the launching place for fleets of canoes bound up the Ottawa. Here, a last look was taken of splits and seams in the birch keels. With invocations of Saint Anne in one breath, and of a personage not mentioned in the curé's "petee cat—e—cheesm" in the next breath, and imprecations that their "souls might be smashed on the end of a picket fence"—the voyageur's common oath even to this day—the boatmen stored goods fore, aft, and athwarts till each long canoe sank to the gun'ls as it was gently pushed out on the water. A last sign of the cross, and each lithe figure leaps, light as a mountain cat, to his place in the canoes. There are four benches of paddlers, two abreast, with bowman and steersman to each canoe. One can guess that the explorer and his sons unhatted as they heard the long last farewell of the bells. Every eye is fastened on the steel-shod pole of the chief bowman. The pole is lowered. As with one stroke, out sweep the paddles in a poetry of motion. The chimes fade over the water; the chapel spire gleams; it, too, is gone. Some one strikes up a plaintive ditty—the voyageur's song of the lost lady and the faded roses, or the dying farewell of Cadieux, the hunter, to his comrades—and the adventurers are launched for the Western Sea.

II

1731–1736

EVERY mile westward had been consecrated by heroism. There was the place where Cadieux, the white hunter, went ashore single-handed to hold the Iroquois at bay while his comrades escaped by running the rapids; but Cadieux was assailed by a subtler foe than the Iroquois: "la folie des bois"—the folly of the woods—that sends the hunter wandering in endless circles till he dies from hunger; and when his companions returned, Cadieux lay in eternal sleep, with a death chant scribbled on bark across his breast. There were the Rapids of the Long Sault, where Dollard and seventeen Frenchmen fought seven hundred Iroquois till every white man fell. Not one of all La Vérendrye's fifty followers but knew that perils as great awaited him in the quest for the Western Sea.

Streaked foam told of nearing rapids. Alert as a hawk, the bowman stroked for the shore; and his stroke was answered by all paddles. If the water were high enough to carry the canoes above rocks, and the rapids were not too violent, the boatmen leaped out to knees in water and "tracked" the canoes up-stream; but this was unusual with loaded craft. The bowman steadied the beached keel. Each man landed with pack on his back, lighted his pipe, and trotted away over portages so dank and slippery that only a moccasin could gain foothold. On long portages, camp-fires were kindled and the kettles slung on the crotched sticks for the evening meal. The boatmen slept under overturned canoes, or lay on the sand with bare faces to the sky. Morning mist had not risen before all the boats were once more breasting the flood of the Ottawa. For a month, the prows met the current. Then, a portage lifted the fleet out of the Ottawa into a shallow stream flowing toward Lake Huron. The change was a welcome relief. The fleet now rode with the tide; and when a wind sprang up astern, blanket sails were hoisted that let the voyageurs lie back paddles athwart. Going *with* the stream, the canoes would "*sauter les rapides*"—run the safest of the cataracts. Bowman, not steersman, was pilot of such runs. A faint, far swish as of night-wind—little forward leaps and swirls of the current—a blur of trees on either bank—the bowman reads the signs, and rises in his place! A thrust of the steel-shod pole at a rock in mid-stream!—the rock has raced past! a throb of the keel to the live waters below!—the bowman crouches back, lightening the prow, just as a rider "lifts" his horse to the leap!—a sudden splash!—the thing has happened! the canoe has run the rapids, or shot the falls!

Pause was made at Lake Huron for favorable weather; and a rear wind would carry the canoes at a bouncing pace clear across the lake to Michilimackinac at the head of Lake Michigan. This was the chief fur post of the lakes; and brandy brought in by traders held high carnival among the Indians. La Vérendrye kept

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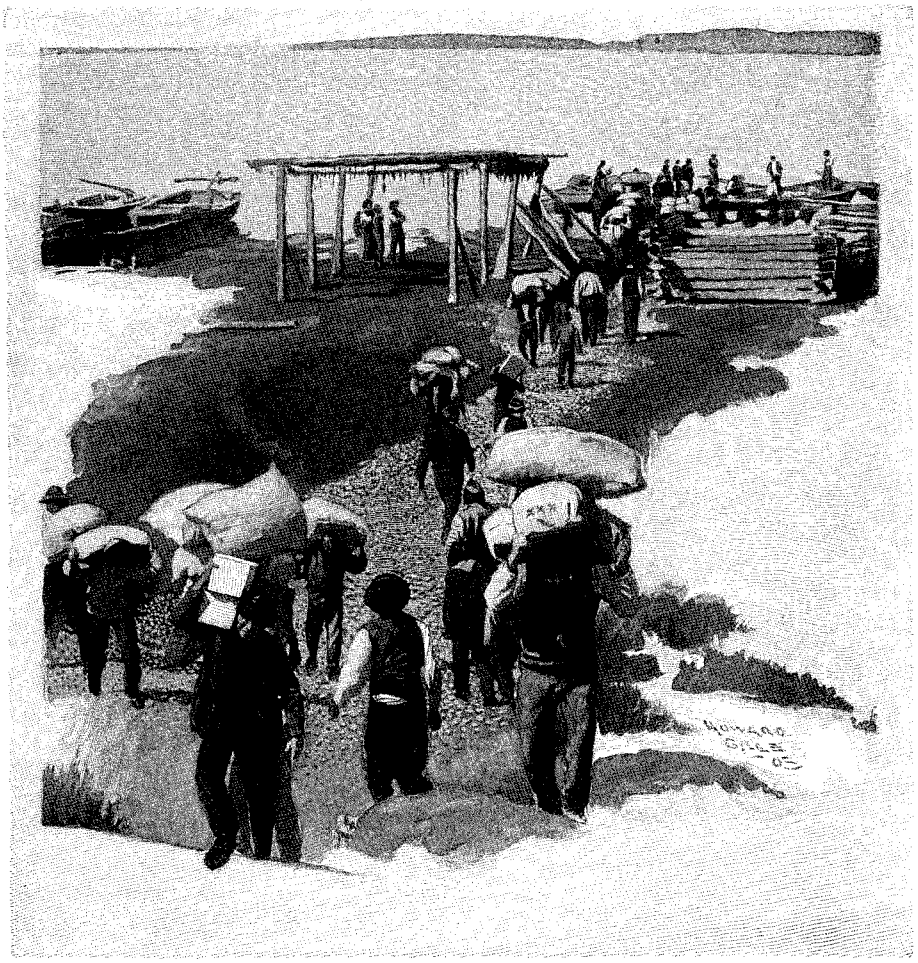

Each man landed with pack on his back, and trotted away over portages.—Page 258.
[From a life picture of Indians portaging on the Saskatchewan in 1900.]

taut hand over his men. They received no pay that could be squandered away on liquor. Discontent arose. Ordering the grumbling voyageurs to their canoes, the explorer passed through the Sault and headed his fleet along the north shore of Lake Superior. This coast was always perilous to frail craft. Thrashed by cross-winds, the waves were as dangerous to boatmen as the billows of a sea. It took La Vérendrye a month to coast from Mackinaw to Kaministiquia, which they reached on August 26th, seventy-eight days after leaving Montreal.

The crews were sulky. This was the outermost post in the west. Within a month, northern winter would freeze the streams and cut off all retreat. One man can scramble for food where fifty will starve; and the Indians could not be back from the winter hunt with food before spring. The canoe-men had received no pay. Free as the woodland winds, they chafed under military discipline. Boats were setting out at this season for the home hamlets of the St. Lawrence; and perhaps, hunters told the men that the Western Sea was a will-o'-the-wisp, that would lead for leagues over strange lands, through hostile tribes, to a lonely death in the wilderness. When the men were ordered to launch, there was outright mutiny. They refused to go on. Jemmeraie, La Vérendrye's nephew, who was second in command and

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had been among the Sioux, interceded with the voyageurs. A compromise was arranged. Half the men would go ahead with Jemmeraie, if La Vérendrye would remain with the other half at Lake Superior to forward the provisions.

A Cree Indian of the Minnesota borderlands.

III

1732–1736

EQUIPPING four canoes, Jemmeraie and young Jean La Vérendrye set out with thirty men, portaged through dense forests over dank rock past the high falls, and launched westward to prepare a fort for their leader in spring. Before the rivers were frozen, Fort St. Pierre had been erected on the Minnesota side of Rainy Lake, and the two young men not only held their mutinous followers in hand, but drove a brisk trade in furs with the Crees. Spring saw them back at Lake Superior, going post-haste to Mackinaw, where furs were exchanged for goods from the east. Exactly a year from the day that he had left Montreal, La Vérendrye pushed forward for Fort St. Pierre. Five weeks later, he was welcomed inside the stockades, the awe-struck Crees hanging round the gateway with hands over their hushed lips, gazing in dumb wonder at the bright uniforms of the soldiers. Gifts of fire-arms won the chiefs. Not to be lacking in generosity, the Crees collected fifty of their gaudiest canoes and escorted the white men pompously westward to the Lake of the Woods. The long line of gayly painted canoes with a French flag at the foremost prow glided through the shadowy defiles and mazy channels of the island-dotted lake, along the Minnesota shore westward to the mouth of the river at the North-west angle. Westward, opened an unknown river. Here were sheltered harbors, good hunting, and abundance of fish. Night

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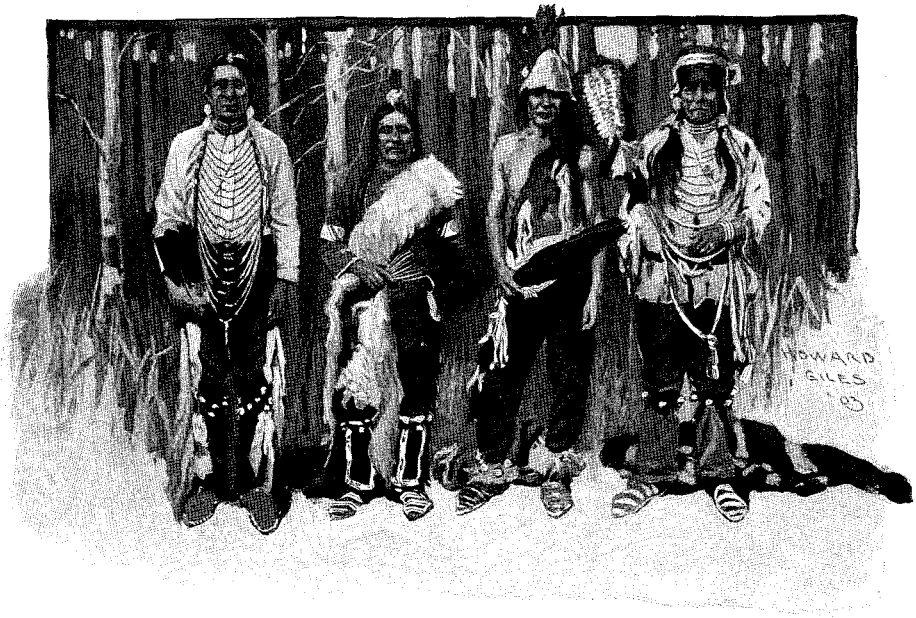

A group of Cree Indians.

frosts had painted the forests red. The flacker of wild fowl winging south, the skim of ice forming on the lake, the poignant sting of the north wind—all forewarned winter's approach. Jean La Vérendrye had not yet come up with the supplies. The explorer did not tempt mutiny by going on. He ordered a halt and began building Fort St. Charles, to be the centre of operations between Montreal and the unfound Western Sea.

By October, the Indians had scattered to their winter hunting grounds like leaves to the wind. The ice thickened. By November, the islands were ice-locked. Snow had drifted waist-high through the white-edged pines and tamaracks. Fish could still be taken through ice holes; but where was young Jean, who was coming north with the supplies? The commander did not voice his fears; and the men were too deep in the wilderness for desertion. One afternoon a shout rang from the snow-muffled woods; and out from the white-laden evergreens stepped a figure on snow-shoes—Jean La Vérendrye, leading his boatmen with the provisions packed on their backs, from a point fifty miles away, where the ice had caught the canoes.

Nothing daunted by this first taste of winter travel, the young man barely took breath at his father's fort, when he led his faithful wood-runners out again, and pushing westward through drifted forest and over frozen river-bed, came to Lake Winnipeg, where he at once built Fort Maurepas, to receive his father in spring; but La Vérendrye dared not leave Fort St. Charles without supplies. His position was now desperate. He was hopelessly in debt to his men for wages. That did not help discipline. His partners were not only stinting the supplies so that trade was hampered, but were withholding food and charging up a high rate of interest on the first year's equipment. What would become of fifty hungry men in the northern wilds, the partners neither asked nor cared. To turn back, meant ruin to La Vérendrye; but he could not advance. As soon as spring opened, he took a small canoe and descended with all swiftness to Quebec, where the winter of 1734–35 was spent with the governor. The partners were convinced that they must either go on with the venture or lose all; and they consented to continue forwarding goods.

Father Aulneau went back with La Vérendrye as chaplain. The trip was made at terrible speed, in the hottest season, through stifling forest fires. Behind, at slower pace, came the provisions. La

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Vérendrye reached the Lake of the Woods in September. Fearing the delay of the goods and the dangers of famine with so many men in one place, he dispatched Jemmeraie to winter with part of the forces at Lake Winnipeg, where the three sons were at Fort Maurepas. The worst fears were realized. Ice had blocked the rivers by the time the supplies had come to Lake Superior. Fishing failed. The hunt was poor. During the winter of 1736, food became so scant that the little forts of St. Charles and Maurepas were put to all the extremities of famine-stricken traders, the men subsisting on parchment, moccasin leather, roots, and the hunting dogs. While La Vérendrye waited at St. Charles, came blow upon blow. Jean arrived from Fort Maurepas with news that Jemmeraie had died three weeks before on his way down to aid La Vérendrye. Wrapped in a hunter's robe, the body was buried in the sand bank of a little northern stream. Over the lonely grave, Jean had erected a cross.

Father and son took stock of supplies, There was not enough powder to last another month. It never seems to have entered the mind of La Vérendrye to give up. He decided to rush three canoes of twenty voyageurs to Mackinaw for supplies. Accompanied by the priest and led by Jean, now in his twenty-second year, the voyageurs embarked hurriedly on the 8th of June, 1736, five years to a day from the time that they had left Montreal; and a fateful day it was to be in the search for the Western Sea. The Crees had always been friendly. When the boatmen landed on a sheltered island twenty miles from Fort St. Charles to camp for the night, no sentry was stationed. The lake lay calm as glass in the hot June night, the camp-fire casting long shadows across the water that could be seen for miles. An early start was to be made in the morning and a furious pace to be kept all the way. The voyageurs were presently sound asleep on the sand. The keenest ears could scarcely have heard the soft lapping of muffled paddles, or the moccasined tread of ambushed Indians stealing through the night gloom. Seventeen Sioux stepped from their canoes, slipped from cover to cover of the leafy darkness, and looked out on the upturned faces of the white men sleeping round the fire. Then the Indians as noiselessly glided back to their canoes, to carry word of the discovery to a band of marauders.

Something had occurred at Fort St. Charles without M. de la Vérendrye's knowledge. Indians, like animals, are quick to detect the weakening of a tight hand on the part of their masters. Whether they knew that the whites were short of fire-arms, or only vaguely *sensed* uneasiness inside the fort, the Cree had become mischievous. Hilarious with the possession of fire-arms, and perhaps, also, mad with the brandy of which the priest complained, some young braves had fired from the fort on wandering Sioux of the Prairie. It was a safe shot. The Sioux were without muskets.

"Who—fire—on us?" demanded the enraged Sioux.

The Crees jeered back a taunt. Then the idea of a colossal joke on the French entered the mind of a warrior. He whispered to his comrades.

"The French fired on you," shouted back the Cree.

The Sioux hurried to a band of a hundred-and-thirty warriors. "Tigers of the plain" the Sioux were called; and now the tigers' blood was up. They set out to slay the first Frenchman seen. By chance one, Bourassa, was coasting the lake. The Sioux seized him and had tied the captive to a stake for burning, when a slave squaw rushed forward crying, "What would you do? This man is a friend of the Sioux. He saved my life. If you desire to be avenged, go farther on! You will find a camp of Frenchmen! The son of the white chief is there!"

Bourassa was unbound; and scouts scattered to find the white men. Night had passed before the spies carried news of Jean La Vérendrye's crews to the warriors. The gray of dawn saw the voyageurs paddling ghostlike through the morning mist. Cleaving the fog behind, following solely by the double foam wreaths rippling from the canoe prows, came the silent boats of the Sioux. When sunrise lifted the mist, the pursuers paused like stealthy cats. At sunrise, Jean La Vérendrye landed his crews for breakfast. Camp-fire told the Indians where to follow.

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A few days later, bands of Sautaux came to the camping ground of the French.

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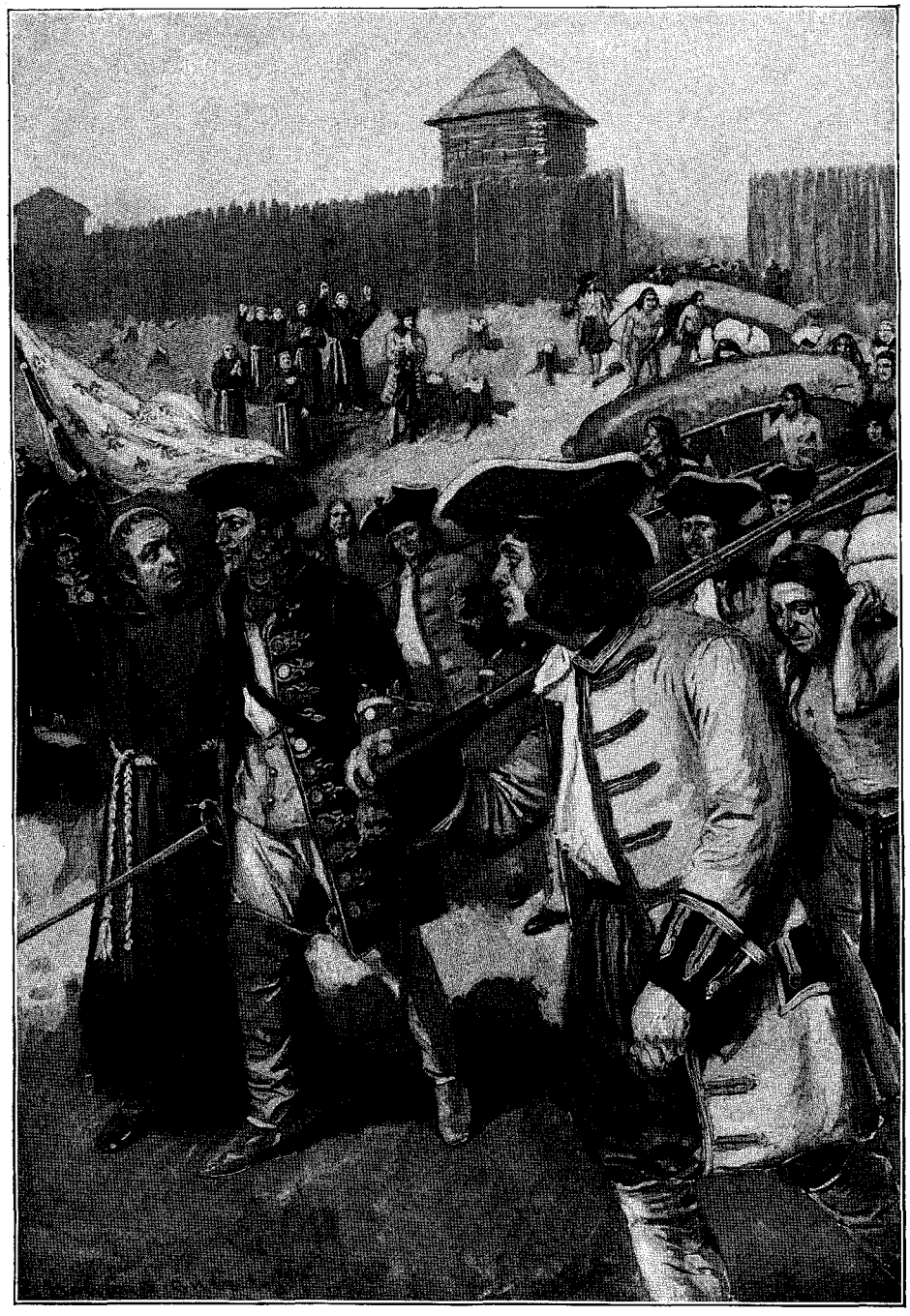

Drawn by Howard Giles.

The soldiers marched out from Mount Royal for the Western Sea.

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The heads of the white men lay on a beaver skin. All had been scalped. The missionary, Aulneau, was on his knees as if in morning prayer. An arrow projected from his head. His left hand was on the earth, fallen forward, his right hand uplifted, invoking Divine aid. Young La Vérendrye lay face down, his back hacked to pieces, a spear sunk in his waist, the headless body mockingly decorated with porcupine quills. So died one of the bravest of the young nobility in New France. The Sautaux erected a cairn of stones over the bodies of the dead. Only vague Indian gossip could be learned of the massacre. The Sioux reported that they had not intended to murder the priest, but a crazy-brained fanatic had shot the fatal arrow and broken from the band, weapon in hand. Rain storms had washed out all marks of the fray. In September, the bodies of the victims were carried to Fort St. Charles and interred in the chapel. Eight-hundred Crees besought M. de la Vérendrye to let them avenge the massacre; but the veteran soldier exhorted them not to war.

IV

1736–1740

Again La Vérendrye had to choose whether to abandon his cherished dreams, or follow them at the risk of ruin and death; and again he determined to advance at any cost. A week passed after the massacre; and on the 17th of June, the supplies for which the murdered voyageurs had been sent arrived at the fort. Pierre, the second son, went to Lake Winnipeg to prepare Fort Maurepas for the main forces. Snow lay twelve feet deep in the forests of the Minnesota Border-lands. On February 8th, 1737, in the face of a biting north wind, with the thermometer at forty below zero, M. de la Vérendrye marched out of Fort St. Charles, François, the youngest son, who had come up with the supplies, carrying the French flag, ten soldiers wearing snow-shoes in line behind, and two or three hundred Crees, swathed in furs, bringing up a ragged rear. The bright uniforms of the soldiers moved in red patches among the snowy evergreens. Bivouac was made on beds of pine boughs, feet to the camp-fire, the night frost snapping like whip lashes, the stars flashing with a steely clearness known only in northern climes. Skulking back in the underbrush prowled the stealthy timber wolves that still roam those Border-land forests in packs that menace the hunter's life; and other creatures of prey were drawn from their lairs by the luscious smell of steaming meat, boiling in the copper kettles hanging above the great log fires. The march was at a swift pace, for in three weeks La Vérendrye was at Fort Maurepas on Lake Winnipeg.

Fort Maurepas (the modern Alexander) lay on a tongue of land extending into a cove of the lake beyond the mouth of Winnipeg River. Tamaracks and poplars fringe the shore; and in windy weather the lake is lashed into a roughness that resembles the flux of ocean tides. I remember once going on a small steamer to the harbor outside Maurepas. The vessel drew lightest of draft. While we were anchored the breeze fell, and the ship lay stranded as if by ebb-tide for twenty-four hours. The action of the wind explained the Indian tales of an ocean tide, which had misled La Vérendrye into expecting to find the Western Sea at this point. He found, not the ocean, but a magnificent body of fresh water. The fort was the usual pioneer fur post—a barracks of unbarked logs chinked up with frozen clay and moss, roofed with branches and snow, occupying the centre of a courtyard that was palisaded by pine slabs. La Vérendrye was now in the true realm of the explorer—where no other white man had trod. With a shout, his motley forces emerged from the snowy tamaracks. An answering shout from Pierre La Vérendrye and his tawny followers welcomed the explorer through the gateway of Fort Maurepas.

Pierre had heard of a region to the south much frequented by the Assiniboine—the Forks where the Assiniboine River joins the Red and the city of Winnipeg stands to-day. Game was plentiful here. Two-hundred Indian tepees were awaiting the explorer. His forces were worn with their marching; but in a few weeks the glaze of ice above the snow-drifts would be too rotten for travel; and not until June would the rivers be clear for canoes. But

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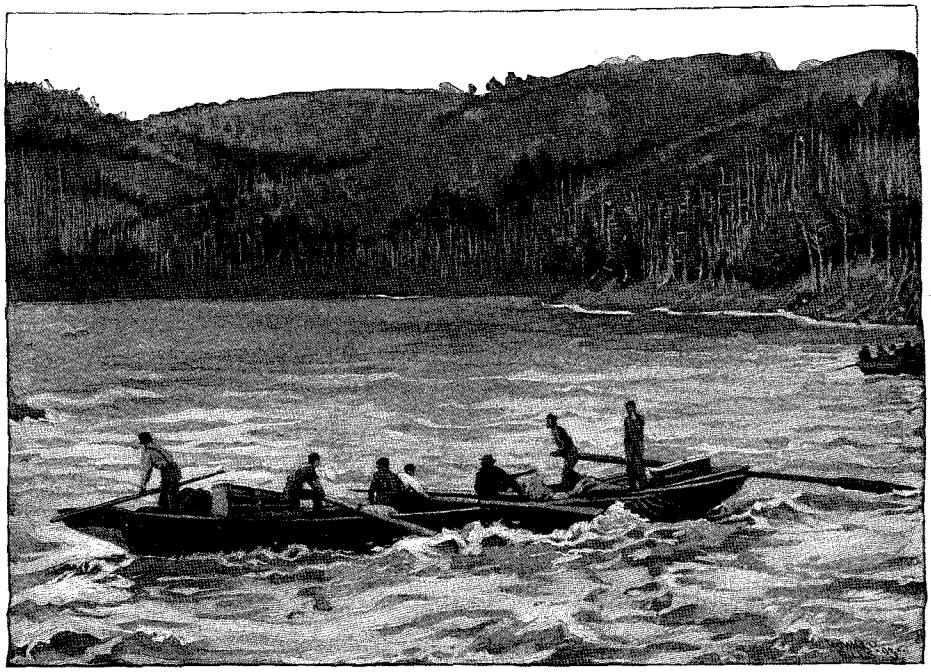

Traders' boats running the rapids of the Athabasca River.

such a scant supply of goods had his partners sent up, that poor La Vérendrye had nothing to trade with the waiting Assiniboines. Sending his sons forward to reconnoitre the Forks—the modern Winnipeg—he set out for Montreal as soon as navigation opened, taking with him fourteen great canoes of precious furs. The furs proved his salvation. As long as there were furs and prospects of furs, his partners would back the enterprise of finding the Western Sea.

By September, 1738, he was back at Fort Maurepas on Lake Winnipeg, where he picked out his most intrepid men; and for the first time in history, the fleet of white men glided up the muddy current of the Red for the Forks of the Assiniboine. Ten Cree wigwams and two war chiefs awaited La Vérendrye on the low flats of what are now known as South Winnipeg. Not the fabled Western Sea, but an illimitable ocean of rolling prairie—the long russet grass rising and falling to the wind like waves to the run of invisible feet—stretched out before the eager eyes of the explorer. Northward extended the autumn-tinged brushwood of Red River. South, Red River Valley shimmered in the purple mists of Indian summer; and when the weary gaze of the tired voyageurs turned longingly westward, there billowed to the sky-line, in the tide of a boundless ocean, not the Western Sea, but a sea of prairie. The trail of the prairie is like the endless run of the ocean tide—it flees as fast as the traveller pursues. So was the quest for the Western Sea. Always just beyond, there quivered the rippling grass of the western horizon where sky-line and prairie met. What undiscovered lands and seas lay just beyond the dip of the rolling horizon?

An old Cree chief warned the boatmen that the Assiniboine River was very low and would graze the bottoms off the frail birch canoes; but he also told vague yarns of "great waters beyond the mountains of the setting sun, where white men dwelt, and the waves came in a tide, and the waters were salt." The Indian fables, without doubt, referred to a sea beyond the Assiniboine River; and thither would La Vérendrye go at any cost. Some sort of barracks or shelter was knocked up on the south side of the Assiniboine, opposite the

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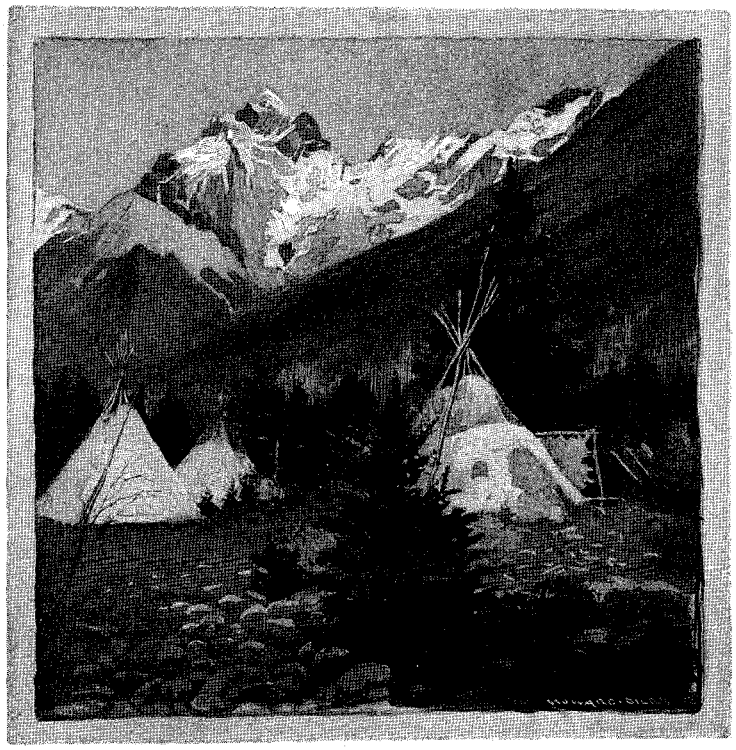
flats. It was named Fort Rouge, after the color of Red River, and became the foundation of Winnipeg. A thousand leagues —every one marked by disaster and failure and sinking hopes—lay behind La Vérendrye. A thousand leagues of wilderness lay before him. He had only a handful of men. The Assiniboine Indians were treacherous allies for white men. The river, ducks rose in myriads. Coyotes skulked away from the river bank; and the sand-hill cranes were so unused to human presence that they scarcely rose as the voyageurs poled past. While the boatmen paddled, the soldiers marched in military order across country, avoiding the numerous bends of the river. Daily, Crees and Assiniboines joined the white



The ragged sky-line of the mountains.
[From a photograph taken in 1899 by Mrs. Charles Schaffer.]

voyageurs were scarce of food. In a few weeks they would be exposed to the terrible rigors of northern winter. Yet on September 26th, 1738, they set their faces toward the west for the height of land that must lie beyond the sources of the Assiniboine.

The Assiniboine was winding and low with many sand bars. On the wooded banks, deer and buffalo grazed in such countless multitudes that the boatmen mistook the herds for a new kind of cattle. Flocks of geese darkened the sky; and as the boats wound up the shallows of the men. A week after leaving the Forks, La Vérendrye came to the portage of the prairie—the modern Portage la Prairie—leading north to Lake Manitoba, and from the lake to Hudson Bay. Clearly, northward was not the way to the Western Sea; but the Assiniboines told of a people to the southwest—the Mandanes—who knew a people who lived on the Western Sea. As soon as his baggage came up, La Vérendrye ordered the construction of a fort—De la Reine—on the banks of the Assiniboine. This was to be the forwarding post for the Western Sea. To the Man-

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Hungry Hall, 1870.

Mouth of the Rainy River, on Rainy Lake, near the site of Fort St. Pierre, La Vérendrye's first fort.

danes, living on the Missouri, who knew a people living on salt water, La Vérendrye now directed his course.

On the morning of October 18th, drums beat to arms. Fifty-two soldiers and boatmen stood in line. Arms were inspected. To each man were given powder, balls, axe and kettle. Pierre and François hoisted the French flag. For the first time, a bugle call sounded over the prairie. At the word, out stepped the little band for the Western Sea. The course lay west-south-west up the Souris River, through wooded ravines now stripped of foliage, past alkali sloughs, ice-edged by frost, over rolling cliffs, russet and bare, where gopher and badger and owl and roving buffalo were the only signs of life. Within a month, so many Assiniboines had joined the French that the company numbered more than six-hundred Indian warriors, who were ample protection against the Sioux. The Assiniboines marched under the sheltered slopes of the hills in a sort of crude order. In front rode the warriors dressed in garnished buckskin. Behind on foot, came the old and the lame. To the rear was another guard of braves. Lagging in ragged lines far back, came a ragamuffin brigade of women and children and dogs—squaws astride cayuses lean as barrel hoops, pappooses in moss bags on their mothers' backs, horses and dogs alike harnessed with the "travaille"—two sticks with the shafts tied into a triangle and fastened to a cinch on horse or dog. Between the joined ends dragging on the ground hung the baggage, surmounted by pappoose, or pet owl, or the tamed pup of a prairie wolf, or even the wild-eyed young squaws with hair flying to the wind. Night camp was made in a circle of the hobbled horses. Outside, the dogs scoured after coyotes. Women and children took refuge in the centre, and the warriors slept near their picketed horses. By the middle of November, the motley cavalcade had crossed the height of land between the Assiniboine River and the Missouri. Mandane coureurs came out to welcome the visitors, pompously presenting La Vérendrye with corn in the ear. Then the explorer discovered that the bag of presents for his hosts had been stolen by the Assiniboines; but he gave the Mandanes ammunition and plenty of pemmican.

On the 3d of December, La Vérendrye's sons stepped before the ragged host with

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the French flag unfurled. The explorer himself was hoisted to the shoulders of the Mandane coureurs. A gun was fired, and the strange procession set out for the Mandane villages. In this fashion, white men first took possession of the Upper Missouri. Some miles from the lodges, a band of old chiefs met La Vérendrye and gravely handed him a grand calumet of pipestone ornamented with eagle feathers. This typified peace. La Vérendrye ordered his followers to draw up in line. The sons placed the flag four paces to the fore. On each side stood the Assiniboine warriors in stately silence. At a signal, three thundering volleys were fired. The Mandanes fell back prostrated with fear; and the village was entered in state at four in the afternoon of December 3d, 1738. The village consisted of circular huts with thatched roofs on which perched the gaping women and children. Around the village ran a moat or ditch, which was guarded in time of war with the Sioux. Flags flew from the centre poles of each hut; but the flags were the scalps of enemies slain. In the centre of the village was a larger hut, the "medicine" lodge or council hall of the chiefs, used only for ceremonies of treaty and war and religion. Thither La Vérendrye was conducted. The chiefs sat on buffalo robes in a circle round the fire, smoking the calumet, which was handed to the white man. The explorer then told the Indians of his search for the Western Sea. Of the sea, they could tell him nothing definite. They knew a people far west who lived on water that was bitter for drinking. The people were white. They dressed in armor and lived in houses of stone. Their country was full of mountains. More La Vérendrye could not learn.

Meanwhile, six-hundred visitors were a tax on hospitality. The Mandanes spread a rumor of a Sioux raid. That gave speed to the Assiniboines' departure. Among the Indians, running off in fright, was La Vérendrye's interpreter. It was useless to wait longer. The French were short of provisions, and the Missouri Indians could not be expected to support fifty white men. Two Frenchmen were left to learn the Missouri dialects. A French flag, in a leaden box with the arms of France inscribed, was presented to the Mandane chief; and La Vérendrye departed from the village on the 8th of December. It was the bitter cold of northern mid-winter, and scarcely had the explorer set out when he fell deadly ill; but for the path-finder of the wilderness is neither halt nor retreat. His ragged army tramped wearily on, half blinded by snow glare, buffeted by blizzards sweeping over the unbroken prairie, huddling in snow-drifts from the wind at night, and uncertain of the compass by day. Here, a fox track ran over the snow. There, a coyote skulked from cover to lope away the next instant for brushwood or hollow; and snow buntings might have followed the marchers for pickings of waste; but east, north, west and south was nothing but the white wide wastes of snow. On Christmas Eve, low curling smoke above the prairie told the wanderers that they were nearing the winter camp of the Assiniboines. By nightfall of February 10th, 1739, they at last reached the shelter of Fort de la Reine. "I have never been so wretched from illness and fatigue in all my life as on that journey," reported La Vérendrye. Provisions were scarce at the fort. Fifty people had to be fed. Pemmican saved the French from starvation. Meanwhile, La Vérendrye sent his sons to the banks of a northern river. This was the Saskatchewan. Its course was east toward Hudson Bay; so once more the explorers were baffled in their search for the Western Sea. This spring, not a canoe-load of food came up from Montreal. Papers had been served for the seizure of all La Vérendrye's forts, goods and chattels to meet the claims of his creditors. Desperate, but not deterred from his quest, La Vérendrye set out to contest the lawsuits in Montreal.

V

1740–1750

WHICH way to turn now for the Western Sea that eluded their search like a will-o'-the wisp? The two men left among the Mandanes to learn the language returned to Assiniboine River with more news of tribes from the setting sun who dwelt on salt water. Pierre La Vérendrye went down to the Missouri with the two inter-

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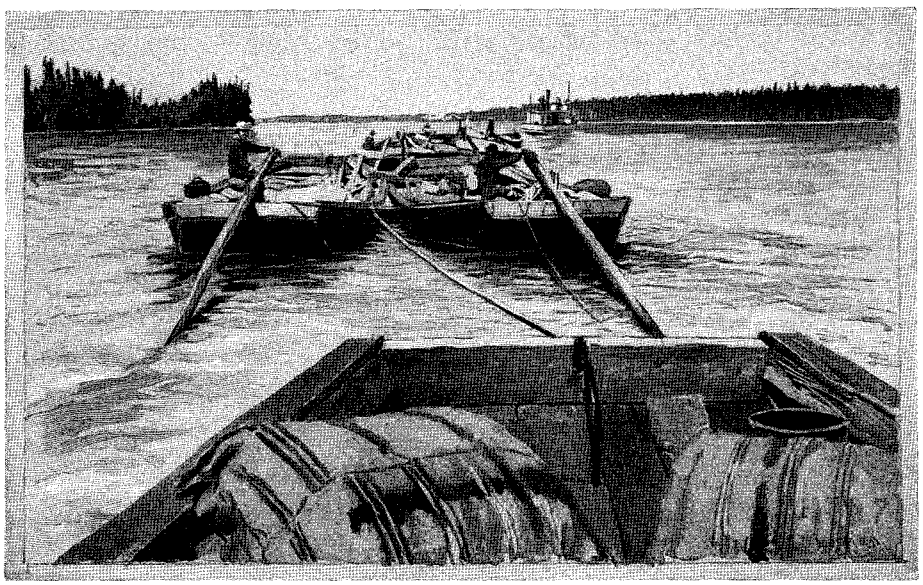
preters, but the Mandanes refused to supply guides; and the young Frenchman come back to winter on the Assiniboine. In April, 1742, the two brothers, Pierre and François, again left Manitoba with the two interpreters. Their course led along the trail that for two hundred years was to be a famous highway between the Missouri and Hudson Bay. Heading south-west, they followed the Souris River to the water-shed of the Missouri, and in the French to a neighboring tribe, that might know of the Western Sea.

The party set out on horseback, travelling swiftly south-west along the valley of the Little Missouri toward the Black Hills. Here their course turned sharply west toward the Powder River country, past the southern bounds of the Yellowstone. For three weeks they saw no sign of human existence. Deer and antelope bounded over the parched alkali uplands.



Fur traders' boats towed down the Saskatchewan in the summer of 1900.

three weeks were once more the guests of the smoky Mandane lodges. Round the inside walls of each circular hut ran berth-beds of buffalo skin, with trophies of the chase, hide shields and weapons of war, fastened to the posts that separated berth from berth. A common fire with a family meat-pot hanging above, occupied the centre of the lodge. In one of these lodges the two brothers and their men were quartered. The summer passed feasting with the Mandanes and smoking the calumet of peace; but all was in vain. The Missouri Indians were arrant cowards in the matter of war. The terror of their existence was the Sioux. The Mandanes would not venture through Sioux territory to accompany the brothers in the search for the Western Sea. At last, two guides were obtained who promised to conduct Prairie dogs perched on top of their earth mounds to watch the lonely riders pass; and all night, the far howl of grayish forms on the offing of the star-lit prairie told of prowling coyotes. On the 11th of August, the brothers camped on the Powder Hills. Mounting to the crest of a cliff, they scanned far and wide for signs of the Indians whom the Mandanes knew. The valleys were desolate. Kindling a signal fire to attract any tribes that might be roaming, they built a hut and waited. A month passed. There was no answering signal. One of the Mandane guides took himself off in fright. On the fifth week, a thin line of smoke rose against the distant sky. The remaining Mandane went to reconnoitre and found a camp of Beaux Hommes or Crows, who received the French well. Obtaining fresh guides from the

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Crows and dismissing the Mandane, the brothers again headed westward. The Crows guided them to the Horse Indians, who in turn took the French to their next western neighbors, the Bows. The Bows were preparing to war on the Snakes, a mountain tribe to the west. Tepees dotted the valley. Women were pounding the buffalo meat into pemmican for the raiders. The young braves spent the night with war-song and war-dance to work themselves into a frenzy of bravado. The Bows were to march west; so the French joined the warriors, gradually turning north-west toward what is now Helena.

It was winter. The hills were powdered with snow that obliterated all traces of the fleeing Snakes. The way became more mountainous and dangerous. Iced sloughs gave place to swift torrents and cataracts. On New Year's Day, 1743, there rose through the gray haze to the fore the ragged sky-line of the Bighorn Mountains. Women and children were now left in a sheltered valley, the warriors advancing unimpeded. François La Vérendrye remained at the camp to guard the baggage. Pierre went on with the raiders. In two weeks, they were at the foot of the main range of the Northern Rockies. Against the sky, the snowy heights rose an impassable barrier between the plains and the Western Sea. What lay Beyond—the Beyond that had been luring them on and on, from river to river, and land to land, for more than ten years? Surely on the other side of those lofty summits, one might look down on the long-sought Western Sea! Never suspecting that another thousand miles of wilderness and mountain fastness lay between him and his quest, young La Vérendrye wanted to cross the Great Divide. Destiny decreed otherwise. The raid of the Bows against the Snakes ended in a fiasco. No Snakes were to be found at their usual winter hunt. Had they decamped to massacre the Bow women and children left in the valley to the rear? The Bows fled back to their wives in a panic; so La Vérendrye could not climb the mountains that barred the way to the sea. The retreat was made in the teeth of a howling mountain blizzard, and the warriors reached the rendezvous more dead than alive. No Snake Indians were seen at all. The Bows marched homeward along the valley of the Upper Missouri through the country of the Sioux, with whom they were allied. On the banks of the river the brothers buried a leaden plate with the royal arms of France imprinted. At the end of July, 1743, they were once more back on the Assiniboine River. For thirteen years had they followed a hopeless quest. Instead of a Western Sea, they had found a sea of prairie, a sea of mountains, and two great rivers—the Saskatchewan and Missouri.

VI

1743–1750

BUT the explorer who had done so much to extend French domain in the west, was a ruined man. To the accusations of his creditors were added the jealous calumnies of fur traders eager to exploit the new country. The eldest son with tireless energy had gone up the Saskatchewan to Fort Poskoyac, when he was recalled to take a position in the army at Montreal. In 1746, La Vérendrye himself was summoned to Quebec, and his command given to M. de Noyelles. The game being played by jealous rivals was plain. La Vérendrye was to be kept out of the west, while tools of the Quebec traders spied out the fur trade of the Assiniboine and Missouri. Immediately on receiving freedom from military duty, young Chevalier de la Vérendrye set out for Manitoba. On the way he met his father's successor, M. de Noyelles, coming home crestfallen. The supplanter had failed to control the Indians. In one year, half the forts of the chain leading to the Western Sea had been destroyed. These, Chevalier de la Vérendrye restored as he passed westward.

Governor Beauharnois had always refused to believe the charges of private peculation against M. de la Vérendrye. Governor de la Galissonnière was equally favorable to the explorer; and La Vérendrye was decorated with the Order of the Cross of St. Louis and given permission to continue his explorations. The winter of 1749 was passed preparing supplies for the posts of the west; but a life of hardship and disappointment had undermined the constitution of the dauntless path-finder.

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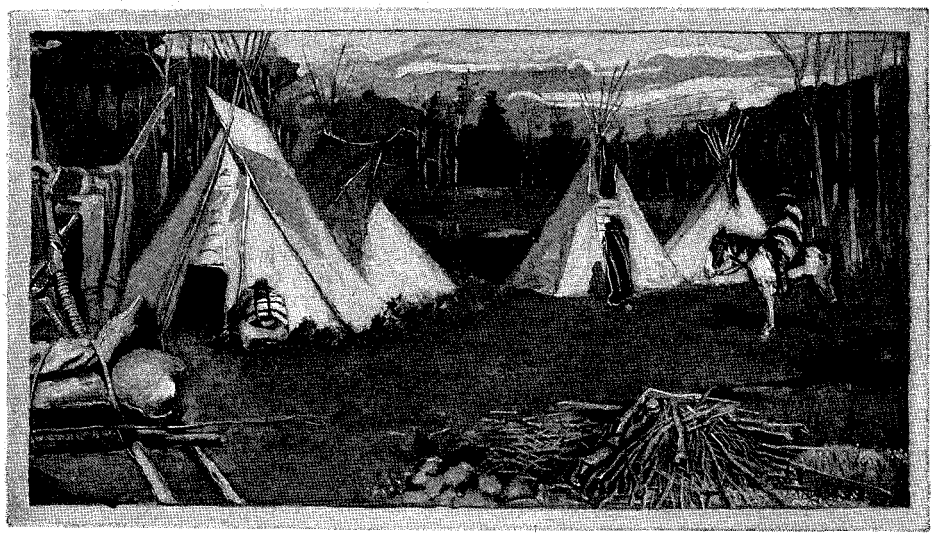
On the 6th of December, while busy with plans for his hazardous and thankless quest, he died suddenly at Montreal.

Rival fur traders scrambled for the spoils of the Manitoba and Missouri territory like dogs for a bone. De la Jonquière had become governor. Allied with him was the infamous Bigot, the intendant; and these two saw in the western fur trade an opportunity to enrich themselves. The rights of La Vérendrye's sons to succeed their father were entirely disregarded. Legardeur de Saint Pierre was appointed commander of the Western Sea. The very goods forwarded by La Vérendrye were confiscated.

But Saint Pierre had enough trouble from his appointment. His lieutenant, M. de Niverville, almost lost his life among hostiles on the way down the Saskatchewan, after building Fort Lajonquière at the foot-hills of the Rockies, where Calgary now stands. Saint Pierre had headquarters in Manitoba on the Assiniboine; and one afternoon in mid-winter, when his men were out hunting, he saw his fort suddenly fill with armed Assiniboines bent on massacre. They jostled him aside, broke into the armory, and helped themselves to weapons. Saint Pierre had only one recourse—seizing a fire-brand, he tore the cover off a keg of powder and threatened to blow the Indians to perdition. The marauders dashed from the fort; and Saint Pierre shot the bolts of gate and sally-port. When the white hunters returned, they quickly gathered their possessions together and abandoned Fort de la Reine. Four days later, the fort lay in ashes. So ended the dream of enthusiasts to find a way overland to the Western Sea.



Tepees dotted the valley.
(From a present-day photograph.)

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Give it to me, Paul," demanded the young woman, imperiously.—Page 278.

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THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

VIII

MR. PRENTISS continued his monologue on his way to the drawing-room. He imagined himself saying to Mrs. Wilson, "You know that I believe in toleration, and that I would not set or preach an ascetic standard of life. I believe—my church believes—that it is not profitable to the human soul to mortify the flesh in every-day life or refuse to enjoy the comforts of civilization. But the set of people to which this young man belongs are cumberers of the soil and a menace to society. It is not merely a question of taste, but of Christian morals. We have nothing to do with other nations; our concern is with the social life of this nation and whether we are to foster and encourage a pleasure-loving, self-indulgent, and purposeless leisure class."

Yet though his thoughts thus shaped themselves in fervent words, he was conscious that in the absence of a cue his lips must remain sealed. There was a limit imposed by society on the priestly office which he could not overstep without appearing officious, and thus weakening his influence. Were it a case of notorious dissipation or some palpable fault or blemish, it would be his duty to speak. But he had no such data at his command. Clarence Waldo was simply a fastidious idler, pretentious, and indifferent to the vital interests of life. It could not even be charged that he was marrying Lucille for her money, as he had a competency of his own. They would be able to buy all the dogs and horses in the country if they saw fit. But his own tongue was tied. To all appearances Mrs. Wilson was content. At the time she had announced her daughter's engagement to him, she had said, in response to his earnest inquiry if she were satisfied—said it with a blithe smile, as though, on the whole, the best had happened—"I should have been glad of course, if Lucille had chosen a man of conspicuous talent, a future United States senator or successful artist or author. If she had loved her lord, I should not have objected to a title, because, after all, even to a free-born American, there is a certain compensation in becoming the mother of dukes and regenerating an ancient line. But Clarence is well connected, and the child is in love with him. So long as she is happy, that is the essential thing."

Since then he had become better informed as to the young man's tendencies. But if Lucille was in love with him, and her mother acquiescent, what was there to do? The church could not interfere beyond a certain point without giving offence.

Mrs. Wilson was not in the drawing-room, but Mr. Prentiss caught a glimpse of her at her desk in a smaller room which led out of it. She called to him that she was answering a note and would join him presently. The clergyman seated himself and picking up from a low teak table beside him a paper-cutter fashioned on a Japanese sword hilt he compressed his fingers on the handle as an outlet to his perplexity. Had he been walking in the fields he would have cut off the heads of the dandelions with his cane. Marriage was a sacrament, the most solemn undertaking in life, yet how impossible it was to regulate matrimony for others. He glanced around the room admiringly. Already the musical notes of his hostess's voice had served to dissipate partially the miasma of doubt which had been assailing him. This main apartment was one of a series of drawing-rooms, each furnished with an exquisite magnificence suggestive of the salons of France in the days of Louis XIV, save that there was a superabundance of artistic furnishings; hence the sight was confused by the array of costly tapestries, marbles, bronzes, china, and gilt or otherwise illuminated ornaments which almost

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contended for space with one another, though the rooms were of large proportions. One feature of Benham's renaissance was the ambition to outdo the past in size and gorgeousness, but Mrs. Wilson's advisers had been animated also by the desire for artistic success, and it was only in its wealth of material that their and her —for she had been the leading spirit after all—performance was open to criticism. Here in Benham, where twenty years before the horse-hair sofa was still an object of admiring regard in the homes of the well-to-do, the desert had blossomed with the rose, and a veritable palace had been established. And, as Mr. Prentiss reflected, joining his finger-tips across his waist-band, all this lavish expenditure meant the return by the rich of accumulated wealth into circulation for the benefit of those who labored for their bread, which was another of Mr. Carleton Howard's telling truths.

The swift, animated, but noiseless glide of Mrs. Wilson into the room and onto a sofa, from which she flashed at him a gracious, electric look of attention with the words, "And now, my friend, I am entirely at your disposal. It was a note which had to be answered at once"—restored Mr. Prentiss's serenity. She was one of those pleasant persons in whose presence the world seems justified. When she entered a room people were apt to pay tribute by a pause in whatever they were doing, and she became the focus of attention. The effect of her graceful energy was largely responsible for this, suggesting the forceful but silent sweep of a ship. She had lost the figure and the countenance of youth, but though her abundant crinkly hair was grizzled no one ever thought of her age except to observe that she was handsomer than as a younger woman. She had never been a beauty; she was now a distinguished looking, comely, and effective matron. She was tall and rather willowy, but not thin, with a proud, resolutely carried head, an agreeable, straight nose, short rather than long (her best feature), a spirited, sympathetic smile, eyes fundamentally gray, which changed as her thoughts changed, and ingratiating but elegant manners. Her face, notably the cheeks and lips, was a trifle full, suggesting dimples, and possibly to the critical a too-manifest desire to please. Her obvious pose—which, though deliberate was entirely genuine—was to be exquisite, sympathetic, and intellectual, and for the expression of this range of qualities she had serviceable allies in her musical voice, a bewitching way of showing just enough of her teeth, when she became vivacious, and her ornamental clothes, which always suited her. On this evening she wore an old-gold gown with jet and lace accompaniments, an aigrette of crimson gauze with which the plumage of her fan was in harmony, a band of magnificent pearls around her neck, and on her breast, though such ornaments were not strictly in fashion, a large brooch of fine workmanship containing a miniature of two children of tender age. Of these children one had died shortly after the miniature was painted, the other was her daughter Lucille. Her soul was dedicated to two interests, her joy and ambition as a mother, and to the cause of social human progress.

Mrs. Wilson had been for fifteen years a widow, and, though her husband held a hallowed place in her heart, even she was conscious that the broad scope of her present life dated from the period when, seeking a refuge from her own grief and loneliness, she had welcomed diverse social employment. Her husband, Randolph, a hero and a colonel of the Civil War, had claimed her on his return as a bride. They were ardent lovers, and they had never ceased to be so, certainly not in theory. Some of Mrs. Wilson's knowing friends were fond of insinuating, when the humor for gossip prevailed, that he had died just in time, which was their way of intimating that she had outgrown him. But these dissectors of hearts did not perhaps sufficiently remember that her own blossoming forth into the woman she now was had been subsequent to her husband's death. Nor did they take sufficiently into account the bewildering course of events which had attended her progress. Colonel Wilson, a man of small means at the time of their marriage, had become her brother's partner. The properties in which he was interested at the time of his death had subsequently proved so valuable that she had found herself presently the possessor of a million, a sum which had quadrupled in the keeping of her brother, Carleton Howard, one of the most powerful financiers in the

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country. Opportunity surely had waited on her widening aspirations, enabling her finally to establish herself in this magnificent home surrounded by all the æsthetic attractions and many of the treasures of modern civilization.

Probably Mrs. Wilson herself had never sought to analyze the past by the light of the present, realizing, as we all do, that life unbeknown to us has halting-places which become, as we look back, the dividing lines between what are almost separate existences. Though at her husband's death she had made no resolutions regarding the future, she had never felt the impulse to marry again, so engrossing were the concerns of motherhood and social responsibility.

"You spoke at dinner of wishing my assistance in some case in which you are interested. Will you tell me about it now before we look at the presents?" Mrs. Wilson continued with smiling interest.

"Ah, yes." Mr. Prentiss was glad to have this recalled to his mind. There was no chance here for doubt or perplexity. "It is rather out of the usual run of charity cases. The personality of the woman, I mean. The circumstances that her husband has run away and left her penniless, with two young children to support is, alas! only too common."

"Poor thing! How can I be of service?"

"The woman—her name is Mrs. Stuart—notwithstanding her disastrous marriage, seems to me distinctly superior. She came to Benham some six or seven years ago, and I knew her a little at St. Stephen's before she was a wife. Indeed, I married them, and made some inquiries at the time concerning the husband's circumstances, but learned nothing to his discredit. She has found him to be a godless, unscrupulous person with drinking habits, and recently he has deserted her on the grandiose plea that they would be happier apart. She will be happier; I am sure of that; but I have been exercised as to how to enable her to become self-supporting. She is called to higher usefulness than scrubbing or plain sewing, but though I have discerned in her capabilities and refinement, she is not at present equipped for any active employment."

"Which only tends to show, my friend, that every woman"—Mrs. Wilson paused an instant—"every woman who has not independent means of her own, I mean, should be educated to be self-supporting—should have some definite bread-winning occupation which would render her independent of the man she marries in case he dies or misbehaves. I was thinking the other day that a society formed to advocate this doctrine before clubs of girls as a condition of marriage would prove efficacious."

Mr. Prentiss nodded. "It is certainly the duty of Christian society to provide additional safeguards against the consequences of improvident wedlock. In this particular instance, the young woman plighted her troth while she was studying to become a kindergarten teacher. She was a country doctor's daughter, and is gentle and refined, as well as intelligent in appearance—one of those lithe, tense American personalities in which the spirit appears to burn at the expense of the body, but which, like the willow, bend but do not break under the stress of life."

"She sounds interesting, and I do not see that she has been to blame. We must raise a fund for her. With how large a subscription shall I head the list?" Though Mrs. Wilson gave freely on merely charitable grounds, she gave with more enthusiasm when the objects of her bounty had not offended her sense of the social fitness of things.

The clergyman put out his hand. "That wouldn't do exactly, I think. She is not too proud to let us help her for a few weeks with coal and groceries until she can earn for herself. She realizes that she must be sensible, if only for the children's sake. She has an independent simplicity of nature and clearness of perception which would stand in the way, I fear, of her accepting a donation such as you have in mind; though I should dearly love to allow you to pay off the encumbrances on their house, which, owing to her husband's rascalities have eaten up her little home—her patrimony. But I am sure she would refuse."

"I see. We should think less of her if she allowed herself to be pauperized, much as I should enjoy giving her a deed of her home free and clear—the mere thought of it causes me a thrill of pleasure. But the worst of such tragedies is that we are most powerless to aid those who are most deserv-

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ing." Mrs. Wilson leaned back among her cushions, and, drawing a pale pink rose from a bunch in a vase at her elbow, laid it along her cheek and inhaled its fragrance. "If she were an undiscerning, common spirit with workaday sensibilities, as so many of them are, she would not refuse, but—half the pleasure of giving would be lost. It is a privilege and the fashion to be charitable, but so much of our charity consists in filling the mouths and clothing the bodies of the wretched who will never be appreciably different or strive to be different from what they are."

"The poor we have always with us," murmured the clergyman.

"Always. The shiftless, dirty, unaspiring, unæsthetic poor. The dregs and lees of human endeavor. We must feed and clothe them, of course, and help them to help themselves, but sometimes I forget the pathos of it all in the ugliness and squalor. Consequently, when the chance to do real good comes, it is a pity not to be able to lift the burden completely. What, then, can I do for this young woman?"

"I have thought over her case for the last forty-eight hours, and have come to the conclusion that, as she has no special training, her best chance for employment is to learn short-hand and to use the typewriter. I understand that women proficient in this vocation can usually secure steady work at a fair wage. Though Mrs. Stuart would be unwilling to accept a direct gift of money, I feel confident that she would not refuse to let us put her in the position to become self-supporting—that is, defray the cost of the lessons necessary to make her a competent stenographer or office clerk. And I thought you might be glad to pay for these lessons—a matter of six months or so."

Mr. Prentiss had taken up the paper-cutter again, and he passed the flat of the metal blade across his palm as though he were smoothing out his plan as well as the creases.

"Gladly," she responded. "For as long as you desire. And, perhaps, when she has learned what is necessary, my brother may know of some opening for her down-town."

"Very likely," answered Mr. Prentiss, with resonant acquiescence. "The same thought had occurred to me."

"And, in the meantime, since you tell me that she is competent and refined, my secretary, who will have her hands full with the details of the wedding, may be able to give her occasional errands to do. You may tell her to call when her plans are adjusted and to ask for me."

"Excellent. And we shall both be your debtors."

Mrs. Wilson smiled graciously, showing the dimples in her cheeks. The demands made upon her for pecuniary aid were of daily, it might be said hourly, occurrence. Whoever in Benham was in search of money applied to her, and the post brought her solicitations from all sorts of people, among whom were the undeserving or importunate, as well as the needy or humanitarian. As lady bountiful, she purposed to exercise intelligent discrimination in her charities, and she accepted thanks as a tribute to that quality.

"Come," she said, rising, "I will show you the presents. Only think, four hundred of them, and so many beautiful things! People have been so kind. Several of my brother's friends in New York have sent most exquisite tokens—a necklace of diamonds and pearls from Mr. Fenton the banker, a gold dessert service from his railroad ally, Mr. Kennard."

She led the way from the drawing-room suite into the hall, where electricity in artistic guises illuminated the broad panellings, a splendid Teniers and three or four bronze or marble statuaries of rare merit, and up the stair-case to the next floor into what was known as the morning-room—an apartment where Mrs. Wilson conducted her affairs and did her reading and thinking. This was a combination of study and æsthetic boudoir. There were seductive sofas and quaint capacious chairs supplied with brightly colored cushions, and dainty draperies, all in silken stuffs of patterns reminiscent of the Orient. Art, in its most delicate and spiritual forms, breathed from every object of furniture or decoration; from the small pictures—some in oils, some in water-colors—which merited and often demanded the closest scrutiny; from the few vases of entrancing shape and hue, from the interesting photographs in beautiful frames, from the curious and rare memorials of travel and wise choice of what cunning fingers had wrought with

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infinite labor. As in the rest of the house, there was still too much wealth of material, too much scintillation and conglomeration of color, but the intent had been—and not without success—to produce a more subtle atmosphere than prevailed outside, as of an inner temple. Prominent in one angle stood Mrs. Wilson's desk, rose-wood, inlaid with poetic gilt tracery, and littered with the correspondence of a busy woman. Books and other articles of daily use lying here and there without effort at order gave to the room the air of being the intimate abode of a human soul. Opening out of this was a private music-room, which was used by Mrs. Wilson and her daughter in preference to the large music-room on the street floor intended for musical parties and dances. Here were the wedding presents, a dazzling array of gold, silver, jewels, glass, china, and ornamental knick-knacks, tastefully arranged on tables introduced for the purpose. As they entered an attendant withdrew into the hall.

"We have thought it more prudent to have a watchman on guard by night and day," explained Mrs. Wilson; "for I suppose it is true, as one of those ridiculous newspaper items asserts, that these gifts represent at least one hundred thousand dollars. By the way," she continued, with a gentle sigh, "it is so difficult to know what attitude to adopt with the newspaper people. If one refuses them the house, their sensibilities are hurt and they are liable to invent falsehoods or write disagreeable paragraphs. If they are allowed to inspect everything, they publish details which make one's heart sick, and make one appear a vain fool. How is a person in my position to be courteous toward the power of the press and yet to maintain the right to privacy? Is not this superb?" she added, holding up a crest of diamonds in the form of a tiara. "My brother's present to Lucille."

"Beautiful—beautiful, indeed," murmured the clergyman. The sight of all these costly things was bewildering to his mind as well as to his eyes. "Ah, the press—the press, it is a problem, indeed. We would seem to have the right to in i-vidual privacy, would we not? And yet in this age of ours, pressure is so often used upon us to thrust our wares into the shop-windows—as in my case, sermons for newspapers of the most sensational class—on the plea of a wider usefulness, a closer touch with the wilderness of souls, that it is difficult to know where the rights of the public end as to what one has. What would seem to be vanity may often be only another form of philanthropy. And yet—"

"And yet," interposed Mrs. Wilson, as she singled out an enchanting fan of gold and ivory and the most exquisite lace and spread it for his inspection, "why should I pander to the vulgar curiosity of the public? It is none of their business."

"In a matter of this kind I quite agree with you. If they could see all these beautiful things, there might be some sense in it; but that would be out of the question, of course."

"That will be the next step; our houses thrown open to the madding crowd. Six newspapers—two from New York—applied recently for leave to see the presents. I intended to refuse firmly, but to my astonishment Lucille seemed disappointed. It never occurred to me that she would not hate the publicity. She gave a little shriek and said, 'Mamma, how dreadful!' and then added in the next breath, 'Everybody does it, and, as something is sure to be printed, might it not be better to make certain that it's correct?' A day or two later she was photographed in her tiara, and from what has transpired since I fear that the idea of publicity was not foreign to her thought. My child, Mr. Prentiss! Only think of it! One can never quite understand the point of view of the rising generation. I consulted Carleton, and he grew successively irate, contemplative, philosophical, and weak-kneed. In short, a week ago a reportorial woman, with the social appetite of a hyena and the keen-eyed industry of a ferret, passed the forenoon in the house and went away with a photograph of Lucille in the tiara. And what is worst of all, in spite of my humiliation at the whole proceeding, I am decidedly curious to see what she has written."

The sound of voices in the morning-room broke in upon this confession. "Ah, here you are, Aunt Miriam! I have brought you an artistic masterpiece with a felicitous biography of the distinguished heroine. Behold and admire!"

The speaker was Paul Carleton, Mrs. Wilson's nephew. He advanced from the

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doorway with radiant, teasing face, holding out a newspaper at which he pointed delightedly. At his heels followed Lucille and Clarence Waldo, she protesting, yet betraying by her laughing confusion that her indignation was half-hearted; he stalking with self-important gravity save for a thin smile, the limit of his deliberate contributions to the gayety of nations unless under the influence of alcoholic conviviality. At men's gatherings there was a stage in the proceedings when Clarence Waldo became decorously mellow and condescended—indeed, expected to be asked—to sing one of three or four quasi-humorous ditties at his command, a function which he seemed to regard as an important social contribution and for which he practised in secret. Also, after luncheon or dinner, he was liable to lay down the law in loud tones in regard to current sporting affairs. But his habitual manner was languid and his expression cold, as though he feared to compromise himself by interest or enthusiasm. He was very tall. In the centre of his crown was a bald spot. He stooped slightly, and, except among his intimates, looked straight before him lest he might see someone whom he did not wish to know. In the rear of this family party came Carleton Howard, stepping firmly yet deliberately, as he always did, as though he walked abreast of Time, not tagging at her skirts like so many of his contemporaries—a fine figure of a man approaching sixty, with a large body, but not corpulent, a broad brow, a strong, defiant nose, iron-gray hair and a closely cut iron-gray mustache, clear, fearless, yet reflective eyes, and a mouth the pleasant tension of which indicated both determination and tact. He was smoking a cigar, and had come in from his own library to enjoy the bearding of his sister by the young people.

IX

BEFORE Mrs. Wilson could ascertain what it was, Lucille made a dash at the newspaper. Paul thrust it behind his back.

"Give it to me, Paul," demanded the young woman, imperiously. "I order you to give it to me," she reiterated, tapping her foot. "You are a hateful tease."

"Surely, my fair cousin, you're not going to deprive your mother of the satisfaction of gazing on this work of art, and reading this appreciative description of your personal charms? Can you not see how impatient she is to have it all to herself?"

"You have certainly whetted my curiosity, Paul," said Mrs. Wilson.

"I forbid you to show it to her."

"Why?"

"It is too ridiculous and foolish, and the picture——" Her criticism on that score instead of seeking words culminated in another spring, which Paul evaded by wheeling spryly about so that he still faced her.

Paul Carleton was an ornamental, attractive specimen of athletic, optimistic American youth; a fine animal of manly, well-knit proportions with no sign of physical weakness or of effeminacy in his person or his face. His countenance was open and ruddy; his eyes clear blue, his hair light brown. His lip was scrupulously clean-shaven, exposing the full, pleasant strength of his father's mouth. Indeed, in conformity with the prevailing fashion among his contemporaries, he wore neither mustache, beard, nor whiskers, as though in immaculate protest against every style of hirsute ornamentation, from the goat-like beard of Methodistical statesmenship to the spruce mustache and well-trimmed whiskers of men of the world of fifteen years earlier. He was a Harvard graduate; he had been on the foot-ball team, and a leading spirit in the social life of the college; had been around the globe since graduation, and spent nearly a year shooting big game in the Rockies and getting near to nature, as he called it, by living on a ranch. All this as preliminary to taking advantage of the golden spoon which was in his mouth at his birth. At twenty-three he had signified that he was ready to buckle down to the responsibilities of guarding and increasing the family possessions, an announcement delighting his father's heart, who had feared, perhaps, lest his only son might conclude to become merely a club-man or a poet. This was the fourth year of his novitiate, much of which had been spent in New York, where Mr. Howard, though his home was in Benham, had established a branch of his banking-house, at the head

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of which he intended presently to place Paul. On the young man's twenty-fifth birthday the magnate had made him a present of a million dollars so as to put him on his feet and permit him to support a wife. If this were a hint, Paul had taken it. Though absorbed in financial undertakings of magnitude (which had included the electric street-car combination hostile to the aspirations of Emil Stuart), he had wooed and wed one of the prettiest girls in Benham, and he possessed, not many blocks away, a stately establishment of his own. He was accustomed to walk hand in hand with prosperity, and this habit was reflected in the gay and slightly self-satisfied quality of his manliness.

After foiling his cousin for a few moments, with a tantalizing smile, a new idea occurred to him. He held out the newspaper, saying "Very well then, here it is. I dare you, Lucille, to destroy it. Nothing would induce you to part with it."

Lucille snatched the sheet from his hand, and her ruffled hesitation indicated that to destroy it was the last thing she had intended. In another instant she tore the newspaper into strips with an air of disdain and cast them on the floor. Delighted at the success of his taunt, Paul stooped and gathering the fragments began to piece them together.

"That is only a blind. She knows she can buy a dozen copies to-morrow. Listen, Aunt Miriam, to this gem which I have rescued: 'The fair bride has a complexion of cream of alabaster, with beautiful almond-shaped eyes, and hair of black lustre, which, rising from her forehead in queenly bands, seems the natural throne of the glittering diadem in the picture, one of her choicest bridal gifts.' Could anything be more exquisite and fetching?" He gave a laugh which was almost a whoop of exultation.

"No matter, Lucille," said Mrs. Wilson, coming to her daughter's rescue. "It is only envy on Paul's part. The newspapers did not make half so much of his wedding." In her own heart she did not approve of the publicity, but the sense of importance which it conveyed was not without its effect even on her. Besides, the personal description, though florid in style, was to her maternal eyes not an exaggerated estimate of her daughter's charms.

"The writer was evidently under the spell of her subject," said Mr. Prentiss, gallantly. Though tolerant of banter, especially at clerical gatherings, and partial to Paul Howard as one of the young men whom he desired to draw into closer union with the church, the idea of the possibilities of the newspaper as a dispenser of benefits was still in his mind, and served to minimize the vanity, if any, of his friend's daughter.

"Quite naturally, Mr. Prentiss," retorted the tormenting Paul, "for the subject gave a private audience to the writer only a few days ago."

Paul spoke from the desire to tease, not because he objected actively to the connivance of his cousin with the designs of the press. If the opportunity to do away with the whole practice of prying into and advertising private social matters had been presented to him, he would gladly have embraced it, and welcomed at the same time the further opportunity to tar and feather or duck the race of social reporters. But as an astute and easy-going American he recognized the prevalence of the habit, and though personally he tried to dodge with good humor the impertinent inquiries of press agents, he was not disposed to censure those who yielded to their importunities. Indeed, Paul Howard was so bubbling over with health, prosperity, and a generally roseate conception of life as he saw it, that he shrank from active criticism of existing social conditions. He was a strong patriot, and it pleased him to believe that Americans were world-conquerors and world-teachers. Hence that it was the part of good Americans to join hands all round and, avoiding nice strictures, to put their shoulders to the wheel of progress.

"How absurd you are, Paul," answered Lucille. "That woman badgered me with questions, and was positively pathetic into the bargain, for she confided to me that she hated the whole business, but that her bread and butter depended on it. She was certain to write something, and so rather than have everything wrong, I told her a few things."

"And gave her your photograph in the tiara."

"She asked for it. She saw it lying on the table. Wasn't that better than to

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be caricatured by some snap-shot with a camera?"

The dire results of what would have ensued had she been less accommodating seemed so convincing to Lucille as she recited them that her tone changed from defence to conviction.

"I know a woman," said Clarence Waldo, "who told her servants not to let any of those newspaper beggars inside the house, and what do you suppose happened? On the day of the wedding there appeared an insulting account of the affair with everything turned topsy-turvy and disparaging remarks about both families. It's an awful bore, but when people of our sort are married the public doesn't like to be kept in the dark, you know."

"There! You see!" exclaimed Lucille, triumphantly.

The description of this young lady which her cousin had read was fundamentally correct. Her eyes could scarcely be called almond-shaped, but their curves were more gradual than those of most American women, a feature which, in conjunction with her thin lips and thin, pointed nose, gave to her countenance an expression of fastidiousness, which was characteristic. She was an example of the so-called Gibson girl, with a tall and springy, yet slight, figure, and a race-horse air which suggested both mettle and disdain. She had been brought up on the theory of free development—a theory for which not her mother but the tendency of the day was responsible. Parents, when it comes to a choice in educational methods, are apt at heart to recognize their own personal ignorance, and those with the highest aims for their offspring are most likely to adopt the newest fashionable graft on human experience. We are perpetually on the look-out for discoveries which will enable our children to become the bright particular stars which we are not. So what more natural than that Mrs. Wilson, with her ardent bent for improving social conditions, should swallow—hook, bait, and sinker—the theory that the budding intelligence should be cajoled and humored, not thwarted and coerced? The idea thus pursued at kindergarten, that everything should be made easy and agreeable for the infant mind, had been steadily adhered to, and Lucille could fairly be said to have had her own way all her life. This own way had been at times bewildering, not to say disheartening, to her mother. Mrs. Wilson had expected and yearned for a soulful, aspiring, poetic daughter with an ambition for culture—herself, but reincarnated and much improved. Instead, Lucille had showed herself to be utterly indifferent to poetry, lukewarm in regard to culture, almost matter of fact in her mental attitude, and sedulously enamoured of athletic pursuits. She had a fancy for dogs. From fifteen to eighteen she had followed golf, tennis, and boating, hatless and with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, a free and easy and rather mannerless maiden, Amazon-like in her bearing, but unlike an Amazon in that she was a jolly companion to the boys who called her promiscuously by her Christian name, as she did them by theirs. Does such a process of familiarity dull the edge of romance? We do not yet know. Each rising generation provides new problems for the wise elders, and this was one of those which had kept Mrs. Wilson uneasy.

She had looked forward to Lucille's formal introduction to society as a social corrective, and argued that, as soon as her daughter met the world face to face, there would be a modification both of Lucille's tastes and point of view. So strong is the emphasis laid by American mothers in fashionable society on what is called "the coming out" of their daughters that the concern engendered by the approach of the ordeal could fitly be described as a phase of hysteria. The true perspective of life becomes utterly and absurdly distorted by apprehension lest the dear child should not have "a good time" and by a fierce ambition that she should have a better "time" than her mates. As a consequence, competition—that absorbing passion of American character—is prone to take advantage of all the opportunities at its command, not merely to decorate the unprepossessing or provide the duck with the environment of the swan, but to make princesses out of goose girls by sheer gorgeous manifestations of the power of the almighty dollar. We all know that every woman in the world would prefer at heart to be called wicked rather than common, unless she were common—one of those extraordinary results of the tyranny of the social instinct which plays havoc with religious codes; and there

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is probably no country where the most socially adept are more intolerant of commonness than in democratic America—a fact which should be disconcerting to that form of socialism which yearns for a dead-level. Yet the tendency to exploit one's daughters by means of money and to exploit them even with barbaric splendor is current among our most socially sophisticated people.

Mr. Carleton Howard's "coming-out" ball for his niece was the most splendid function which Benham had ever known, and for the next three years Lucille's life had been one round of social gayety, emphasized by the character of the things done in her behalf by her family, which were severally executed, if not conceived, in a spirit of emulation, though Mrs. Wilson would doubtless have resented the impeachment. Mrs. Wilson would have put the blame on the tendency of the age, arguing that American society was becoming more and more exacting in its æsthetic demands, and that one must conform to existing usage in order to lead. But an examination of the facts would reveal that whatever form of entertainment was given by her for Lucille, as, for instance, the four colored luncheons, when the food and the table ornaments were successively red, orange, blue, and heliotrope, and four sets of twelve young girls stuffed themselves through eight courses at mid-day, was carried out with a lavish accentuation of new and costly effects. It was currently recognized that at her house the cotillion favors and the prizes at games were worth having —silver ornaments, pretty fans, things of price—always a step beyond the last fashion, as though the world would not be content to stand still, but must be kept moving by more and more expensive social novelties.

Though three years of this life had served to transform the mannerless Amazon into a socially correct and fastidious young woman, the result, nevertheless, was a secret disappointment to her mother who had hoped that Lucille would develop intellectual or æsthetic tastes under the influence of these many advantages. But what can a mother whose daughter prefers athletics to art, and fox terriers to philanthropy, do but make the best of it? Lucille had a will of her own and seemed to know exactly what she wished, which included marrying Clarence Waldo. To thwart her would be useless, to quarrel with her was out of the question. The only thing was to give her as brilliant a wedding as possible and hope for the best. And after all, the best was by no means out of the question. Lucille was young and was going to New York. There was no telling what a girl of twenty-one, with large means and the best social opportunities, might not become by the time she was thirty-five. Mrs. Wilson had herself cast sheep's eyes at New York as a residence before building her new house, but she had decided to remain dominant in a small puddle. There were compensations in doing so. She flattered herself that in this age of telephones and telepathy she was able to keep in touch with the metropolis and to get her social cues accordingly. But to have a daughter there would be interesting, provided all went well. The proviso should not be overlooked; for Mrs. Wilson had not lowered her own standards. She was merely trying to extract all the maternal comfort and pride she could out of the existing situation.

"But, my dear Lucille," said Paul, intending a crushing blow to his cousin's returning assurance, "if you were really so anxious to escape notoriety, you had merely to mention it to father. A word from him would have silenced every newspaper in town."

"Scarcely that—scarcely that, young man," interposed Mr. Howard in a tone of friendly authority. "Very possibly, had I expressed a preference, my wishes would have been respected by one or two newspapers where I happen to have some influence. But your statement is altogether too sweeping." He spoke incisively, as though he desired to deprecate the suggestion of the power attributed to him by his more impulsive son. "The press is jealous of its privileges and must be humored as a popular institution. And, after all, what does a little publicity matter? You mustn't mind what Paul says, Lucille. There's no reason to feel abashed because the public has been given a chance to see the most charming bride of the year."

"Abashed? She is tickled to death," retorted Paul.

Mr. Howard put his arm around his niece's shoulder in the guise of a champion.

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When controversy had reached the stage where adjustment was no longer possible, he was an uncompromising antagonist. But, as a successful man content with existing conditions, he deplored friction in all the relations of life, and to use an industrial phrase, liked to see everything running smoothly. He laughed incredulously and patting Lucille's arm, exclaimed "Nonsense!" Then, accosting the clergyman, he added, "Now that this momentous matter has been disposed of, Mr. Prentiss, will you join me in a cigar in my own library?"

Mr. Prentiss excused himself. He had work to do, and knew that if he remained he would be apt to stay late. But he was interested from a theoretic stand-point in the discussion to which he had been listening.

"You evidently feel as I do, Mr. Howard," he said, "that there are two sides to the question of newspaper publicity, and that as good citizens we are not always at liberty to insist on privacy."

Mr. Howard answered with the suave force and clearness which gave to all his utterances the effect of deliberate conviction. "Mr. Prentiss, I accept the institutions of my country as I find them, and try to make the best of them. There are those whose only pleasure seems to be to carp at what they do not wholly admire in our civic system. The press is one of the most powerful and useful forces of modern life. As such I value and support it, though I'm keenly alive to the flagrant evils and the cruel vulgarities for which it is daily responsible. But one can't afford as an American citizen to condemn as worthless and ill-begotten the things of which the people as a whole approve. We must compromise here as in so many matters in our complex civilization, and where trifles are concerned, be complacent even against our convictions."

"Indisputably," said the clergyman. "In the constant faith that our tolerance will work for improvement."

"Ah, but the newspapers are worse than ever," exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, with a sigh. "One has to wade through so much for so little. I read them scrupulously, because, if I do not, I'm sure to miss something which I would like to see. That sounds inconsistent. But why doesn't somebody establish a really first-class newspaper?"

"Because a newspaper must be first of all a successful business enterprise in order to be able to exist," responded her brother. "It is a question of dollars and cents. All that will come presently. And we are really improving all the time. Just think of what a large and complicated industry a modern newspaper establishment has grown to be." He spoke as though he saw and wished to bring before his hearers' eyes the towering, mammoth homes of the press in all our large cities, the enforced outcome of the ever-increasing popular demand for the world's news. "Come, Paul," he said, putting his arm through his son's, "since Mr. Prentiss will not join us in a cigar we will leave these good people to their own devices, and go back to our work."

Paul, with a pocket full of documents and with the obnoxious newspaper in his hand, had reached the door of his father's house just as Lucille and her betrothed were alighting from a carriage. Lured by his goading remarks they had followed him within and into his father's library, where at a safe distance he had vouchsafed his cousin glimpses of her tiara-crowned figure and read aloud choice extracts until the spirit had moved him to pass through the dividing door between the two establishments in search of his aunt. He had left home with the idea of an hour's confabulation with his father over certain schemes in which they were jointly interested—a frequent habit of his late in the evening. Mr. Carleton Howard never went to bed before one, and was invariably to be found after eleven in his library reading or cogitating, and always prepared at that quiet time to give his keenest intelligence to the issues presented to him.

Father and son passed along through the secret passageway until they found themselves in Mr. Howard's capacious library. This superb room was the result of an architect's conscientious ambition to see what could be accomplished where his client was obviously willing to obtain excellence and had imposed on him no limits either in respect to space or expense. As regards size, it bore the same relation to the ordinary library of the civilized citizen that the Auditorium in Chicago bears to everyday hotels, or the steamship *Great Eastern* bore to other ocean carriers. Consequently it was a little vast for strict cosiness. The huge stamped leather chairs and sofas,

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though inviting, seemed designed for persons of elephantine figure, in order perhaps to avoid being dwarfed. But the shelves upon shelves of books which covered completely from floor to ceiling two of the walls—choice editions in fine bindings—gained dignity from the superfluous dimensions. If it be said in this connection that, to one familiar with Mr. Howard's associations, the idea of many storied office buildings might occur, the answer is that he was responsible for nothing which the room contained except its large and admirable display of etchings which, owing to almost weekly accretions, had begun to disarrange the orginal æsthetic scheme of the designer. Mr. Howard had left everything else to his architect, but etchings were his hobby—one which had attracted his fancy years before by accident, and had retained its hold upon him. He was familiar now, as a man of sagacity and method, with the many bibliographical and ethnological treasures by which he was surrounded, and could exhibit them becomingly, but when the conversation turned on the etcher's art he was on firm ground and could talk as clearly and authoritatively as about his railroads.

The banker chose his favorite seat, within comfortable distance of one of the fire-places, facing a beautiful polar-bear-skin rug of extraordinary size. Close at hand was a large table with writing materials and such magazine literature or documents as he might wish to examine. Adjustable lights were at either elbow, and in the direct line of his vision as he ordinarily sat were two of his favorite works of art, an Albert Dürer and a Wenceslaus Hollar. He lighted another cigar and, after a few puffs, said:

"That clergyman is decidedly a useful man. He has common sense and he has discretion."

"He isn't at all a bad sort," responded Paul. Though guarded in form, this was intended as an encomium, just as when Paul meant that he had enjoyed himself thoroughly, he was apt to state that he had had a pretty good time. Anglo-Saxon youth is proverbially shy of enthusiasm of the lips lest it be suspected of freshness, as the current phrase is. "I wonder," he added a moment later as he stood with his back to the wood fire, straightening his sturdy shoulders against the mantel-piece, "if he really believes all the things he preaches. I'd just like to know for curiosity. I suppose he has to preach them even if he doesn't or else be fired out, and he compromises with himself for the mental reservation by the argument that if he were out of it altogether, his usefulness and occupation, like Othello's, would be gone. That's the way clergymen must have to argue nowadays, or there wouldn't be many of them left at the old stands."

Though he spoke colloquially, and with an assurance which dispensed with reverence of treatment, Paul intended to express genuine interest and even sympathy. Knowing that his father's ideas on religious subjects were fundamentally liberal, perhaps he was not averse to shocking him in a mere matter of form. Mr. Howard was silent a moment, then replied:

"In every walk of life it is necessary, from time to time, to sacrifice non-essentials for the sake of the essentials. As in everything else, so in religion. The world moves; opinions change. Human society cannot prosper without religion, and human society never needed its influence more than to-day. Sensible religion, of course."

"All sensible men have the same religion. What is that? A sensible man never tells." Paul was quoting. He had heard his father more than once in his comments on the mysteries of life utter this Delphic observation. He laughed sweetly and fearlessly.

Mr. Howard understood his son. They were good comrades. He was aware that though Paul felt free to jest at his remarks, his boy respected his intellect and would ponder what he said.

"We agree about these things in the main, my dear Paul. If one were to go out on the house-tops and proclaim one's scepticism concerning some of the supernatural dogmas which the mass of the people find comfort in, how would it benefit religion? The world will find out soon enough that it has been mistaken. But we can neither of us afford to forget that the security of human society is dependent on religion. One always comes back to that in the end."

"It is good for the masses," said Paul, with a chuckle. "We, as the present lords of creation—captains of industry—should encourage it for the protection of our rail-

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roads, mines, and other glorious monopolies. That is one of the arguments with which the truly great salved their consciences before the French revolution."

Mr. Howard frowned slightly. He knew that Paul was only half in earnest, but the reference to socialism was repellent to him, even though it was rhetorical. Why was he the possessor of twenty millions? Because he had been wiser and more long-sighted than his competitors, because he had used his clear brains to better advantage than other men year after year, planning boldly and executing thoroughly, making few mistakes and taking advantage of every opportunity. Because he had fostered his powers, and controlled his weaknesses. He was rich because, like a true American, he had conquered circumstances and moulded them for his own and the world's profit. Inequalities? Must there not always be inequalities so long as some men were strong and others weak, some courageous and others shiftless? And as for charity, God knew he was willing to do—was trying to do his part to help those who could not or would not help themselves, and to encourage all meritorious undertakings for the relief of human society.

"Yes, we must humor the masses in this as in a thousand matters, and our protection is their protection. I am not disturbed by your insinuation, Paul. Ignorance and sloth and folly and false sentiment would bankrupt mankind in three generations if it were not for the modern captains of industry, as you call them."

Mr. Howard spoke with a slight sternness as one stating a proposition which was irrefutable and yet was sometimes overlooked by an ungrateful world. "Similarly," he continued, "it is one thing to be unorthodox in one's opinions and to discard as childish articles of faith to which the multitude adhere, another to deny the reality and force of religion. So, though I am a free thinker, if you will, I regard it as no inconsistency to uphold the hands of the church. On the contrary, every thoughtful man must realize that without religion of some sort the human race would become brutes again."

"And your form is to present fifty or a hundred thousand to a hospital or a college whenever you happen to feel like it, which every clergyman will admit to be practical Christianity. You certainly give away barrels of money, father."

"I can afford to." Mr. Howard was pleasantly but not vain-gloriously aware that he had given away a million dollars in the last three years. "In what better way can I share my profits with the public than by entrusting it to trained educators and philanthropists to spend for the common good? A great improvement, young man, on the theory that every man jack of us should be limited to the same wage, and originality, grit, and enterprise be pushed off the face of the earth."

"Nevertheless it is tolerably pleasant to be your son," said Paul, smiling brightly from his post against the mantel-piece.

"Yes. But you have responsibilities as my son, and pray do not imagine that I am blind to them. I have made the money." He paused a moment, for he was looking back along the vista of the years and recalling the succession of shrewd undertakings by which his property had grown from a few thousand dollars to imposing wealth. "I have made the money, and it is for you to keep and increase it—yes, increase it, remember—but to spend it freely and wisely. And if you ask me what is wisely, I can only answer that this is a problem for your generation. If you will only use the same pains in trying to solve it as I have in accumulating the money, you will succeed. You are fond, Paul, of exploiting radical propositions, of which you at heart disapprove, in order to test my self-control. Here is something, young man, to chasten your spirit and keep your imagination busy."

"You see through me, father, don't you? But you'll admit that my familiarity with radical doctrines is a good sign, especially since I recognize their fallacies, for it shows that I sometimes think. Yes, it is a great responsibility, but I wouldn't exchange—not even with Gordon Perry."

"With whom? Ah, yes, I remember; the attorney who was on the foot-ball team with you at Harvard. And why should you consider changing places with him?"

"Because the mere question of dollars and cents interests him so little."

"Ah! You have been employing him lately, I believe?"

"Yes. I like to throw what I can in his way. He understands his business. We lunched together this morning. I enjoy

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his humor, his independence and his common sense, and at the same time his enthusiasm."

"Concerning what?"

"Most things except the price of railroad shares and the condition of the money market. We didn't refer to them once." Paul paused with a serio-comic sigh. Mr. Howard knocked the white ash from his cigar and responded:

"One of the reasons for sending you to college was that you need not be confined in your conversation to the money market. Another that you should be free in life to do as you chose."

"Don't be alarmed, father. You know well enough that nothing would induce me not to follow your lead. Give up business? I couldn't. I love the power and excitement of it. It's bred in the bone, I suppose."

The banker's eyes kindled with pride in the son of his heart.

"And it's because I know I'm myself that a fellow like Don Perry fascinates me," pursued Paul. "There's no nonsense in him. He objects to cranks and mere psalm-singers as much as I do. But he's absorbed in the social problems of the day—legislative questions, philanthropic questions, all the burning questions. 'And your young men shall see visions.' He is one of them. You will notice that I have not forgotten my Bible altogether, father."

"We have, and to burn, reformers who see visions and proclaim them from platforms which have no underpinnings. What we need are reformers who will study and think before they speak, and not seek to destroy the existing structure of society before they have provided a serviceable substitute."

"In other words, you are prepared to part with a portion of your worldly possessions, but you object to wholesale confiscation?" Having indulged in this pleasantry Paul took from the table a packet of papers which he had brought with him, as though to show that he had not forgotten business concerns. "Speaking of the existing structure of society," he continued, "Don and I got into a religious discussion. That is, I found myself holding a brief for the proposition, which I had read somewhere or other, that religion and capital are in alliance against every-day men and women, in order to preserve existing social conditions. Don't look so shocked, father. There are two sides to every question, and I was curious to see how Don would look at this."

"And how did he look at it?" inquired Mr. Howard, coldly, seeing that he was expected to display interest.

"He wouldn't deny that there was some truth in the proposition, but he agreed with you, father, that whatever else is true or false, the world will never be able to dispense with religion. But he says, too, that it must be sensible religion. Just what you said, isn't it? And when two such intelligent individuals come to the same conclusion, it is time for a sceptic like myself to take off his hat to the church. You heard me just now concede that the Rev. Mr. Prentiss is not at all a bad lot."

"Paul, you are sometimes incorrigible. You have common sense when it comes to action, I admit, but you have a perverse fondness for harboring all the philosophical sewage of the age. I trust that your friend Perry brought you up with a round turn."

"Oh, he did," said Paul, with mock meekness," as he sorted his documents. "We must get to work or else I'd tell you about it. He was very interesting. As to aggregations of capital, Don was highly conservative too. He recognizes that they will last far beyond our time. For a seeker for ultimate truth, I thought that extremely reasonable." Whereupon Paul indulged in a laugh of bubbling, melodious mirth.

Mr. Howard made no comment, but threw the butt of his cigar into the fireplace with the emphasis of one expelling folly by the scruff of the neck, and composed his features for business.

(To be continued.)

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MRS. GEORGE BANCROFT'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND IN 1846–49

SECOND PAPER

To W. D. B. and A. B.

Tuesday night (January 19, 1847).

To-day we have been present at the opening of Parliament, but how can I picture to you the interest and magnificence of the scene. I will begin quite back, and give you all the preparations for a "Court Day." Ten days before, a note was written to Lord Willoughby De Eresby, informing him of my intention to attend, that a seat might be reserved for me, and also soliciting several tickets for American ladies and gentlemen. . . . I cannot take them with me, however, as the seat assigned to the ladies of Foreign Ministers is very near the throne. This morning when I awoke the fog was thicker than I ever knew it, even here. The air was one dense orange-colored mass. What a pity the English cannot borrow our bright blue skies in which to exhibit their royal pageants!

Mr. Bancroft's court dress had not been sent home, our servants' liveries had not made their appearance, and our carriage only arrived last night, and I had not passed judgment upon it. Fogs and tradesmen! these are the torments of London. Very soon came the tailor with embroidered dress, sword, and chapeau, but, alas! Mr. Isidore, who was to have dressed my hair at half-past ten was not forthcoming, and to complete my perplexity, he had my head-dress in his possession. At last, just as Russell had resumed her office at the toilet, came Isidore, a little before twelve, coiffure and all, which was so pretty that I quite forgave him all his sins. It was of green leaves and white *fleur-de-lis*, with a white ostrich feather drooping on one side. I wear my hair now plain in front, and the wreath was very flat and classical in its style. My dress was black velvet with a very rich bertha. A bouquet on the front of *fleur-de-lis*, like the coiffure, and a Cashmere shawl, completed my array. I have had the diamond pin and earrings which your father gave me, reset, and made into a magnificent brooch, and so arranged that I can also wear it as a necklace or bracelet. On this occasion it was my necklace.

Miss Murray came to go with me, as she wished to be by my side to point out everybody, and her badge as Maid of Honor would take her to any part of the house. At half-past twelve she and I set out, and after leaving us the carriage returned for your father and Mr. Brodhead. But first let me tell you something of our equipage. It is a *chariot*, not a coach; that is, it has but one seat, but the whole front being glass makes it much more agreeable to such persons as have not large families. The color is maroon, with a silver molding, and has the American arms on the panel. The liveries are blue and red; on Court Days they have blue plush breeches, and white silk stockings, with buckles on their shoes. Your father leaves all these matters to me, and they have given me no little plague. When I thought I had arranged everything necessary, the coachman, good old Brooks, solicited an audience a day or two ago, and began, "Mistress, did you tell them to send the pads and the fronts and the hand-pieces?" "Heavens and earth! what are all these things?" said I. "Why, ma'am, we always has pads under the saddle on Court Days, trimmed round with the colors of the livery, and we has fronts made of ribbin for the horses' heads, and we has white hand-pieces for the reins." This is a specimen of the little troubles of court life, but it has its compensations. To go back to Miss Murray and myself, who are driving through the park between files of people, thousands and thousands all waiting with patient, loyal faces the passage of the Queen and of the State carriages: The Queen's was drawn by eight cream-colored horses, and the servants flaming with scarlet and gold. This part of the park, near the palace, is only accessible to the carriages of the foreign ministers, ministers, and officers of the household.

We arrive at the Parliament House, move through the long corridor and give up our

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tickets at the door of the chamber. It is a very long, narrow room. At the upper end is the throne, on the right is the seat of the ambassadors, on the left, of their ladies. Just in front of the throne is the wool-sack of the Lord Chancellor, looking like a drawing-room divan, covered with crimson velvet. Below this are rows of seats for the judges, who are all in their wigs and scarlet robes; the bishops and the peers, all in robes of scarlet and ermine. Opposite the throne at the lower end is the Bar of the Commons. On the right of the Queen's chair is a vacant one, on which is carved the three plumes, the insignia of the Prince of Wales, who will occupy it when he is seven or nine years old; on the left Prince Albert sits.

The seat assigned me was in the front row, and quite open, like a sofa, so that I could talk with any gentleman whom I knew. Madam Van de Weyer was on one side of me and the Princess Callimachi on the other, and Miss Murray just behind me. She insisted on introducing to me all her noble relatives. Her cousin, the young Duke of Athol; the Duke of Buccleuch; her nephew, the Marquis of Camden; her brother, the Bishop of Rochester. There were many whom I had seen before, so that the hour passed very agreeably. Very soon came in the Duke of Cambridge, at which everybody rose, he being a royal duke. He was dressed in the scarlet kingly robe, trimmed with ermine, and with his white hair and whiskers (he is an old man) was most picturesque and scenic, reminding me of King Lear and other stage kings. He requested to be introduced to me, upon which I rose, of course. He soon said, "Be seated," and we went on with the conversation. I told him how much I liked Kew Garden, where he has a favorite place. When I first entered I was greeted very cordially by a personage in a black gown and wig, whom I did not know. He laughed and said: "I am Mr. Senior, whom you saw only Saturday evening, but you do not know me in my wig." It is, indeed, an entire transformation, for it reaches down on the shoulders. He is a master in chancery. He stood by me nearly all the time and pointed out many of the judges, and some persons not in Miss Murray's line.

But the trumpets sound! the Queen approaches! The trumpet continues, and first enter at a side door close at my elbow the college of heralds richly dressed, slowly, two and two; then the great officers of the household, then the Lord Chancellor bearing the purse, seal, and speech of the Queen, with the mace-bearers before him. Then Lord Lansdowne with the crown, the Earl of Zetland, with the cap of maintenance, and the Duke of Wellington, with the sword of State. Then Prince Albert, leading the Queen, followed by the Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes, and the Marchioness of Douro, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, who is one of the ladies in waiting. The Queen and Prince sit down, while everybody else remains standing. The Queen then says in a voice most clear and sweet: "My Lords (rolling the r) be seated." Upon which the peers sit down, except those who enter with the Queen, who group themselves about the throne in the most picturesque manner. The Queen had a crown of diamonds, with splendid necklace and stomacher of the same. The Duchess of Sutherland close by her side with her ducal coronet of diamonds, and a little back, Lady Douro, also, with her coronet. On the right of the throne stood the Lord Chancellor, with scarlet robe and flowing wig, holding the speech, surrounded by the emblems of his office; a little farther, one step lower down, Lord Lansdowne, holding the crown on a crimson velvet cushion, and on the left the Duke of Wellington, brandishing the sword of State in the air, with the Earl of Zetland by his side. The Queen's train of royal purple, or rather deep crimson, was borne by many train-bearers. The whole scene seemed to me like a dream or a vision. After a few minutes the Lord Chancellor came forward and presented the speech to the Queen. She read it sitting and most exquisitely. Her voice is flute-like and her whole emphasis decided and intelligent. Very soon after the speech is finished she leaves the House, and we all follow, as soon as we can get our carriages.

Lord Lansdowne told me before she came in that the speech would be longer than usual, "but not so long as your President's speeches." It has been a day of high pleasure, and more like a romance than a reality to me, and being in the very midst of it as I was, made it more striking than if I had looked on from a distant gallery.

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To W. D. B. and A. B.

London, February 7, 1847.

My Dear Sons: . . . On Friday we dined with two bachelors, Mr. Peabody and Mr. Coates, who are American bankers. Mr. Peabody is a friend of Mr. Corcoran and was formerly a partner of Mr. Riggs in Baltimore. Mr. Coates is of Boston. . . . They mustered up all the Americans that could be found, and we dined with twenty-six of our countrymen. . . .

Monday Morning.

Last evening we were at home to see any Americans who might chance to come. . . . I make tea in the drawing-room, on a little table with a white cloth, which would not be esteemed *comme il faut* with us. There is none of the parade of eating in the largest evening party here. I see nothing but tea, and sometimes find an informal refreshment table in the room where we put on our cloaks.

I got a note yesterday from the O'Connor Don, enclosing an order to admit me to the House of Commons on Monday. . . . You will be curious to know who is "The O'Connor Don." He is Dennis O'Connor, Esq., but is of the oldest family in Ireland, and the representative of the last kings of Connaught. He is called altogether The O'Connor Don, and begins his note to me with that title. You remember Campbell's poem of "O'Connor's Child?" . . .

Sunday, 14th February.

. . . Yesterday morning was my breakfast at Sir Robert Inglis's. The hour was half-past nine, and as his house is two miles off I had to be up wondrous early for me. The weather has been very cold for this climate for the last few days, though we should think it moderate. They know nothing of extreme cold here. But, to return to our breakfast, where, notwithstanding the cold, the guests were punctually assembled: The Marquis of Northampton and his two sisters, the Bishop of London with his black apron, Sir Stratford Canning, Mr. Rutherford, Lord Advocate for Scotland, the Solicitor-General and one or two others. The conversation was very agreeable and I enjoyed my first specimen of an English breakfast exceedingly. . . . Our invitations jostle each other, now Parliament has begun, for everybody invites on Wednesday, Saturday, or Sunday, when there are no debates. We had three dinner invitations for next Wednesday, from Mr. Harcourt, Marquis of Anglesey, and Mrs. Mansfield. We go to the former. The Queen held a levee on Friday, for gentlemen only. Your father went, of course.

Sunday, February 21st.

I left off on Sunday, on which day I got a note from Lady Morgan, saying that she wished us to come and meet some agreeables at her house. . . . There I met Sir William and Lady Molesworth, Sir Benjamin Hall, etc., and had a long talk with "Eothen," who is a quiet, unobtrusive person in manner, though his book is quite an effervescence. . . . On Wednesday we dined with Mr. Harcourt, and met there Lord Brougham, who did the talking chiefly, Lord and Lady Mahon, Mr. Labouchere, etc. It was a most agreeable party, and we were very glad to meet Lord Brougham, whom we had not before seen. . . . Lord Brougham is entertaining, and very much listened to. Indeed, the English habit seems to be to suffer a few people to do up a great part of the talking, such as Macaulay, Brougham, and Sydney Smith, and Mackintosh in their day. . . . On Saturday evening, at ten o'clock, we went to a little party at Lady Stratheden's. After staying there three-quarters of an hour we went to Lady Palmerston's, where were all the *great* London world, the Duchess of Sutherland among the number. She is most noble, and at the same time lovely. . . . We had an autograph note from Sir Robert Peel, inviting us to dine next Saturday, and were engaged. I hope they will ask us again, for I know few things better than to see him, as we should in dining there. I have the same interest in seeing the really distinguished men of England, that I should have in the pictures and statues of Rome, and indeed, much greater. I wish I was better prepared for my life here by a more extensive culture; mere fine ladyism will not do, or prosy bluism, but one needs for a thorough enjoyment of society, a healthy, practical, and extensive culture, and a use of the modern languages in our position would be convenient. I do not know how a gentleman can get on without it here, and I find it so desirable that I devote a good deal of time to speaking French with Louisa's governess. Your father uses French a great deal with his colleagues, who, many of them, speak English

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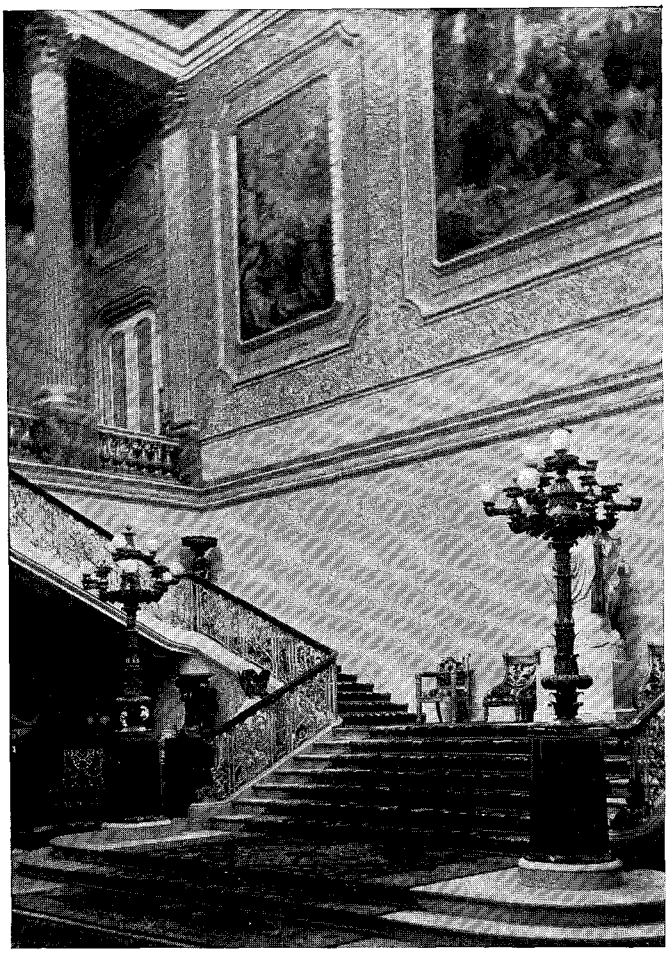

Hall and staircase of Stafford House.—Page 304.
By permission of the Duke of Sutherland.

with great difficulty, and some not at all. . . . Lady Charlotte Lindsay came one day this week to engage us to dine with her on Wednesday, but yesterday she came to say that she wanted Lord Brougham to meet us, and he could not come till Friday. Fortunately we had no dinner engagement on that day, and we are to meet also the Miss Berrys—Horace Walpole's Miss Berrys, who with Lady Charlotte herself, are the last remnants of the old school here. . . .

To I. P. D.

February 21st.

My Dear Uncle: . . . I wrote [J. D.] a week or two before I heard of his death, but was unable to tell him anything of Lord North, as I had not met Lady Charlotte Lindsay. I have seen her twice this week at Baron Parke's and at Lord Campbell's, and told her how much I had wished to do so before, and on what account. She says her father heard reading with great pleasure and that one of her sisters could read the classics: Latin and, I think, Greek, which he enjoyed to the last. She says that he never complained of losing his sight, but that her mother has told her that it worried him in his old age that he remained Minister during our troubles at a period when he wished, himself, to resign. He sometimes talked of it in the solitude of sleepless nights, her mother has told her. . . .

On Tuesday morning we were invited by Dr. Buckland, the Dean of Westminster, to go to his house, and from thence to the

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Chevalier Bunsen.
From the engraving after G. Richmond.

Abbey, to witness the funeral of the Duke of Northumberland. The Dean, who has control of everything in the Abbey, issued tickets to several hundred persons to go and witness the funeral, but only Lord Northampton's family, the Bunsens (the Prussian Minister), and ourselves, went to his house, and into the Dean's little gallery. . . . After the ceremony there were a crowd of visitors at the Dean's, and I met many old acquaintances, and made many new ones, among whom were Lady Chantry, a nice person. After the crowd cleared off, we sat down to a long table at lunch, always an important meal here, and afterward the Dean took me on his arm and showed me everything within the Abbey precincts. He took us first to the Percy Chapel to see the vault of the Percys. . . . From thence the Dean took us to the Jerusalem chamber where Henry IV died, then all over the Westminster school. We first went to the hall where the young men were eating their dinner. . . . We then went to the schoolroom, where every inch of the wall and benches is covered with names, some of them most illustrious, as Dryden's. There were two bunches of rods, which the Dean assured me were not mere symbols of power, but were daily used, as, indeed, the broken twigs scattered upon the floor plainly showed. Our ferrules are thought rather barbarous, but a gentle touch from a slender twig not at all so. These young men looked

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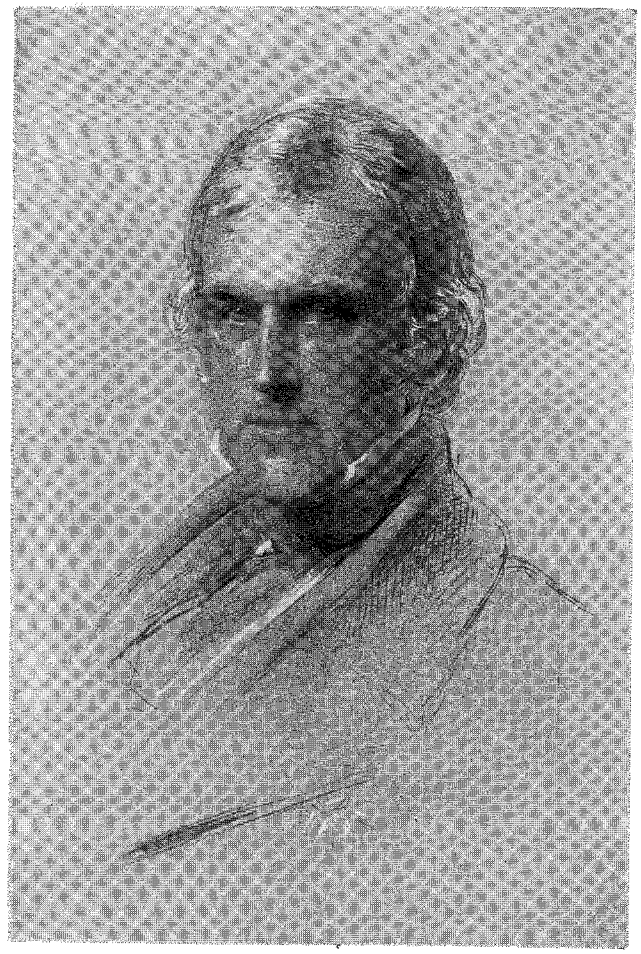

Mr. Stratford Canning (Lord Stratford de Redcliffe).
From the drawing by Richmond, made about 1848.
By permission of the Hon. Louisa Canning.

to me as old as our collegians. We then went to the study-rooms, play-rooms, and sleeping-rooms. The whole forty sleep in one long and well-ventilated room, the walls of which were also covered with names. At the foot of each bed was a large chest covered with leather, as mouldering and time-worn as the Abbey itself. Here are educated the sons of some of the noblest families, and the Archbishop of York has had six sons here, and all of them were in succession the Captain of the school. . . .

On Wednesday evening we went first to our friends', the Bunsen's, where we were invited to meet the Duchess of Sutherland with a few other persons. Bunsen is very popular here. He is learned and accomplished, and was so much praised in the Biography of Dr. Arnold, the late historian of Rome, that he has great reputation in the world of letters. . . . Altogether we have great pleasure in the society of Chevalier and Madam Bunsen, and in those whom we meet at their house. On this occasion we only stayed half an hour, which I passed in talking with the Bishop of Norwich and his wife, Mrs. Stanley, and went to Lady Morgan's without waiting till the Duchess of Sutherland came. There we found her little rooms full of agreeable people. . . . The next day, Thursday, there was a grand opera for the benefit of the Irish, and all the Diplomatic Corps were obliged to take boxes. Lady

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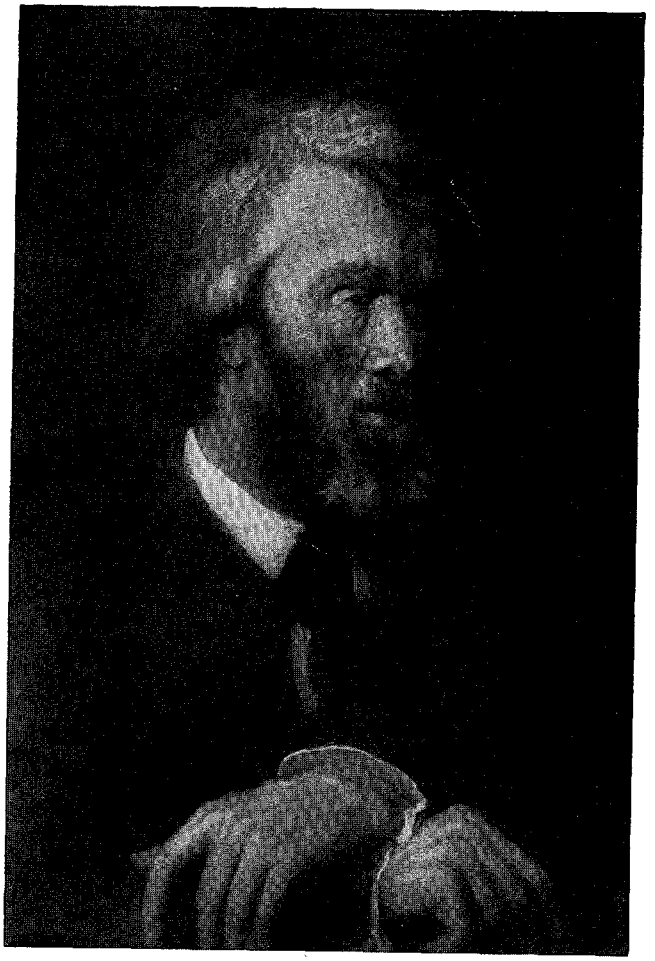

Thomas Carlyle.

From the portrait by G. F. Watts, R. A.
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Palmerston, who was one of the three patronesses, secured a very good box for us, directly opposite the Queen, and only three from the stage. . . . We took with us Mrs. Milman and W. T. Davis, to whom it gave a grand opportunity of seeing the Queen and the assembled aristocracy, at least all who are now in London. "God save the Queen," sung with the whole audience standing, was a noble sight. The Queen also stood, and at the end gave three curtsies. On Friday Captain and Mrs. Wormeley, with Miss Wormeley, dined with us, with Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Miss Murray, the Maid of Honor, Mr. and Mrs. Pell of New York, with William T. and Mr. Brodhead. William was very glad to see Carlyle, who showed himself off to perfection, uttering his paradoxes in broad Scotch.

Last evening we dined at Mr. Thomas Baring's, and a most agreeable dinner it was. The company consisted of twelve persons, Lord and Lady Ashburton, etc. I like Lady Ashburton extremely. She is full of intelligence, reads everything, talks most agreeably, and still loves America. She is by no means one of those who abjure their parent country. I have seen few persons in England whom I should esteem a more delightful friend or companion than Lady Ashburton, and I do not know why, but I had received a different impression of her. Lord Ashburton, by whom I sat at

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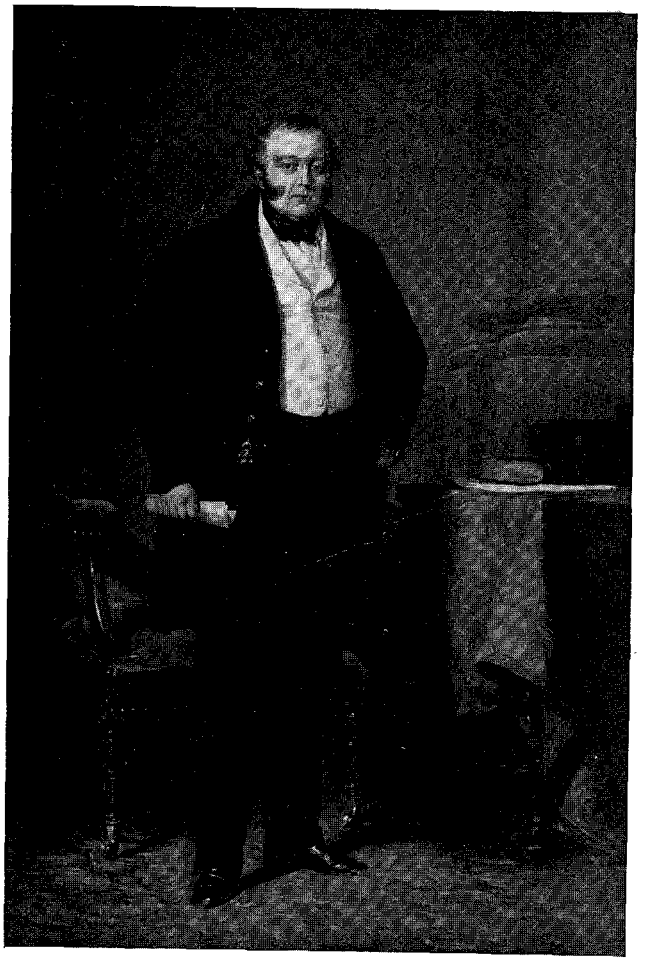

George Hudson, the "Railway King."
From the engraving after F. Grant.

dinner, struck me as still one of the most agreeable, as well as one of the wisest, men I have seen in England. Lady Ashburton, who was sitting by Mr. Bancroft, leant forward and said to her husband, "*We* can bring bushels of corn this year to England." "Who do you mean by *we?*" said he. "Why, we Americans, to be sure." . . .

Monday Evening.

Yesterday we dined at Count St. Aulair's, the French Ambassador, who is a charming old man of the old French school, at a sort of amicable dinner given to Lord and Lady Palmerston. Lord John Russell was of the party, with the Russian Ambassador and lady, Mr. and Madam Van de Weyer, the Russian and Turkish Ministers. The house of the French Embassy is fine, but these formal grand dinners are not so charming as the small ones. The present state of feeling between Lord Palmerston and the French Government gave it a kind of interest, however, and it certainly went off in a much better spirit than Lady Normanby's famous party, which Guizot would not attend. It seems very odd to me to be in the midst of these European affairs, which I have all my life looked upon from so great a distance.

To Mrs. W. W. Story

London, March 23, 1847.

My Dear Mrs. Story: I should have thanked you by the last steamer for your

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Lady Byron.
From the portrait in the possession of Sir J. Tollemache Sinclair, Bart.

note and the charming volume which accompanied it, but my thoughts and feelings were so much occupied by the sad tidings I heard from my own family that I wrote to no one out of it. The poems, which would at all times have given me great pleasure, gave me still more here than they would if I were with you on the other side of the Atlantic. I am not cosmopolitan enough to love any nature so well as our American nature, and in addition to the charm of its poetry, every piece brought up to me the scenes amidst which it had been written. How dear these associations are your husband will know when he, too, is separated from his native shores and from those he loves. . . . I shall look forward with great pleasure to seeing him here, and only wish you were to accompany him, for your own sake, for his, and for ours. His various culture will enable him to enjoy most fully all that Europe can yield him in every department. My own regret ever since I have been here has been that the seed has not "fallen upon better ground," for though I thought myself not ignorant wholly, I certainly lose much that I might enjoy more keenly if I were better prepared for it. I envy the pleasure which Mr. Story will receive from music, painting, and sculpture in Europe, even if he were destitute of the creative inspiration which he will take with him. For ourselves, we have everything to make

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Lady Peel.
After Sir T. Lawrence, R. A.
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us happy here, and I should be quite so, if I could forget that I had a country and children and very dear friends 3,000 miles away. . . . There are certain sympathies of country which one cannot overcome. On the other hand, I certainly enjoy pleasures of the highest kind, and am every day floated like one in a dream into the midst of persons and scenes that make my life seem more like a drama than a reality. Nothing is more unreal than the actual presence of persons of whom one has heard much, and long wished to see. One day I find myself at dinner by the side of Sir Robert Peel, another by Lord John Russell, or at Lord Lansdowne's table, with Mrs. Norton, or at a charming breakfast with Mr. Rogers, surrounded by pictures and marbles, or with tall feathers and a long train, making curtsies to a queen. . . .

To W. D. B. and A. B.

LONDON, April 2 [1847].

Here it is the day before the despatches leave and I have not written a single line to you. . . . On Friday we dined at Lady Charlotte Lindsay's, where were Lord Brougham and Lady Mallet, Mr. Rogers and the Bishop of Norwich and his wife. In the evening Miss Agnes Berry, who never goes out now, came on purpose to appoint an evening to go and see her sister, who is the one that Horace Walpole wished to marry, and to whom so many of his later letters are

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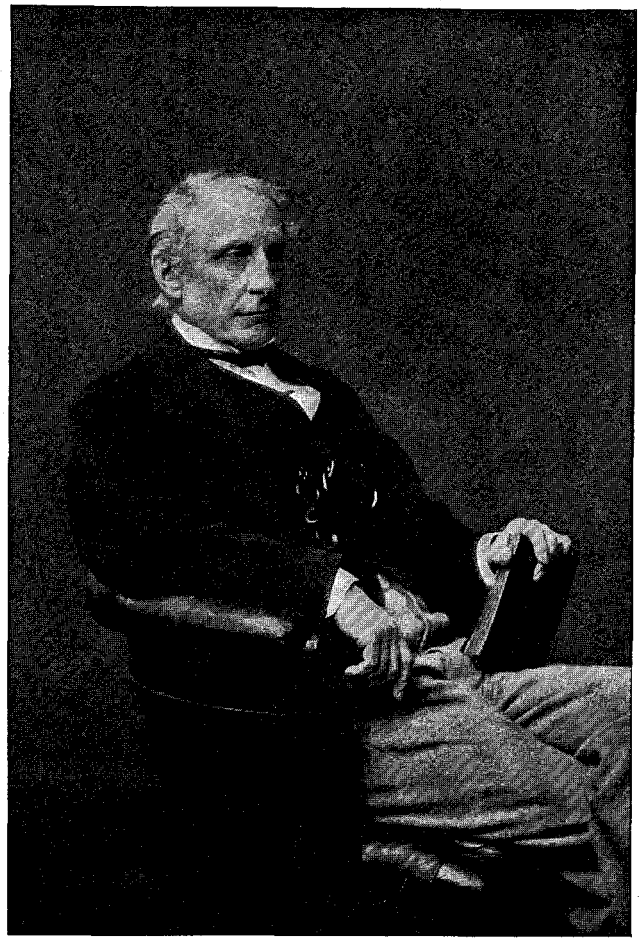

A. W. Kinglake ("Eothen").
From a photograph.

addressed. She is eighty-four, her sister a few years younger, and Lady Charlotte not much their junior. These remnants of the *belles-esprits* of the last age are charming to me. They have a vast and long experience of the best social circles, with native wit, and constant practice in the conversation of society. . . . On Wednesday, we dined at Sir Robert Peel's, with whom I was more charmed than with anybody I have seen yet. I sat between him and the Speaker of the House of Commons. I was told that he was stiff and stately in his manners, but did not think him so, and am inclined to imagine that free from the burden of the Premiership, he unbends more. He talked constantly with me, and in speaking of a certain picture said, "When you come to Drayton Manor I shall show it to you." I should like to go there, but to see himself even more than his pictures. Lady Peel is still a very handsome woman.

The next morning we breakfasted with Mr. Rogers. He lives, as you probably know, in a beautiful house, though small, whose rooms look upon the Green Park, and filled with pictures and marbles. We stayed an hour or more after the other guests, listening to his stores of literary anecdote and pleasant talk. In the evening we went to the Miss Berrys', where we found Lord Morpeth, who is much attached to them. Miss Berry put her hand on his head, which is getting a little gray, and said:

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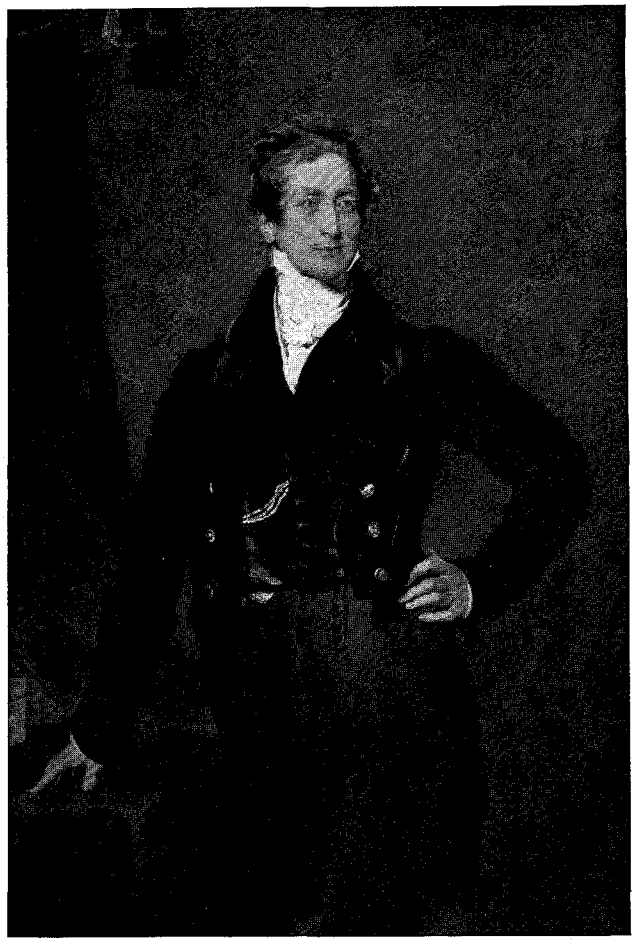

Sir Robert Peel.
From the mezzotint after Sir T. Lawrence, R. A.

"Ah, George, and I remember the day you were born; your grandmother brought you and put you in my arms." Now this grandmother of Lord Morpeth's was the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, who electioneered for Fox, and he led her to tell me all about her. "Eothen" was also there, Lady Lewis and many of her friends. . . . Aunty wishes to know who is "Eothen." She has probably read his book, "Eothen, or Traces of Travel," which was very popular two or three years since. He is a young lawyer, Mr. Kinglake, the most modest, unassuming person in his manners, very shy and altogether very unlike the dashing, spirited young Englishman I figured to myself, whom nothing could daunt from the Arab even to the plague, which he defied. . . .

To J. P. D.

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT: On Thursday [the 25th] we were invited to Sir John Pakington's, whose wife is the Bishop of Rochester's daughter, but were engaged to Mr. Senior, who had asked us to meet the Archbishop of Dublin, the celebrated Dr. Whately. He had come over from Ireland to make a speech in the House of Lords upon the Irish Poor Law. He is full of learning [and] simplicity, and with most genial, hearty manners. Rogers was also there and said more fine things than I have heard him before at dinner, as he is

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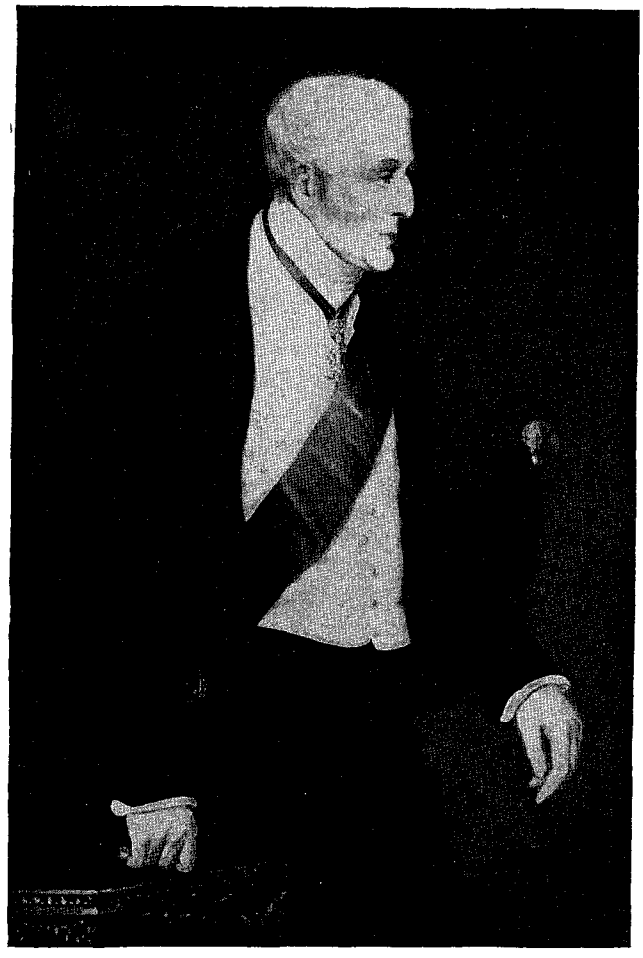

The Duke of Wellington.
From the portrait by Count Alfred D'Orsay.
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now so deaf that he does not hear general conversation, and cannot tell where to send his shaft, which is always pointed. He retains all his sarcasm and epigrammatic point, but he shines now especially at breakfast, where he has his audience to himself. . . .

We went from Mr. Senior's to Mr. Milman's, but nearly all the guests there were departed or departing, though one or two returned with us to the drawing-room to stay the few minutes we did. Among the lingerers we found Sir William and Lady Duff Gordon, the two Warburtons, "Hochelaga" and "Crescent and Cross," and "Eothen." Mrs. Milman I really love, and we see much of them. . . .

On Saturday was the dreaded Drawing-Room, on which occasion I was to be presented to the Queen. . . . Mr. Bancroft and I left home at a quarter past one; . . . On our arrival we passed through one or two corridors, lined by attendants with battle-axes and picturesque costumes, looking very much like the supernumeraries on the stage, and were ushered into the ante-room, a large and splendid room, where only the Ministers and Privy Councillors, with their families, are allowed to go with the Diplomatic Corps. Here we found Lady Palmerston, who showed me a list she had got Sir Edward Cust, the master of ceremonies, to make out of the order of precedence of the Diplomatic Corps, and

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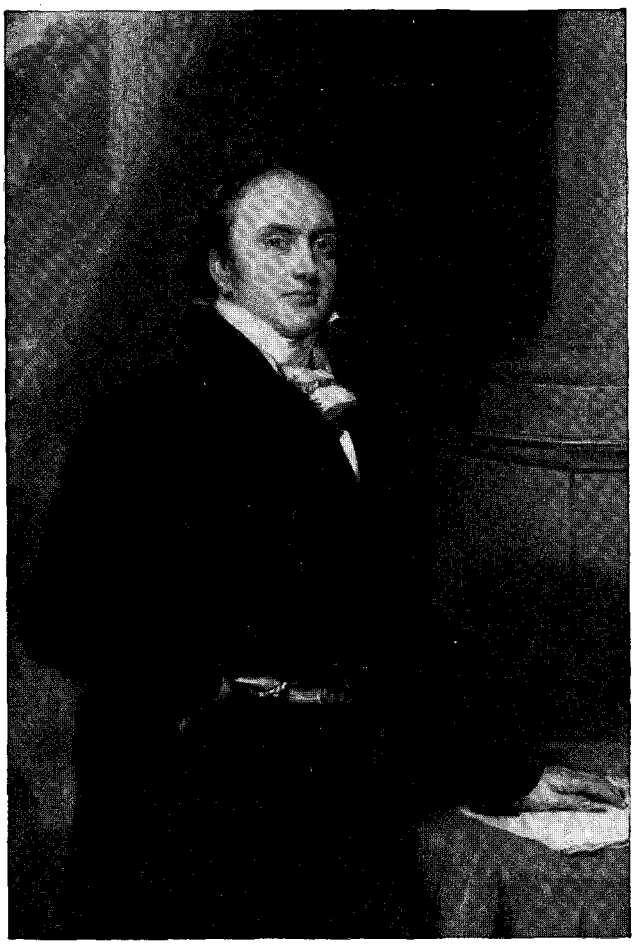

Lord Ashburton.
After Sir T. Lawrence, R. A.

when the turn would come for us who were to be newly presented. The room soon filled up and it was like a pleasant party, only more amusing, as the costumes of both gentlemen and ladies were so splendid. I got a seat in the window with Madam Van de Weyer and saw the Queen's train drive up. At the end of this room are two doors: at the left hand everybody enters the next apartment, where the Queen and her suite stand, and after going round the circle, come out at the right-hand door. After those who are privileged to go *first* into the *ante-room* leave it, the general circle pass in, and they also go in and out the same doors. But to go back. The left-hand door opens and Sir Edward Cust leads in the Countess Dietrichstein, who is the oldest Ambassadress, as the Countess St. Aulair is in Paris. As she enters she drops her train and the gentlemen ushers open it out like a peacock's tail. Then Madam Van de Weyer, who comes next, follows close upon the train of the former, then Baroness Brunnow, then Madam Bunsen, then Madam Lisboa, then Lady Palmerston, who, as the wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, is to introduce the Princess Callimachi, Baroness de Beust, and myself. She stations herself by the side of the Queen and names us as we pass. The Queen spoke to none of us, but gave me a very gracious smile, and when Mr. Bancroft came by, she said: "I am very

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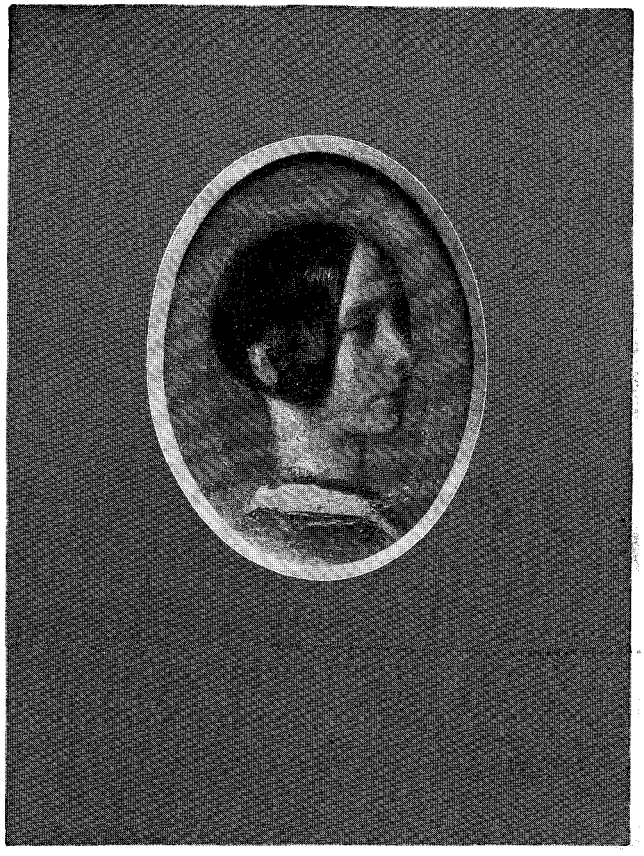

Jane Welsh Carlyle.
From the miniature by S. Laurence.
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glad to have had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Bancroft to-day." I was not [at] all frightened and gathered up my train with as much self-possession as if I were alone. I found it very entertaining afterward to watch the reception of the others. The Diplomatic Corps remain through the whole, the ladies standing on the left of the Queen and the gentlemen in the centre, but all others pass out immediately. . . . On Sunday evening Mr. Bancroft set off for Paris to pass the Easter recess of Parliament. . . . I got a very interesting letter yesterday from Mr. Bancroft. It seems that the Countess Circourt, whose husband has reviewed his book and Prescott's, is a most charming person, and makes her house one of the most brilliant and attractive in Paris. Since he left, a note came from Mr. Hallam, the contents of which pleased me as they will you. It announced that Mr. Bancroft was chosen an Honorary Member of the Society of Antiquaries, of which Lord Mahon is president, Hallam, vice-president. Hallam says the society is very old and that he is the first citizen of the United States upon whom it has been conferred, but that he will not long possess it exclusively, as his "highly distinguished countryman, Mr. Prescott, has also been proposed." . . .

To W. D. B. and A. B.

Tuesday.

My Dear Sons: . . . On Monday morning came the dear Miss Berrys, to beg me to come that evening to join their circle. . . . They have always the best people in London about them, young as well as old.

The old and the middle-aged are more attended to here than with us, where the young are all in all. As Hayward said to me the

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other evening, "it takes time to make *people*, like cathedrals," and Mr. Rogers and Miss Berry could not have been what they are now, forty years ago. A long life of experience in the midst constantly of the highest and most cultivated circles, and with several generations of distinguished men, gives what can be acquired in no other way. Mr. Rogers said to me one day: "I have learnt more from men than from *books*, and when I used to be in the society of Fox and other great men of that period, and they would sometimes say 'I have always thought so and so,' then I have opened my ears and listened, for I said to myself, now I shall get at the treasured results of the experience of these great men." This little saying of Mr. Rogers expresses precisely my own feelings in the society of the venerable and distinguished here. With us society is left more to the crudities of the young than in England. The young may be interesting and promise much, but they are still *crude*. The elements, however fine, are not yet completely assimilated and brought to that more perfect tone which comes later in life. . . .

Monday, April 12th.

. . . On Saturday I went with Sir William and Lady Molesworth to their box in the new Covent Garden opera, which has been opened for the first time this week. There I saw Grisi and Alboni and Tamburini in the "Semiramide." It was a new world of delight to me. Grisi, so statuesque and so graceful, delights the eye, the ear, and the soul. She is sculpture, poetry, and music at the same time. . . . Mr. Bancroft has been received with great cordiality in Paris. He has been three times invited to the Palace, and Guizot and Mignet give him access to all that he wants in the archives, and he passes his evenings with all the eminent men and beautiful women of Paris. Guizot, Thiers, Lamartine, Cousin, Salvandi, Thierry, he sees, and enjoys all. They take him to the salons, too, of the Faubourg St. Germain, among the old French aristocracy, and to innumerable receptions. . . .

Wednesday.

To-morrow I go to the Drawing-Room alone, and to complete the climax, the Queen has sent us an invitation to dine at the Palace to-morrow, and I must go *alone* for the *first time*. If I live through it, I will tell you all about it; but is it not awkward in the extreme? . . .

Friday Morning.

At eight o'clock in the evening I drove to the Palace. My dress was my currant-colored or groseille velvet with a wreath of white Arum lilies woven into a kind of turban, with green leaves and bouquet to match, on the bertha of Brussels lace. I was received by a servant, who escorted me through a long, narrow corridor to the foot of a flight of stairs which I ascended and found another servant, who took my cloak and showed me into the grand corridor or picture gallery, a noble apartment of interminable length, and surrounded by pictures of the best masters. General Bowles, the Master of the Household, came forward to meet me, and Lord Byron, who is one of the Lords in Waiting. I found Madam Lisboa already arrived, and soon came in Lord and Lady Palmerston, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, Lord and Lady Dalhousie, Lord Charles Wellesley, son of the Duke of Wellington, Lady Byron, and Mr. Hallam. We sat and talked as at any other place, when at last the Queen was announced. The gentlemen ranged themselves on one side, and we on the other, and the Queen and Prince passed through, she bowing, and we profoundly curtseying. As soon as she passed the Marquis of Exeter came over and took Madam Lisboa, and Lord Dalhousie came and took me. The Queen and Prince sit in the middle of a long table, and I was just opposite the Prince, between Lord Exeter and Lord Dalhousie, who is the son of the former Governor of Nova Scotia, was in the last ministry, and a most agreeable person. I talked to my neighbors as at any other dinner, but the Queen spoke to no one but Prince Albert, with a word or two to the Duke of Norfolk, who was on her right, and is the first peer of the realm.

The dinner was rather quickly despatched, and when the Queen rose we followed her back into the corridor. She walked to the fire and stood some minutes, and then advanced to me and enquired about Mr. Bancroft, his visit to Paris, if he had been there before, etc. I expressed, of course, the regret he would feel at losing the honor of dining with Her Majesty, etc. She then had a talk with Lady Palmerston, who

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stood by my side, then with all the other ladies in succession, until at last Prince Albert came out, soon followed by the other gentlemen. The Prince then spoke to all the ladies, as she had done, while she went in succession to all the gentlemen guests. This took some time and we were obliged to stand all the while. At last the Queen, accompanied by her Lady in Waiting, Lady Mount Edgcumbe, went to a sofa at the other end of the corridor, in front of which was a round table surrounded by arm-chairs. When the Queen was seated Lady Mount Edgcumbe came to us and requested us to take our seats round the table. This was a little prim, for I did not know exactly how much I might talk to others in the immediate presence of the Queen, and everybody seemed a little constrained. She spoke to us all, and very soon such of the gentlemen as were allowed by their rank, joined us at the round table. Lord Dalhousie came again to my side and I had as pleasant a conversation with him, rather *sotto voce*, however, as I could have had at a private house. At half-past ten the Queen rose and shook hands with each lady; we curtsied profoundly, and she and the Prince departed. We then bade each other good-night, and found our carriages as soon as we chose. . . . .

To W. D. B. and A. B.

London, May 16, 1847.

My Dear Sons: My letters by this steamer will have very little interest for you, as, from being in complete retirement, I have no new things to relate to you. . . . We have taken advantage of our leisure to drive a little into the country, and on Tuesday I had a pleasure of the highest order in driving down to Esher and passing a quiet day with Lady Byron, the widow of the poet. She is an intimate friend of Miss Murray, who has long wished us to see her and desired her to name the day for our visit.

Esher is a little village about sixteen miles from London, and Lady Byron has selected it as her residence, though her estates are in Leicestershire, because it is near Lord and Lady Lovelace, her only child, the "*Ada*" of poetry. We went in our own carriage, taking Miss Murray with us, and as the country is now radiant with blossoms and glowing green, the drive itself was very agreeable. We arrived at two o'clock, and found only Lady Byron, with the second boy of Lady Lovelace and his tutor. Lady Byron is now about fifty-five, and with the remains of an attractive, if not brilliant, beauty. She has extremely delicate features, and very pale and finely delicate skin; a tone of voice and manner of the most trembling refinement, with a culture and strong intellect, almost masculine, but which betrays itself under such sweet and gentle and unobtrusive forms that one is only led to perceive it by slow degrees. She is the most modest and unostentatious person one can well conceive. . . . She lives simply, and the chief of her large income (you know she was the rich Miss Milbank) she devotes to others. . . . After lunch she wished me to see a little of the country round Esher and ordered her ponies and small carriage for herself and me, while Mr. Bancroft and Miss Murray walked. We went first to the royal seat, Claremont, where the Princess Charlotte lived so happily with Leopold, and where she died. Its park adjoins Lady Byron's, and the Queen allows her a private key that she may enjoy its exquisite grounds. Here we left the pedestrians, while Lady Byron took me a more extensive drive, as she wished to show me some of the heaths in the neighborhood, which are covered with furze, now one mass of yellow bloom. . . . Every object is seen in full relief against the sky, and a figure on horseback is peculiarly striking. I am always reminded of the beginning of one of James's novels, which is usually, you know, after this manner: "It was toward the close of a dull autumn day that two horsemen were seen," etc., etc. Lady Byron took me to the estate of a neighboring gentleman, to show me a fine old tower covered with ivy, where Wolsey took refuge from his persecutors, with his faithful follower, Cromwell. . . . Upon our return we found the last of the old harpers, blind, and with a genuine old Irish harp, and after hearing his national melodies for half an hour, taking a cup of coffee, and enjoying a little more of Lady Byron's conversation, we departed, having had a day heaped up with the richest and best enjoyments. I could not help thinking, as I was walking up and down the beautiful paths of Claremont Park, with

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the fresh spring air blowing about me, the primroses, daisies, and wild bluebells under my feet, and Lady Byron at my side, that it was more like a page out of a poem than a reality. . . .

On Sunday night any Americans who are here come to see us. . . . Mr. Harding brought with him a gentleman, whom he introduced as Mr. Alison. Mr. Bancroft asked him if he were related to Archdeacon Alison, who wrote the "Essay on Taste." "I am his son," said he. "Ah, then, you are the brother of the historian?" said Mr. Bancroft "I am the historian," was the reply. . . . An evening visitor is a thing unheard of, and therefore my life is very lonely, now I do not go into society. I see no one except Sunday evenings, and, occasionally, a friend before dinner. . . .

To W. D. B. and A. B.

LONDON, May 24 [1847].

MY DEAR SONS: . . . On Friday we both went to see the Palace of Hampton Court with my dear, good, Miss Murray, Mr. Winthrop and son, and Louise. . . . On our arrival, we found, to our great vexation, that Friday was the only day in the week in which visitors were not admitted, and that we must content ourselves with seeing the grounds and go back without a glimpse of its noble galleries of pictures. Fortunately for us, Miss Murray had several friends among the persons to whom the Queen has assigned apartments in the vast edifice, and they willingly yielded their approbation of our admission if she could possibly win over Mrs. Grundy, the housekeeper. This name sounded rather inauspicious, but Mr. Winthrop suggested that there might be a "Felix," to qualify it, and so in this case it turned out. Mrs. Grundy asserted that such a thing had never been done, that it was a very dangerous precedent, etc., but in the end the weight of a Maid of Honor and a Foreign Minister prevailed, and we saw everything to much greater advantage than if we had 150 persons following on, as Mr. Winthrop says he had the other day at Windsor Castle. . . . . On our way [home] we met Lady Byron with her pretty little carriage and ponies. She alighted and we did the same, and had quite a pleasant little interview in the dusty road. . . .

Sunday, May 30th.

Your father left town on Monday. . . . He did not return until the 27th, the morning of the Queen's Birthday Drawing-Room. On this occasion I went dressed in white mourning. . . . It was a petticoat of white crape flounced to the waist, with the edges notched. A train of white glacé trimmed with a ruche of white crape. A wreath and bouquet of white lilacs, without any green, as green is not used in mourning. The array of diamonds on this occasion was magnificent in the highest degree, and everybody was in their most splendid array. The next evening there was a concert at the Palace, at which Jenny Lind, Grisi, Alboni, Mario, and Tamburini sang. I went dressed in [a] deep black dress and enjoyed the music highly. Seats were placed in rows in the concert-room and one sat quietly as if in church. At the end of the first part, the royal family with their royal guests, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, went to the grand dining-room and supped by themselves, with their suites, while another elegant refreshment table was spread in another apartment for the other guests. . . . Jenny Lind a little disappointed me, I must confess, but they tell me that her songs were not adapted on that evening to the display of her voice. . . .

On Sunday evening your father dined with Baron Brunnow, the Russian Minister, to meet the Grand Duke Constantine. It so happened that the Grand Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Weimar appointed an audience to Baron and Baroness Brunnow at seven, and they had not returned at half-past seven, when the Grand Duke and their other guests arrived. The Baroness immediately advanced to the Grand Duke and sunk on her knees before him, asking pardon in Russian. He begged her to rise, but she remained in an attitude of deep humiliation, until the Grand Duke sunk also on *his* knees and gently raised her, and then kissed her on the cheek, a privilege, you know, of royalty.

. . . On Monday evening we both went to a concert at Mr. Hudson's, the great railway "king," who has just made an immense fortune from railway stocks, and is now desirous to get into society. These things are managed in a curious

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way here. A *nouveau riche* gets several ladies of fashion to patronize his entertainment and invite all the guests. Our invitation was from Lady Parke, who wrote me two notes about it, saying that she would be happy to meet me at Mrs. Hudson's splendid mansion, where would be the best music and society of London; and, true enough, there was the Duke of Wellington and all the world. Lady Parke stood at the entrance of the splendid suite of rooms to receive the guests and introduce them to their host and hostess. On Tuesday morning I got a note from Mr. Eliot Warburton (brother of "Hochelaga") to come to his room at two o'clock and look at some drawings. To our surprise we found quite a party seated at lunch, and a collection of many agreeable persons and some lions and lionesses. There was Lord Ross, the great astronomer; Baroness Rothschild, a lovely Jewess; Miss Strickland, the authoress of the "Queens of England;" "Eothen," and many more. Mr. Polk, *Chargé* at Naples, and brother of the President, dined with us and Miss Murray, and in the evening came Mr. and Mrs. McLean—he a son of Judge McLean, of Ohio. . . .

June 17th.

On Friday evening we went to the Queen's Ball, and, for the first time, saw Her Majesty dance, which she does very well, and so does the Duchess of Sutherland, grandmother though she be. . . . On Monday evening we went to a concert given to the Queen by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House. This was an occasion not to be forgotten, but I cannot describe it. On Tuesday I went for the first time to hear a debate upon the Portugal interference in the House of Lords. It brought out all the leaders, and I was so fortunate as to hear a most powerful speech from Lord Stanley, one from Lord Lansdowne in defence of the Ministry, and one from the Duke of Wellington, who, on this occasion, sided with the Ministers. On Wednesday was the great *fête* given by the Duchess of Sutherland to the Queen. It was like a chapter of a fairy tale. Persons from all the courts of Europe who were there told us that nowhere in Europe was there anything as fine as the hall and grand staircase where the Duchess received her guests. It exceeded my utmost conceptions of magnificence and beauty. The vast size of the apartment, the vaulted ceilings, the arabesque ornaments, the fine pictures, the profusion of flowers, the music, the flourish of trumpets, as the Queen passed backward and forward, the superb dresses and diamonds of the women, the parti-colored full dress of the gentlemen, all contributed to make up a scene not to be forgotten. The Queen's Ball was not to be compared to it, so much more effective is Stafford House than Buckingham Palace. . . . We were fortunate to be present there, for Stafford House is not opened in this way but once in a year or two, and the Duke's health is now so very uncertain that it may be many years before it happens again. He was not present the other evening.

(To be continued.)

I KNOW NOT HOW TO FIND THE SPRING

By Florence Earle Coates

I KNOW not how to find the Spring,
  Though violets are here,
And in the boughs high over me
  The birds are fluting clear;
The magic and the melody,
  The rapture—all are fled,
And could they wake, they would but break
  My heart, now you are dead.

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MUSIC AND LIFE

A SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY

HOWARD
CHANDLER
CHRISTY

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A Dream of the Future.

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His Real Audience.

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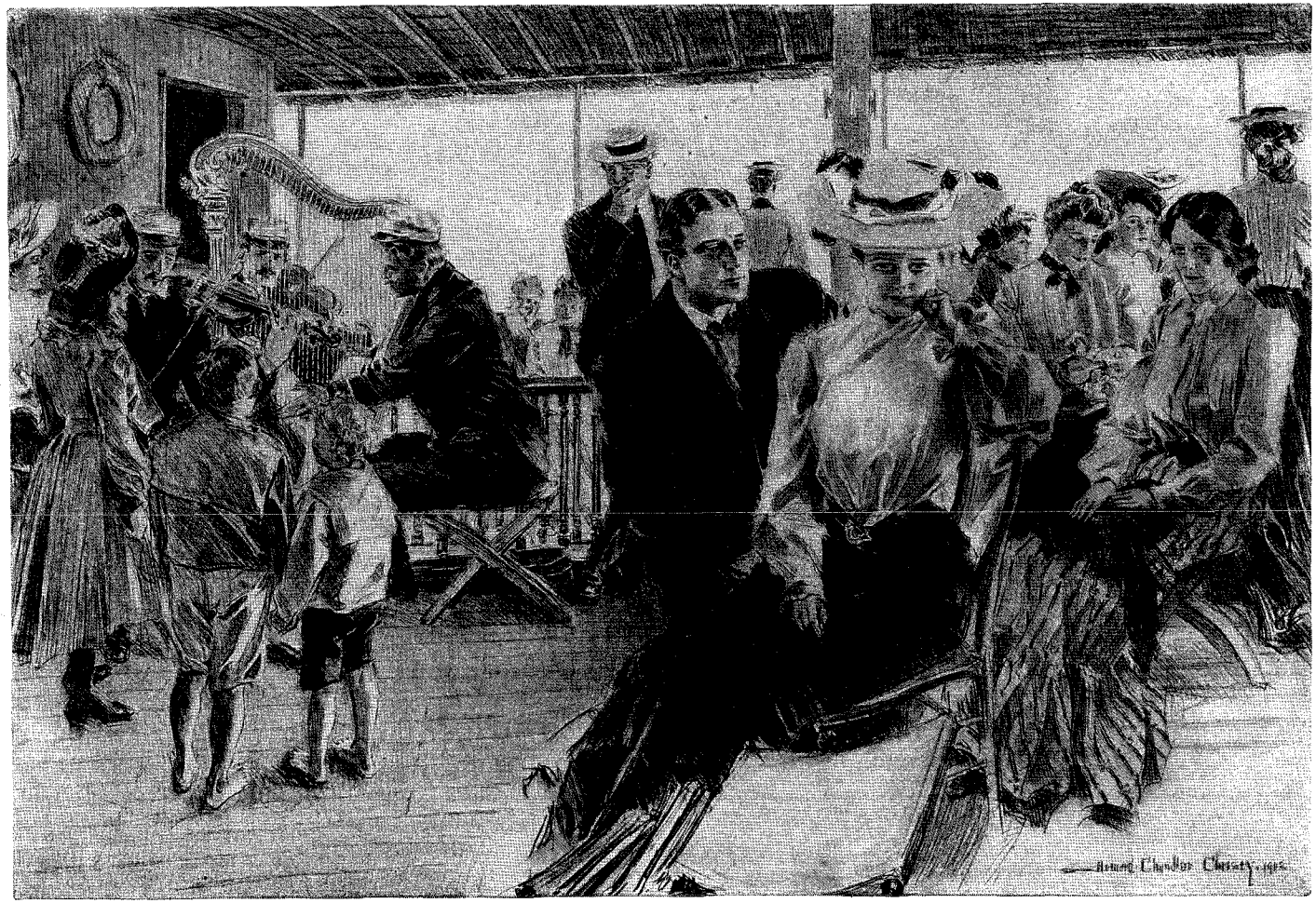

The Steamboat Orchestra.

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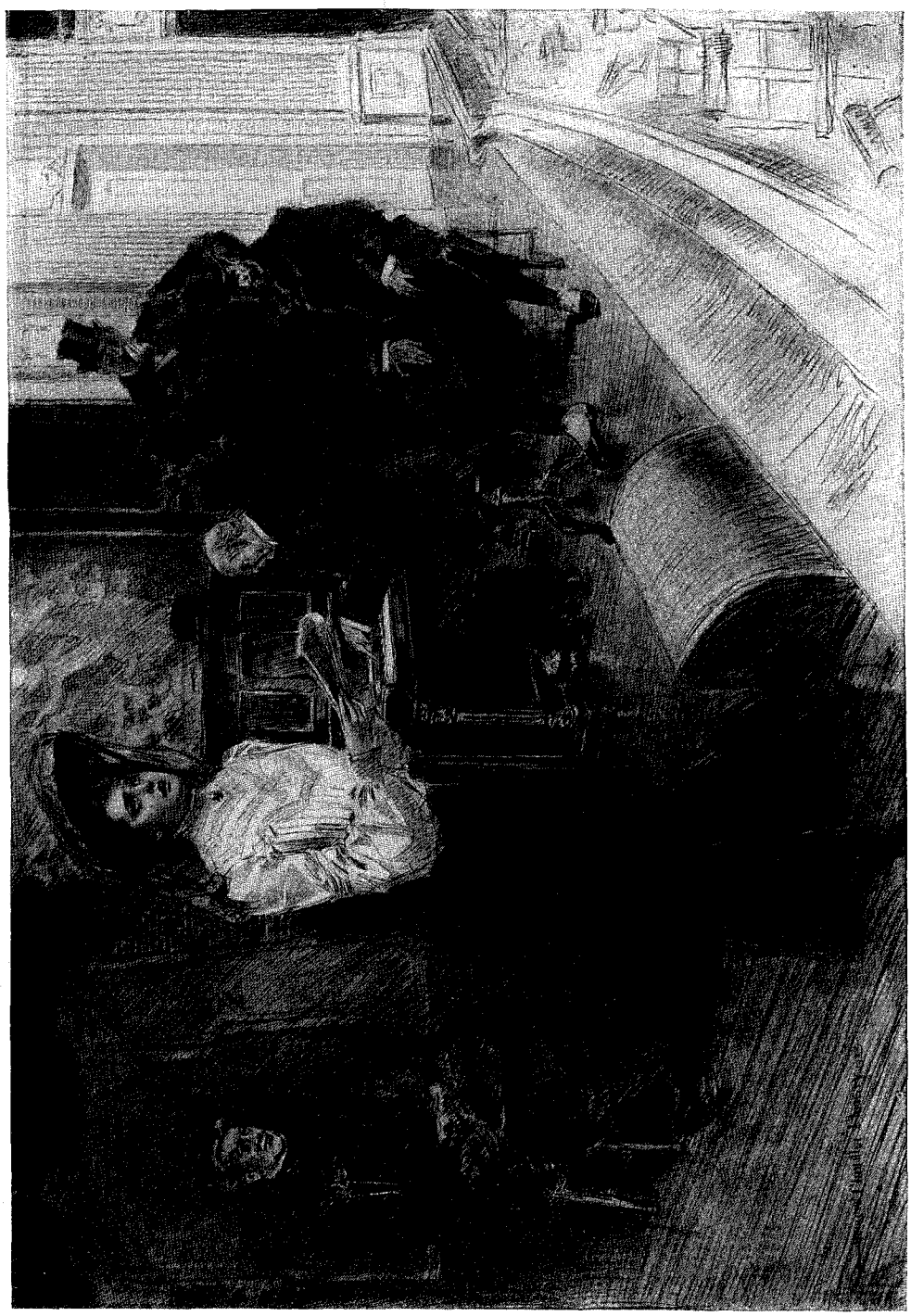

Singing for the Manager.

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The Youthful Prodigy.

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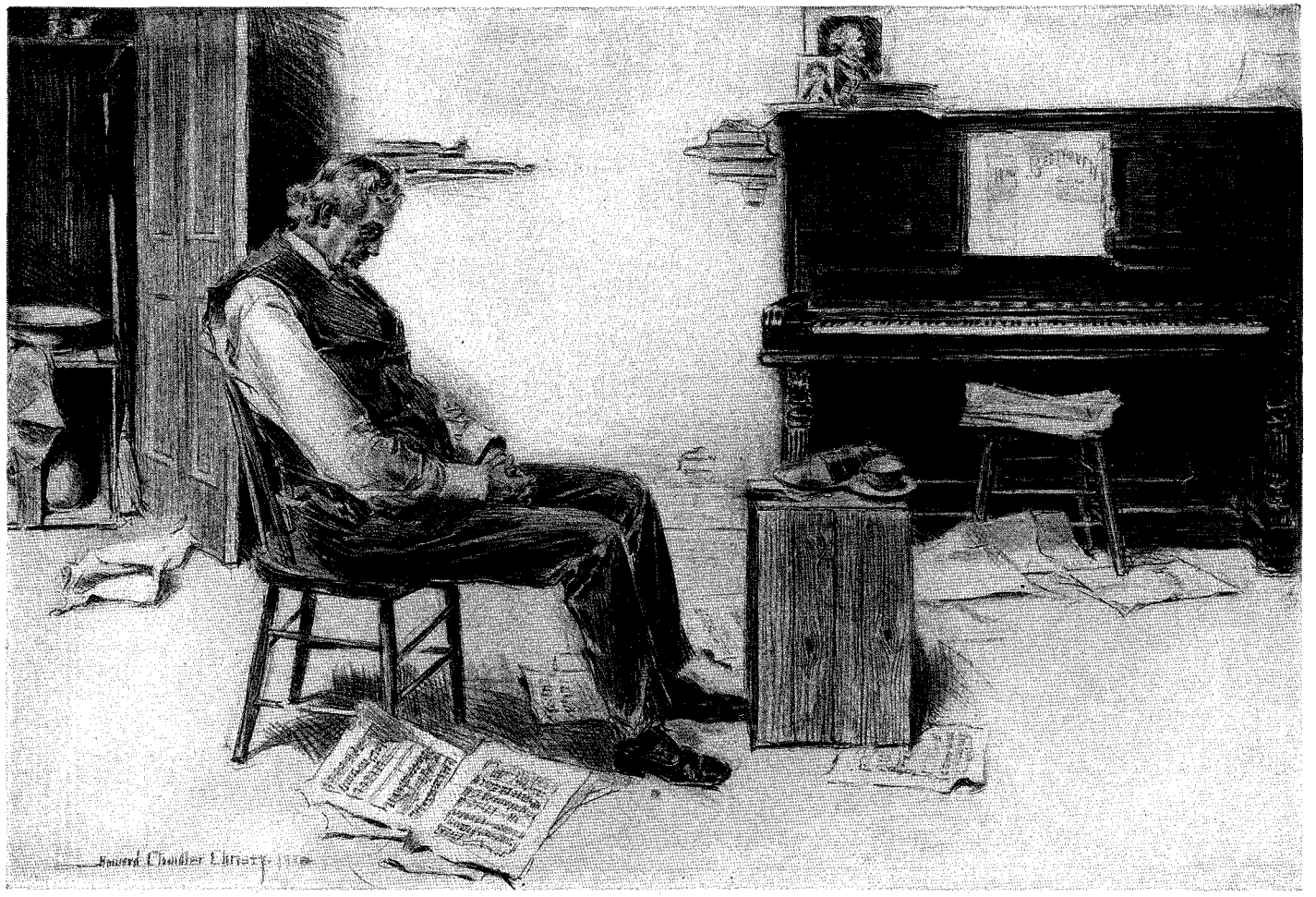

The Old Music-teacher.

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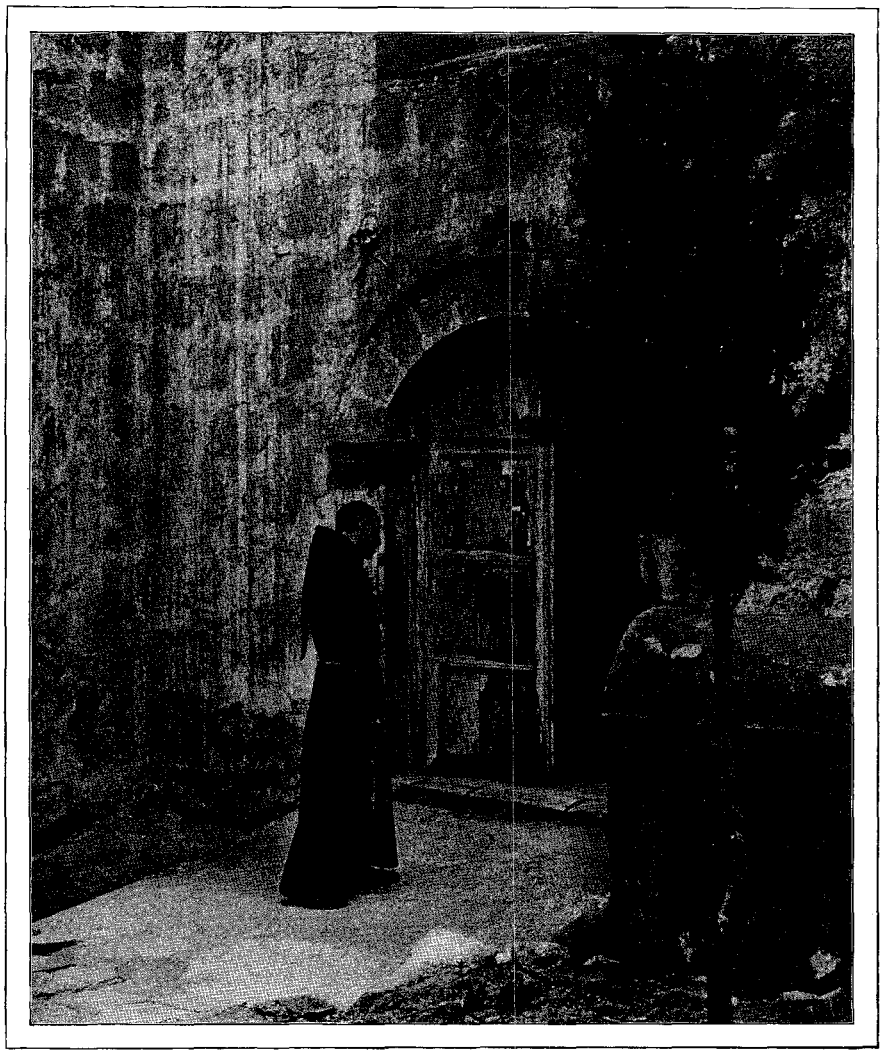

[From a photograph of a Franciscan monk taken in California by Isaac Harris.]

BROTHERS

By John Finley

PRIEST of the White Cord, thou and I
Are brothers, though my prayers I cry
Uncassocked and 'neath fiercer sky
Than daily bends o'er thee;

Though I strive here 'mid multitudes,
Far from thy crumbling solitudes,
Where silent, unseen, solemn broods
Thy dear Divinity;

Though I cling, stubborn, to my creed,
Protesting mine should meet thy need,
Begrudging thee the cherished meed
My faith forespeaks for me;

Yet are we of one soul and clay,
When penitent thou goest to pray,
And Death doth mark another day
Of thy mortality.

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THE DESCENT OF MAN

By Edith Wharton

I

WHEN Professor Linyard came back from his holiday in the Maine woods the air of rejuvenation he brought with him was due less to the influences of the climate than to the companionship he had enjoyed on his travels. To Mrs. Linyard's observant eye he had appeared to set out alone; but an invisible traveller had in fact accompanied him, and if his heart beat high it was simply at the pitch of his adventure: for the Professor had eloped with an idea.

No one who has not tried the experiment can divine its exhilaration. Professor Linyard would not have changed places with any hero of romance pledged to a flesh-and-blood abduction. The most fascinating female is apt to be encumbered with luggage and scruples: to take up a good deal of room in the present and overlap inconveniently into the future; whereas an idea can accommodate itself to a single molecule of the brain or expand to the circumference of the horizon. The Professor's companion had to the utmost this quality of adaptability. As the express train whirled him away from the somewhat inelastic circle of Mrs. Linyard's affections, his idea seemed to be sitting opposite him, and their eyes met every moment or two in a glance of joyous complicity; yet when a friend of the family presently joined him and began to talk about college matters, the idea slipped out of sight in a flash, and the Professor would have had no difficulty in proving that he was alone.

But if, from the outset, he found his idea the most agreeable of fellow-travellers, it was only in the aromatic solitude of the woods that he tasted the full savour of his adventure. There, during the long cool August days, lying full length on the pine-needles and gazing up into the sky, he would meet the eyes of his companion bending over him like a nearer heaven. And what eyes they were!—clear yet unfathomable, bubbling with inexhaustible laughter, yet drawing their freshness and sparkle from the central depths of thought! To a man who for twenty years had faced an eye reflecting the obvious with perfect accuracy, these escapes into the inscrutable had always been peculiarly inviting; but hitherto the Professor's mental infidelities had been restricted by an unbroken and relentless domesticity. Now, for the first time since his marriage, chance had given him six weeks to himself, and he was coming home with his lungs full of liberty.

It must not be inferred that the Professor's domestic relations were defective: they were in fact so complete that it was almost impossible to get away from them. It is the happy husbands who are really in bondage; the little rift within the lute is often a passage to freedom. Marriage had given the Professor exactly what he had sought in it: a comfortable lining to life. The impossibility of rising to sentimental crises had made him scrupulously careful not to shirk the practical obligations of the bond. He took as it were a sociological view of his case, and modestly regarded himself as a brick in that foundation on which the state is supposed to rest. Perhaps if Mrs. Linyard had cared about entomology, or had taken sides in the war over the transmission of acquired characteristics, he might have had a less impersonal notion of marriage; but he was unconscious of any deficiency in their relation, and if consulted would probably have declared that he didn't want any woman bothering with his beetles. His real life had always lain in the universe of thought, in that enchanted region which, to those who have lingered there, comes to have so much more colour and substance than the painted curtain hanging before it. The Professor's particular veil of Maia was a narrow strip of homespun woven in a monotonous pattern; but he had only to lift it to step into an empire.

This unseen universe was thronged with

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the most seductive shapes: the Professor moved Sultan-like through a seraglio of ideas. But of all the lovely apparitions that wove their spells about him, none had ever worn quite so persuasive an aspect as this latest favourite. For the others were mostly rather grave companions, serious-minded and elevating enough to have passed muster in a Ladies' Debating Club; but this new fancy of the Professor's was simply one embodied laugh. It was, in other words, the smile of relaxation at the end of a long day's toil: the flash of irony that the laborious mind projects, irresistibly, over labour conscientiously performed. The Professor had always been a hard worker. If he was an indulgent friend to his ideas, he was also a stern task-master to them. For, in addition to their other duties, they had to support his family: to pay the butcher and baker, and provide for Jack's schooling and Millicent's dresses. The Professor's household was a modest one, yet it tasked his ideas to keep it up to his wife's standard. Mrs. Linyard was not an exacting wife, and she took enough pride in her husband's attainments to pay for her honours by turning Millicent's dresses and darning Jack's socks, and going to the College receptions year after year in the same black silk with shiny seams. It consoled her to see an occasional mention of Professor Linyard's remarkable monograph on the Ethical Reactions of the Infusoria, or an allusion to his investigations into the Unconscious Cerebration of the Amœba.

Still there were moments when the healthy indifference of Jack and Millicent reacted on the maternal sympathies; when Mrs. Linyard would have made her husband a railway-director, if by this transformation she might have increased her boy's allowance and given her daughter a new hat, or a set of furs such as the other girls were wearing. Of such moments of rebellion the Professor himself was not wholly unconscious. He could not indeed understand why any one should want a new hat; and as to an allowance, he had had much less money at college than Jack, and had yet managed to buy a microscope and collect a few "specimens"; while Jack was free from such expensive tastes! But the Professor did not let his want of sympathy interfere with the discharge of his paternal obligations. He worked hard to keep the wants of his family gratified, and it was precisely in the endeavor to attain this end that he at length broke down and had to cease from work altogether.

To cease from work was not to cease from thought of it; and in the unwonted pause from effort the Professor found himself taking a general survey of the field he had travelled. At last it was possible to lift his nose from the loom, to step a moment in front of the tapestry he had been weaving. From this first inspection of the pattern so long wrought over from behind, it was natural to glance a little farther and seek its reflection in the public eye. It was not indeed of his special task that he thought in this connection. He was but one of the great army of weavers at work among the threads of that cosmic woof; and what he sought was the general impression their labour had produced.

When Professor Linyard first plied his microscope, the audience of the man of science had been composed of a few fellow-students, sympathetic or hostile as their habits of mind predetermined, but versed in the jargon of the profession and familiar with the point of departure. In the intervening quarter of a century, however, this little group had been swallowed up in a larger public. Every one now read scientific books and expressed an opinion on them. The ladies and the clergy had taken them up first; now they had passed to the school-room and the kindergarten. Daily life was regulated on scientific principles; the daily papers had their "Scientific Jottings"; nurses passed examinations in hygienic science, and babies were fed and dandled according to the new psychology.

The very fact that scientific investigation still had, to some minds, a flavour of heterodoxy, gave it a perennial interest. The mob had broken down the walls of tradition to batten in the orchard of forbidden knowledge. The inaccessible goddess whom the Professor had served in his youth now offered her charms in the market-place. And yet it was not the same goddess after all, but a pseudo-science masquerading in the garb of the real divinity. This false goddess had her ritual and her literature. She had her sacred books, written by false priests and sold by millions to the faithful. In the most successful of

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these works, ancient dogma and modern discovery were depicted in a close embrace under the lime-lights of a hazy transcendentalism; and the tableau never failed of its effect. Some of the books designed on this popular model had lately fallen into the Professor's hands, and they filled him with mingled rage and hilarity. The rage soon died: he came to regard this mass of pseudo-literature as protecting the truth from desecration. But the hilarity remained, and flowed into the form of his idea. And the idea—the divine, incomparable idea—was simply that he should avenge his goddess by satirizing her false interpreters. He would write a skit on the "popular" scientific book; he would so heap platitude on platitude, fallacy on fallacy, false analogy on false analogy, so use his superior knowledge to abound in the sense of the ignorant, that even the gross crowd would join in the laugh against its augurs. And the laugh should be something more than the distension of mental muscles; it should be the trumpet-blast bringing down the walls of ignorance, or at least the little stone striking the giant between the eyes.

II

THE Professor, on presenting his card, had imagined that it would command prompt access to the publisher's sanctuary; but the young man who read his name was not moved to immediate action. It was clear that Professor Linyard of Hillbridge University was not a specific figure to the purveyors of popular literature. But the publisher was an old friend; and when the card had finally drifted to his office on the languid tide of routine he came forth at once to greet his visitor.

The warmth of his welcome convinced the Professor that he had been right in bringing his manuscript to Ned Harviss. He and Harviss had been at Hillbridge together, and the future publisher had been one of the wildest spirits in that band of college outlaws which yearly turns out so many inoffensive citizens and kind husbands and fathers. The Professor knew the taming qualities of life. He was aware that many of his most reckless comrades had been transformed into prudent capitalists or cowed wage-earners; but he was almost sure that he could count on Harviss. So rare a sense of irony, so keen a perception of relative values, could hardly have been blunted even by twenty years' intercourse with the obvious.

The publisher's appearance was a little disconcerting. He looked as if he had been fattened on popular fiction; and his fat was full of optimistic creases. The Professor seemed to see him bowing into the office a long train of spotless heroines laden with the maiden tribute of the hundredth thousand volume.

Nevertheless, his welcome was reassuring. He did not disown his early enormities, and capped his visitor's tentative allusions by such flagrant references to the past that the Professor produced his manuscript without a scruple.

"What—you don't mean to say you've been doing something in our line?"

The Professor smiled. "You publish scientific books sometimes, don't you?"

The publisher's optimistic creases relaxed a little. "H'm—it all depends—I'm afraid you're a little *too* scientific for us. We have a big sale for scientific breakfast foods, but not for the concentrated essences In your case, of course, I should be delighted to stretch a point; but in your own interest I ought to tell you that perhaps one of the educational houses would do you better."

The Professor leaned back, still smiling luxuriously.

"Well, look it over—I rather think you'll take it."

"Oh, we'll *take* it, as I say; but the terms might not——"

"No matter about the terms——"

The publisher threw his head back with a laugh. "I had no idea that science was so profitable; we find our popular novelists are the hardest hands at a bargain."

"Science is disinterested," the Professor corrected him. "And I have a fancy to have you publish this thing."

"That's immensely good of you, my dear fellow. Of course your name goes with a certain public—and I rather like the originality of our bringing out a work so out of our line. I daresay it may boom us both." His creases deepened at the thought, and he shone encouragingly on the Professor's leave-taking.

Within a fortnight, a line from Harviss

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recalled the Professor to town. He had been looking forward with immense zest to this second meeting; Harviss's college roar was in his tympanum, and he pictured himself following up the protracted chuckle which would follow his friend's progress through the manuscript. He was proud of the adroitness with which he had kept his secret from Harviss, had maintained to the last the pretense of a serious work, in order to give the keener edge to his reader's enjoyment. Not since under-graduate days had the Professor tasted such a draught of pure fun as his anticipations now poured for him.

This time his card brought instant admission. He was bowed into the office like a successful novelist, and Harviss grasped him with both hands.

"Well—do you mean to take it?" he asked, with a lingering coquetry.

"Take it? Take it, my dear fellow? It's in press already—you'll excuse my not waiting to consult you? There will be no difficulty about terms, I assure you, and we had barely time to catch the autumn market. My dear Linyard, why didn't you *tell* me?" His voice sank to a reproachful solemnity, and he pushed forward his own arm-chair.

The Professor dropped into it with a chuckle. "And miss the joy of letting you find out?"

"Well—it *was* a joy." Harviss held out a box of his best cigars. "I don't know when I've had a bigger sensation. It was so deucedly unexpected—and, my dear fellow, you've brought it so exactly to the right shop."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said the Professor modestly.

Harviss laughed in rich appreciation. "I don't suppose you had a doubt of it; but of course I was quite unprepared. And it's so extraordinarily out of your line——"

The Professor took off his glasses and rubbed them with a slow smile.

"Would you have thought it so—at college?"

Harviss stared. "At college?—Why, you were the most iconoclastic devil——"

There was a perceptible pause. The Professor restored his glasses and looked at his friend. "Well——?" he said simply.

"Well——?" echoed the other, still staring. "Ah—I see; you mean that that's what explains it. The swing of the pendulum, and so forth. Well, I admit it's not an uncommon phenomenon. I've conformed myself, for example; most of our crowd have, I believe; but somehow I hadn't expected it of you."

The close observer might have detected a faint sadness under the official congratulation of his tone; but the Professor was too amazed to have an ear for such fine shades.

"Expected it of me? Expected what of me?" he gasped. "What in heaven do you think this thing is?" And he struck his fist on the manuscript which lay between them.

Harviss had recovered his optimistic creases. He rested a benevolent eye on the document.

"Why, your apologia—your confession of faith, I should call it. You surely must have seen which way you were going? You can't have written it in your sleep?"

"Oh, no, I was wide awake enough," said the Professor faintly.

"Well, then, why are you staring at me as if I were *not?*" Harviss leaned forward to lay a reassuring hand on his visitor's worn coat-sleeve. "Don't mistake me, my dear Linyard. Don't fancy there was the least unkindness in my allusion to your change of front. What is growth but the shifting of the stand-point? Why should a man be expected to look at life with the same eyes at twenty and at—our age? It never occurred to me that you could feel the least delicacy in admitting that you have come round a little—have fallen into line, so to speak."

But the Professor had sprung up as if to give his lungs more room to expand; and from them there issued a laugh which shook the editorial rafters.

"Oh, Lord, oh Lord—is it really as good as that?" he gasped.

Harviss had glanced instinctively toward the electric bell on his desk; it was evident that he was prepared for an emergency.

"My dear fellow——" he began in a soothing tone.

"Oh, let me have my laugh out, do," implored the Professor. "I'll—I'll quiet down in a minute; you needn't ring for the young man." He dropped into his chair again, and grasped its arms to steady his shaking. "This is the best laugh I've had

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since college," he brought out between his paroxysms. And then, suddenly, he sat up with a groan. "But if it's as good as that it's a failure!" he exclaimed.

Harviss, stiffening a little, examined the tip of his cigar. "My dear Linyard," he said at length, "I don't understand a word you're saying."

The Professor succumbed to a fresh access, from the vortex of which he managed to fling out—"But that's the very core of the joke!"

Harviss looked at him resignedly. "What is?"

"Why, your not seeing—your not understanding——"

"Not understanding *what?*"

"Why, what the book is meant to be." His laughter subsided again and he sat gazing thoughtfully at the publisher. "Unless it means," he wound up, "that I've over-shot the mark."

"If I am the mark, you certainly have," said Harviss, with a glance at the clock.

The Professor caught the glance and interpreted it. "The book is a skit," he said, rising.

The other stared. "A skit? It's not serious, you mean?"

"Not to me—but it seems you've taken it so."

"You never told me——" began the publisher in a ruffled tone.

"No, I never told you," said the Professor.

Harviss sat staring at the manuscript between them. "I don't pretend to be up in such recondite forms of humour," he said, still stiffly. "Of course you address yourself to a very small class of readers."

"Oh, infinitely small," admitted the Professor, extending his hand toward the manuscript.

Harviss appeared to be pursuing his own train of thought. "That is," he continued, "if you insist on an ironical interpretation."

"If I insist on it—what do you mean?"

The publisher smiled faintly. "Well—isn't the book susceptible of another? If *I* read it without seeing——"

"Well?" murmured the other, fascinated.

——"why shouldn't the rest of the world?" declared Harviss boldly. "I represent the Average Reader—that's my business, that's what I've been training myself to do for the last twenty years. It's a mission like another—the thing is to do it thoroughly; not to cheat and compromise. I know fellows who are publishers in business hours and dilettantes the rest of the time. Well, they never succeed: convictions are just as necessary in business as in religion. But that's not the point—I was going to say that if you'll let me handle this book as a genuine thing I'll guarantee to make it go."

The Professor stood motionless, his hand still on the manuscript.

"A genuine thing?" he echoed.

"A serious piece of work—the expression of your convictions. I tell you there's nothing the public likes as much as convictions—they'll always follow a man who believes in his own ideas. And this book is just on the line of popular interest. You've got hold of a big thing. It's full of hope and enthusiasm: it's written in the religious key. There are passages in it that would do splendidly in a Birthday Book—things that popular preachers would quote in their sermons. If you'd wanted to catch a big public you couldn't have gone about it in a better way. The thing's perfect for my purpose—I wouldn't let you alter a word of it. It'll sell like a popular novel if you'll let me handle it in the right way."

III

When the Professor left Harviss's office, the manuscript remained behind. He thought he had been taken by the huge irony of the situation—by the enlarged circumference of the joke. In its original form, as Harviss had said, the book would have addressed itself to a very limited circle: now it would include the world. The elect would understand; the crowd would not; and his work would thus serve a double purpose. And, after all, nothing was changed in the situation; not a word of the book was to be altered. The change was merely in the publisher's point of view, and in the "tip" he was to give the reviewers. The Professor had only to hold his tongue and look serious.

These arguments found a strong reinforcement in the large premium which expressed Harviss's sense of his opportunity. As a satire, the book would have brought its author nothing; in fact, its

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cost would have come out of his own pocket, since, as Harviss assured him, no publisher would have risked taking it. But as a profession of faith, as the recantation of an eminent biologist, whose leanings had hitherto been supposed to be toward a cold determinism, it would bring in a steady income to author and publisher. The offer found the Professor in a moment of financial perplexity. His illness, his unwonted holiday, the necessity of postponing a course of well-paid lectures, had combined to diminish his resources; and when Harviss offered him an advance of a thousand dollars the esoteric savour of the joke became irresistible. It was still as a joke that he persisted in regarding the transaction; and though he had pledged himself not to betray the real intent of the book, he held *in petto* the notion of some day being able to take the public into his confidence. As for the initiated, they would know at once: and however long a face he pulled, his colleagues would see the tongue in his cheek. Meanwhile it fortunately happened that, even if the book should achieve the kind of triumph prophesied by Harviss, it would not appreciably injure its author's professional standing. Professor Linyard was known chiefly as a microscopist. On the structure and habits of a certain class of coleoptera he was the most distinguished living authority; but none save his intimate friends knew what generalizations on the destiny of man he had drawn from these special studies. He might have published a treatise on the Filioque without disturbing the confidence of those on whose approval his reputation rested; and moreover he was sustained by the thought that one glance at his book would let them into its secret. In fact, so sure was he of this that he wondered the astute Harviss had cared to risk such speedy exposure. But Harviss had probably reflected that even in this reverberating age the opinions of the laboratory do not easily reach the street; and the Professor, at any rate, was not bound to offer advice on this point.

The determining cause of his consent was the fact that the book was already in press. The Professor knew little about the workings of the press, but the phrase gave him a sense of finality, of having been caught himself in the toils of that mysterious engine. If he had had time to think the matter over, his scruples might have dragged him back; but his conscience was eased by the futility of resistance.

IV

MRS. LINYARD did not often read the papers; and there was therefore a special significance in her approaching her husband one evening after dinner with a copy of the *New York Investigator* in her hand. Her expression lent solemnity to the act: Mrs. Linyard had a limited but distinctive set of expressions, and she now looked as she did when the President of the University came to dine.

"You didn't tell me of this, Samuel," she said in a slightly tremulous voice.

"Tell you of what?" returned the Professor, reddening to the margin of his baldness.

"That you had published a book—I might never have heard of it if Mrs. Pease hadn't brought me the paper."

Her husband rubbed his eye-glasses with a groan. "Oh, you would have heard of it," he said gloomily.

Mrs. Linyard stared. "Did you wish to keep it from me, Samuel?" And as he made no answer, she added with irresistible pride: "Perhaps you don't know what beautiful things have been said about it."

He took the paper with a reluctant hand. "Has Pease been saying beautiful things about it?"

"The Professor? Mrs. Pease didn't say he had mentioned it."

The author heaved a sigh of relief. His book, as Harviss had prophesied, had caught the autumn market: had caught and captured it. The publisher had conducted the campaign like an experienced strategist. He had completely surrounded the enemy. Every newspaper, every periodical, held in ambush an advertisement of "The Vital Thing." Weeks in advance the great commander had begun to form his lines of attack. Allusions to the remarkable significance of the coming work had appeared first in the scientific and literary reviews, spreading thence to the supplements of the daily journals Not a moment passed without a quickening touch to the public consciousness: seventy millions of people were forced to remember at least once a

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day that Professor Linyard's book was on the verge of appearing. Slips emblazoned with the question: *Have you read "The Vital Thing"?* fell from the pages of popular novels and whitened the floors of crowded street-cars. The query, in large lettering, assaulted the traveller at the railway bookstall, confronted him on the walls of "elevated" stations, and seemed, in its ascending scale, about to supplant the interrogations as to soap and stove-polish which animate our rural scenery.

On the day of publication, the Professor had withdrawn to his laboratory. The shriek of the advertisements was in his ears, and his one desire was to avoid all knowledge of the event they heralded. A reaction of self-consciousness had set in, and if Harviss's cheque had sufficed to buy up the first edition of "The Vital Thing" the Professor would gladly have devoted it to that purpose. But the sense of inevitableness gradually subdued him, and he received his wife's copy of the *Investigator* with a kind of impersonal curiosity. The review was a long one, full of extracts: he saw, as he glanced over them, how well they would look in a volume of "Selections." The reviewer began by thanking his author "for sounding with no uncertain voice that note of ringing optimism, of faith in man's destiny and the supremacy of good, which has too long been silenced by the whining chorus of a decadent nihilism. . . . It is well," the writer continued, "when such reminders come to us not from the moralist but from the man of science—when from the desiccating atmosphere of the laboratory there rises this glorious cry of faith and reconstruction."

The review was minute and exhaustive. Thanks no doubt to Harviss's diplomacy, it had been given to the *Investigator's* "best man," and the Professor was startled by the bold eye with which his emancipated fallacies confronted him. Under the reviewer's handling they made up admirably as truths, and their author began to understand Harviss's regret that they should be used for any less profitable purpose.

The *Investigator*, as Harviss phrased it, "set the pace," and the other journals followed, finding it easier to let their critical man-of-all-work play a variation on the first reviewer's theme than to secure an expert to "do" the book afresh. But it was evident that the Professor had captured his public, for all the resources of the profession could not, as Harviss gleefully pointed out, have carried the book so straight to the heart of the nation. There was something noble in the way in which Harviss belittled his own share in the achievement, and insisted on the inutility of shoving a book which had started with such headway on.

"All I ask you is to admit that I saw what would happen," he said with a touch of professional pride. "I knew you'd struck the right note—I knew they'd be quoting you from Maine to San Francisco. Good as fiction? It's better—it'll keep going longer."

"Will it?" said the Professor with a slight shudder. He was resigned to an ephemeral triumph, but the thought of the book's persistency frightened him.

"I should say so! Why, you fit in everywhere—science, theology, natural history—and then the all-for-the-best element which is so popular just now. Why, you come right in with the How-to-Relax series, and they sell way up in the millions. And then the book's so full of tenderness—there are such lovely things in it about flowers and children. I didn't know an old Dry-asdust like you could have such a lot of sentiment in him. Why, I actually caught myself snivelling over that passage about the snowdrops piercing the frozen earth; and my wife was saying the other day that, since she's read "The Vital Thing," she begins to think you must write the "What-Cheer Column in the *Inglenook*." He threw back his head with a laugh which ended in the inspired cry: "And, by George, sir, when the thing begins to slow off we'll start somebody writing against it, and that will run us straight into another hundred thousand."

And as earnest of this belief he drew the Professor a supplementary cheque.

V

Mrs. Linyard's knock cut short the importunities of the lady who had been trying to persuade the Professor to be taken by flashlight at his study table for the Christmas number of the *Inglenook*. On this point the Professor had fancied himself impregnable; but the unwonted

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smile with which he welcomed his wife's intrusion showed that his defences were weakening.

The lady from the *Inglenook* took the hint with professional promptness, but said brightly, as she snapped the elastic around her note-book: "I shan't let you forget me, Professor."

The groan with which he followed her retreat was interrupted by his wife's question: "Do they pay you for these interviews, Samuel?"

The Professor looked at her with sudden attention. "Not directly," he said, wondering at her expression.

She sank down with a sigh. "Indirectly, then?"

"What is the matter, my dear? I gave you Harviss's second cheque the other day——"

Her tears arrested him. "Don't be hard on the boy, Samuel! I really believe your success has turned his head."

"The boy—what boy? My success—? Explain yourself, Susan!"

"It's only that Jack has—has borrowed some money—which he can't repay. But you mustn't think him altogether to blame, Samuel. Since the success of your book he has been asked about so much—it's given the children quite a different position. Millicent says that wherever they go the first question asked is, 'Are you any relation of the author of "The Vital Thing"?' Of course we're all very proud of the book; but it entails obligations which you may not have thought of in writing it."

The Professor sat gazing at the letters and newspaper clippings on the study-table which he had just successfully defended from the camera of the *Inglenook*. He took up an envelope bearing the name of a popular weekly paper.

"I don't know that the *Inglenook* would help much," he said, "but I suppose this might."

Mrs. Linyard's eyes glowed with maternal avidity.

"What is it, Samuel?"

"A series of 'Scientific Sermons' for the Round-the-Gas-Log column of *The Woman's World*. I believe that journal has a larger circulation than any other weekly, and they pay in proportion."

He had not even asked the extent of Jack's indebtedness. It had been so easy to relieve recent domestic difficulties by the timely production of Harviss's two cheques, that it now seemed natural to get Mrs. Linyard out of the room by promising further reinforcements. The Professor had indignantly rejected Harviss's suggestion that he should follow up his success by a second volume on the same lines. He had sworn not to lend more than a passive support to the fraud of "The Vital Thing"; but the temptation to free himself from Mrs. Linyard prevailed over his last scruples, and within an hour he was at work on the Scientific Sermons.

The Professor was not an unkind man. He really enjoyed making his family happy; and it was his own business if his reward for so doing was that it kept them out of his way. But the success of "The Vital Thing" gave him more than this negative satisfaction. It enlarged his own existence and opened new doors into other lives. The Professor, during fifty virtuous years, had been cognizant of only two types of women: the fond and foolish, whom one married, and the earnest and intellectual, whom one did not. Of the two, he infinitely preferred the former, even for conversational purposes. But as a social instrument woman was unknown to him; and it was not till he was drawn into the world on the tide of his literary success that he discovered the deficiencies in his classification of the sex. Then he learned with astonishment of the existence of a third type: the woman who is fond without foolishness and intellectual without earnestness. Not that the Professor inspired, or sought to inspire, sentimental emotions; but he expanded in the warm atmosphere of personal interest which some of his new acquaintances contrived to create about him. It was delightful to talk of serious things in a setting of frivolity, and to be personal without being domestic.

Even in this new world, where all subjects were touched on lightly, and emphasis was the only indelicacy, the Professor found himself constrained to endure an occasional reference to his book. It was unpleasant at first; but gradually he slipped into the habit of hearing it talked of, and grew accustomed to telling pretty women just how "it had first come to him."

Meanwhile the success of the Scientific

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Sermons was facilitating his family relations. His photograph in the *Inglenook*, to which the lady of the note-book had succeeded in appending a vivid interview, carried his fame to circles inaccessible even to "The Vital Thing"; and the Professor found himself the man of the hour. He soon grew used to the functions of the office, and gave out hundred-dollar interviews on every subject, from labour-strikes to Babism, with a frequency which reacted agreeably on the domestic exchequer. Presently his head began to figure in the advertising pages of the magazines. Admiring readers learned the name of the only breakfast-food in use at his table, of the ink with which "The Vital Thing" had been written, the soap with which the author's hands were washed, and the tissue-builder which fortified him for further effort. These confidences endeared the Professor to millions of readers, and his head passed in due course from the magazine and the newspaper to the biscuit-tin and the chocolate-box.

VI

THE Professor, all the while, was leading a double life. While the author of "The Vital Thing" reaped the fruits of popular approval, the distinguished microscopist continued his laboratory work unheeded save by the few who were engaged in the same line of investigations. His divided allegiance had not hitherto affected the quality of his work: it seemed to him that he returned to the laboratory with greater zest after an afternoon in a drawing-room where readings from "The Vital Thing" had alternated with plantation melodies and tea. He had long ceased to concern himself with what his colleagues thought of his literary career. Of the few whom he frequented, none had referred to "The Vital Thing"; and he knew enough of their lives to guess that their silence might as fairly be attributed to indifference as to disapproval. They were intensely interested in the Professor's views on beetles, but they really cared very little what he thought of the Almighty.

The Professor entirely shared their feelings, and one of his chief reasons for cultivating the success which accident had bestowed on him, was that it enabled him to command a greater range of appliances for his real work. He had known what it was to lack books and instruments; and "The Vital Thing" was the magic wand which summoned them to his aid. For some time he had been feeling his way along the edge of a discovery: balancing himself with professional skill on a plank of hypothesis flung across an abyss of uncertainty. The conjecture was the result of years of patient gathering of facts: its corroboration would take months more of comparison and classification. But at the end of the vista victory loomed. The Professor felt within himself that assurance of ultimate justification which, to the man of science, makes a life-time seem the mere comma between premiss and deduction. But he had reached the point where his conjectures required formulation. It was only by giving them expression, by exposing them to the comment and criticism of his associates, that he could test their final value; and this inner assurance was confirmed by the only friend whose confidence he invited.

Professor Pease, the husband of the lady who had opened Mrs. Linyard's eyes to the triumph of "The Vital Thing," was the repository of her husband's scientific experiences. What he thought of "The Vital Thing" had never been divulged; and he was capable of such vast exclusions that it was quite possible that pervasive work had not yet reached him. In any case, it was not likely to affect his judgment of the author's professional capacity.

"You want to put that all in a book, Linyard," was Professor Pease's summing-up. "I'm sure you've got hold of something big; but to see it clearly yourself you ought to outline it for others. Take my advice—chuck everything else and get to work tomorrow. It's time you wrote a book, anyhow."

It's time you wrote a book, anyhow! The words smote the Professor with mingled pain and ecstasy: he could have wept over their significance. But his friend's other phrase reminded him with a start of Harviss. "You have got hold of a big thing—" it had been the publisher's first comment on "The Vital Thing." But what a world of meaning lay between the two phrases! It was the world in which the powers who fought for the Professor were destined to wage their final battle; and for the moment he had no doubt of the outcome.

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"By George, I'll do it, Pease!" he said, stretching his hand to his friend.

The next day he went to town to see Harviss. He wanted to ask for an advance on the new popular edition of "The Vital Thing." He had determined to drop a course of supplementary lectures at the University, and to give himself up for a year to his book. To do this, additional funds were necessary; but thanks to "The Vital Thing" they would be forthcoming.

The publisher received him as cordially as usual; but the response to his demand was not as prompt as his previous experience had entitled him to expect.

"Of course we'll be glad to do what we can for you, Linyard; but the fact is, we've decided to give up the idea of the new edition for the present."

"You've given up the new edition?"

"Why, yes—we've done pretty well by 'The Vital Thing,' and we're inclined to think it's *your* turn to do something for it now."

The Professor looked at him blankly. "What can I do for it?" he asked—"what *more*" his accent added.

"Why, put a little new life in it by writing something else. The secret of perpetual motion hasn't yet been discovered, you know, and it's one of the laws of literature that books which start with a rush are apt to slow down sooner than the crawlers. We've kept 'The Vital Thing' going for eighteen months—but, hang it, it ain't so vital any more. We simply couldn't see our way to a new edition. Oh, I don't say it's dead yet—but it's moribund, and you're the only man who can resuscitate it."

The Professor continued to stare. "I—what can I do about it?" he stammered.

"Do? Why, write another like it—go it one better: you know the trick. The public isn't tired of you by any means; but you want to make yourself heard again before anybody else cuts in. Write another book—write two, and we'll sell them in sets in a box: The Vital Thing Series. That will take tremendously in the holidays. Try and let us have a new volume by October—I'll be glad to give you a big advance if you'll sign a contract on that."

The Professor sat silent: there was too cruel an irony in the coincidence.

Harviss looked up at him in surprise.

"Well, what's the matter with taking my advice—you're not going out of literature, are you?"

The Professor rose from his chair. "No—I'm going into it," he said simply.

"Going into it?"

"I'm going to write a real book—a serious one."

"Good Lord! Most people think 'The Vital Thing' 's serious."

"Yes—but I mean something different."

"In your old line—beetles and so forth?"

"Yes," said the Professor solemnly.

Harviss looked at him with equal gravity. "Well, I'm sorry for that," he said, "because it takes you out of our bailiwick. But I suppose you've made enough money out of 'The Vital Thing' to permit yourself a little harmless amusement. When you want more cash come back to us—only don't put it off too long, or some other fellow will have stepped into your shoes. Popularity don't keep, you know; and the hotter the success the quicker the commodity perishes."

He leaned back, cheerful and sententious, delivering his axioms with conscious kindliness.

The Professor, who had risen and moved to the door, turned back with a wavering step.

"When did you say another volume would have to be ready?" he faltered.

"I said October—but call it a month later. You don't need any pushing nowadays."

"And—you'd have no objection to letting me have a little advance now? I need some new instruments for my real work."

Harviss extended a cordial hand. "My dear fellow, that's talking—I'll write the cheque while you wait; and I daresay we can start up the cheap edition of 'The Vital Thing' at the same time, if you'll pledge yourself to give us the book by November.—How much?" he asked, poised above his cheque-book.

In the street, the Professor stood staring about him, uncertain and a little dazed.

"After all, it's only putting it off for six months," he said to himself; "and I can do better work when I get my new instruments."

He smiled and raised his hat to the passing victoria of a lady in whose copy of "The Vital Thing" he had recently written:

Labor est etiam ipsa voluptas.

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HOME SKETCHES

By Elizabeth Hale Gilman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

I

EXCATHEDRA

I SUPPOSE that when my family lived on the farm they did something beside give parties; indeed, I know they must have had long spaces of hard work in the summer time, and isolation in the winter, but I find that most of my child memories are memories of parties.

One of the earliest which I remember was not exactly a party, but some sort of open Grange meeting which involved refreshments, and decorations, and chairs and improvised seats on the lawn. This last particular was impressed upon me because a plump lady whom I had followed round in breathless admiration on account of her puffed and furbelowed purple satin gown, at last sat down on an inverted peach-basket. She went straight through to the ground, and my Father and her husband had great trouble to get her out of the tangle of lace petticoats and purple puffs and broken peach-basket. Everybody ran to help, and then everybody laughed, the plump lady as much as anyone.

This, however, is not my most distinct memory of the day. Some time during the proceedings I squeezed between someone's fluffy dress and my brother's legs, and found that my sister was standing beside a little marble-topped table just opposite us. There was an open space round her, and I could see her plainly. She had on a white dress with elbow sleeves, and narrow ruffles all the way up the skirt, and a blue ribbon round her very slim waist. Everybody was keeping quiet, for she was reciting. I have been told since that the selection was "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire."

This is not my sister the Zealot, but my sister Excathedra. Nowadays she is said to have a "commanding presence" and a "gracious personality," but there is no harm in remembering about that emphasizing blue ribbon, and the recitation of "Cusha, Cusha!"

I have another memory of Excathedra which is also connected with a party, the one which we always recall as the party at which we had a pyramid in the middle of the supper-table. The foundation of the pyramid was a cheese-box, I know, because I was in the woodshed with my brother when he was preparing it. But it was hidden deep under cantaloupes and peaches and red-cheeked pears and bunches of pink and purple grapes, with green vines trailing over all. I had a glimpse of it through the glamour of sleep when I was taken in to see the table on the way up to bed. It started in my drowsy brain a line of a grewsome poem the Zealot used to recite.

> The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast.

The memory of my sister, though, belongs to the afternoon before the party, when she rode up to the side door on old white Bunny, with a big wicker basket full of swamp flowers and shining catch-brier vines. I used to wonder why I remembered this, but I know now that the white horse, and the rider in a sweeping green habit with her hat hanging down her back and a shell-pink flush on her cheeks, must have been a sight to remember.

It is natural that I should connect Excathedra with parties. She belongs essentially to the drawing-room, and is of necessity a gracious hostess or a guest of honor whether she is in a mansion or on a camping party. It always makes me uncomfortable to have her in the kitchen. The Zealot and I seem to belong there, but Excathedra looks more appropriate at the head of a table with a butler behind her. At such a table I have a sneaking sympathy with the butler, and often think of the hurry and anxiety below stairs. Not so Excathedra; or if she does, you would never guess it.

Mother says Excathedra used to make bread—well, perhaps she did—and a particularly delicious kind of griddle cakes;

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but by the smoke of my ancestral frying-pans, that is hard to believe! I would not venture to deny it, though, for if Excathedra should advance upon my kitchen with a wooden spoon and a pancake turner I should not be surprised to find the flour barrel making salaams that she might more easily reach its contents, and to catch the salt-box shaking off its own cover for her convenience.

That is one of the remarkable things about Excathedra: she is never without a retinue, for as she pursues her gracious progress most of the people she meets turn in behind her. She by no means carries the Golden Goose under her arm, and I am only now and then so uncharitable as to think that people like to be near her because she is so comfortable to lean against; but certainly she does possess an unnamed charm which brings her as strange a following as ever stuck fast to golden feathers. You should see her go out to speak with the ancient who "stops by" to sell us peaches or cider vinegar. She listens to all the affairs of Tea Town, the place where he lives, and she approves of his mule, or of his vinegar kegs; then he selects and presents a particularly large peach, and goes off feeling that he is at last appreciated.

I am especially pleased, though, when some free-born citizen, whom I perhaps have summoned to her presence, comes sulky and uncompromising. She goes out to tell him about the latch she wants mended or the curbing she wants laid, and I hear her soft, decisive voice for a long while. Then by-and-by, when I peek round the edge of the door, there he is, hat in hand, a sheepish smile of gratification on his face, and emitting jerks of speech such as "Yes'm," "No trouble," "Do it right away."

Once upon a time, the Zealot and I went for a walk. We were sauntering past a field where a man was working, when we recognized him as a neighbor we used to have when Excathedra wore white dresses, and blue ribbons round her waist. We stopped and passed the state of the weather with him, and in a few minutes he asked for her. We told him all we could think of, and when we had finished he said to the fence, with a sort of brooding enthusiasm, "Well, well, I always did set store by Miss 'Cathedra."

The Zealot and I went gurgling home, and told the family. I suspected "Miss 'Cathedra" of being embarrassed, for she smote us with a look which ought to have given us "jerks and hitches."

Excathedra terrifies some people; I do not deny that I shrink from disagreeing with her myself. She is really as tolerant as positive people ever are, but she has a way of nipping one's individuality as unconsciously as one switches the tops off the taller weeds by the roadside. Then every now and again she consciously descends upon some stupid or irritating person with a terrible "Off with his head." If only I dared to tell the tale of "The Æsthetic Young Man!" I think I will tell it, even at the risk of my own head. He was tall and good looking, and just out of college; indeed, he had entered my sister's retinue on his class-day. He had a boyish, frank way with him, and used to follow her about and sit on the grass at her feet, looking up at her in a way that always made me think of a Saint Bernard puppy. However, he occasionally wrote poetry, which was a practice my sister deprecated, and he had a way of talking wearily about "materialism." Excathedra encouraged him to play tennis and to consider what he was going to do for a living. First he taught school, then he edited a country newspaper, and Excathedra bore with him through both experiences. Then he published an attenuated book of poems filled with unsatisfied longings. This was a blow to her, but she endured it, and got a position for him with a publishing company. He found it "intolerable to his soul." Then he lived from hand to mouth until she persuaded a friend of hers to take him into his wholesale grocery business. In about six months he gave up the position, and came to tell Excathedra why he had done it. He told her, I believe, that he could not stand the ways of men; that he was going back to nature; in short, that he was going to live on a farm an uncle had given him, and henceforth find satisfaction for his soul in running brooks and rustling corn. The Zealot says that Excathedra asked him if his soul could chase the pigs out of the corn, but I cannot vouch for the truth of her report. In any case, he ended his remarks by saying that he would never have had the courage to put his ideals into

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practice if "the dearest girl in the world" etc., had not promised to help him. I wonder that he got to this unpractical and improvident climax before the chop came; she must have been for the moment dumb with amazement. But whatever withheld her, it was not for long, for when he took his leave I thought I should have to go out and mop him up off the front door-step.

I have known many such things to happen, and yet you should see her listening to the continuous reminiscences of some old lady, or down on the floor playing with a baby! One day I found her out in the hammock snuggling a gray waif-kitten in her arms, and saying things to it as if she were not Excathedra at all. She is, though.

It is natural to her to adjust and arrange anything with which she has to do. She takes command by divine right wherever she is, and yet when she recognizes a rightful authority she obeys with the positiveness with which she usually commands. Once as I passed the library door I saw Excathedra standing at the window with protest in every line of her figure; but her hands—they are not her least attraction—clutched the edges of the curtains, and she stood absolutely still. I went quietly to the sitting-room window and looked out. A countryman was training his mule. The animal was sleek and black, and uncommonly nervous; also the day was very hot and the man's temper none of the best. I retreated from the window, but I could still hear the fall of his whip-lash. Then I appealed to Excathedra, but she remained motionless and answered me in jerks.

"It is his mule. It seems well kept. I suppose he knows more about training it than I."

I thought her submissiveness would certainly give out before the mule acquired any, but it did not. He was finally driven off, conquered forever, and Excathedra sank into her chair and went on writing.

As I have said, I do not disagree with Excathedra for pastime even now, and there was a time when her mere presence filled me with a perfectly unreasoning nervous terror. I remember, however, the very day and moment when I began to know her better. Some one very dear to her lay covered with pink roses nearly up to the still, white face. Excathedra had arranged everything, had thought of everything which would be a comfort or a satisfaction to anyone, but it seemed quite natural and usual that she should. Just at the last, though, when they were singing and I was standing numbed and terrified at the grief and death which I had never seen so closely before, I saw Excathedra leaning against the side of the organ. Her lips were quivering and her cheeks were all wet with tears. Excathedra crying! A great lump of self-reproach came up in my throat.

Since then I have learned to know the tender side of her nature better. It is most evident when she is with sad or old people. Once on a June morning, when a deaf old lady, who had outlived all her family and friends, was making us a visit, Excathedra did not appear in time for breakfast. By and by she came in from out-doors and dropped a spray of morning-glories beside the old lady's plate, with that look of defiant reserve which with Excathedra means that she is afraid someone will thank her, or say something touching. The old lady really blushed, then she laughed and wiped her eyes, and during the rest of breakfast smiled round on us all. Afterward she told the Zealot and me that she had been married sixty years ago that day, and because the wreath for her veil had been forgotten, she had worn a spray of morning-glories which her sister ran out and picked at the last moment.

All this is Excathedra. Yes, all this and much more beside. I have long since joined her retinue, and I think, if you have followed thus far, that you will want to go on, not because your fingers are stuck fast to the feathers of a golden goose, but because you have found something whose price is "above rubies."

II

THE WIDOW'S CRUSE

HEN the Zealot was little she used to astonish the family with accounts of a beautiful blue silk dress which she had. When they asked where it was she always answered, "Up in the garret." At that time we were living on the farm, and the only garret we had was a dark empty

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loft, inaccessible except through a trap-door in the ceiling of the trunk-room. The Zealot's imagination was prophetic, however, for now we have a garret, and out of it have come blue silk dresses, and many more necessary garments.

Only a day or two ago, as I sat rather disconsolate after counting up my winter clothes, I said to Mother,

"I don't see how I can get on without another dress."

And she answered as she has thousands of times before, "We might look in the garret."

So we climbed up the break-neck stairs together, and went searching through old trunks that smell of camphor and pepper, and now I am cleaning, and piecing, and persuading into the style a white lace dress in which Excathedra was lovely at least twelve years ago. When it is finished no mortal will be able to guess its venerable age, nor that the reason it is made low-neck is because there was not enough to have it otherwise. But I know, and might enjoy it all to myself if it were not too good to keep.

This way we have of going to the garret and getting what we need, inspired the Zealot to name it the Widow's Cruse, and this has come to be such a by-word with the family that whether one needs a necktie or a carpet, someone is sure to ask, "Have you looked in the Widow's Cruse?"

The sources which have supplied the Cruse are not miraculous; one would say, rather, Providential. Mother never throws away anything which at any time or in any way might be useful to anyone. When it is time to clean the garret we are tempted to wish she were not so careful; but when a wistful face appears at the back door with the question, "Ye got somethin' for me, ain't ye?" then we are thankful for the hoard in the garret.

I can remember many times seeing my mother and the older girls unpacking a barrel or a box which came from some aunts of ours. The aunts liked clothes, and but for that innocent weakness no mortal can tell wherewithal we would have been clothed. As we ripped, and sponged, and turned the dresses, we speculated where they had been worn, and sometimes traced our aunts' whereabouts by beach sand found in the bindings, or stains of unmistakable red mud which were hard to get off. These dresses were the main supply of the Cruse for years. At last, news came to us one day that a relative of our aunts had died; we sympathized, and talked it over, and Mother wrote to them. It was not until supper-time that she said musingly, as she measured tea into the brown Rebecca teapot, "I suppose they will go into mourning."

I know her conscience reproached her for thinking of it, for we were all feeling equally guilty.

The diverting part of the Widow's Cruse is, that as it does not always yield exactly what one desires, it gives also a chance for the most stimulating invention and discovery. For instance, one of my aunts had a pink silk waist with black embroidered spots in it. I ripped and pressed it, and watched Mother cut it out, all the time hating those spots. Then all of a sudden, as I sat twisting a little piece in my fingers and wondering if I ever could be comfortable in the waist, an inspiration came to me. I took the scissors and silently and hurriedly snipped at the spots. Then in a voice thrilling with excitement, I cried, "Mother, they'll rip out, and the places don't show a particle." Whereupon we both set upon the material with rejoicing, and a day or two afterward I appeared in a new pink waist which was completely spotless. Time would fail me to tell how my charming red cape with the tasselled hood is interlined with half an old blanket; and that my blue serge waist last winter was once—well, let me make a clean breast of it—was once the Zealot's bloomers; and beside, there are secrets of the Cruse too dear to be betrayed.

The Cruse is an odd place to see. The stairs are steep and narrow, but the garret itself is high and wide. The slanting rafters are hung up and down with clothes, some clean from the wash, others too select to be crowded in the closets downstairs. Bits of retired furniture, and trunks and boxes and crates, stand round beneath. Many a game of "dressing up" have I played with the treasures they contain.

When I was a child there used to be in one corner two old mattresses. When these were hung round with clothes and a quilt or two, the spot was transformed into a cave, a dungeon, a witch's den, anything

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desired. Many Christian martyrs have gasped for breath in its depths, and more than one innocent traveller has been dragged to it bound in trunk straps and gagged with a sash-ribbon. My friend Anomaly and I were always colleagues in these games, because we would bear anything for the sake of dramatic effect. She invariably played the witch, and I remember what a thrill of delightful terror her pale face gave me as I saw it in the depths of the dark den where I lay with hands bound behind me, wondering what she would invent to do to me next. I believe I sometimes played relentless jailer to her in return. Once, just as a dark deed was about to be performed in the castle dungeon, our black cat awoke on the top of a pile of boxes, and leaped into the middle of the floor. Captive, lord of the castle, and his followers rushed in breathless panic to those break-neck stairs, and arrived at the bottom with bones miraculously unbroken.

Each of the children, from my Big Brother down to me, has a box in the garret in which no one but the owner ever rummages. In these are packed away a few best-beloved playthings, along with certain old letters and dance programs and other odd objects kept for no reason evident to anyone else. These boxes make the garret as charming and mysterious to me, as if it were an old faded diary with pale, indistinct writing, and pages torn out.

In the corner by the stairs is a group of boxes and a barrel which have names: Mary Jane's box, Caroline's box, the Johnsons' barrel, and some others. These are Mother's mite-boxes. Even now I hear her ascending the stairs heavily laden. She drops a bundle of clothes on the floor and begins to sort them according to the needs and desires of the persons among whom she intends to divide them. She looks at me over a flannel waist which she is examining to see if the buttons are all on, and speaks just as I knew she would:

"I do hate to give away such dreadful old things. Just hand me that roll of wall paper on the trunk. I think it will be enough for Carrie's kitchen. If you are through with your blue suit, I should like to send it to one of the Johnson girls; I don't seem to find much for them. The garret is getting pretty well cleaned out."

I glanced at their full barrel, and at the mob of boxes and crates round me.

"What are you laughing at?" she said, beaming at me through her spectacles. "Did you find the velvet?"

I produced the strip which I had come up for.

"Well, I thought you would. Anyway, there is a piece in the front of that gray poplin which I had the summer after you were born."

III

MY FAIRY GODMOTHER

THE Zealot and I were washing dishes. She looked into the plate she was polishing as if it were the Table of the Law, and meted out judgment on some friends of hers.

"It's no use talking," she said, "you can't eat piety, nor dress in love."

"I never tried the diet, Suky, but as for dressing in love—" I paused to dabble inconsequently with the soap-suds—"I dress very comfortably in it most of the time."

My habit of sauntering down some by-way of conversation is very provoking to the Zealot; she likes to go to the point with a rush and a roar. This time, however, I succeeded in really diverting her. She laughed, and so did I, pleased with the thought she had given me.

The thought concerned my Fairy-Godmother, for I am a real, true Cinderella and I have a real, true Fairy-Godmother. She does not come down the chimney, but perhaps that is because I do not sit and cry in the ashes. I always think of her in the way I have seen her most often, lying on a sofa with a soft pink and brown blanket spread over her. I sit beside her for hours together and embroider. Sometimes she embroiders too, and sometimes she lies with her eyes shut behind her eye-glasses; often, though, when I look up from my work she is looking at me with a little smile of amusement in her eyes. I often wonder if she is smiling at the reverse side of the thing which amuses me.

It is not recorded that Cinderella found her adventures amusing, but I do mine.

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Sometimes when I am in my Fairy-Godmother's realm I come down to the hall—in which I truly believe our whole house would sit if we cut off the chimneys—dressed perhaps in that very white lace dress which Excathedra had twelve years ago. I drink in the pleasure of the lights and flowers and warmth and ease. The logs glow in the great fireplace, which is wide enough to have seats inside it, and I sit down before it in a high-backed chair and spread my skirts, and smile like the Cheshire Cat, thinking that hidden under my bottom ruffle is a huge darn where some admirer of Excathedra's set his awkward foot. It cost me some pain to hide it so well, and now I rejoice in my craft. Other nights I come down to the wide hall with another, but an equally amusing secret, hidden within me, for my gown has a rustle and shimmer which only the gifts of a Fairy-Godmother have. I go and spread its train before the fire with the gladness of him who had gained five talents; for have I not tucked and hemmed and stitched for many hours to turn my Fairy-Godmother's gift of rustle and shimmer into a lily-gown?

When I am clothed in this way it is a delicious incongruity to trail past a certain *café-au-lait*-colored gentleman who presides over my Fairy-Godmother's dining-room. My merriment on such occasions is increased, because I know well that I have a terrified admiration for this superior person. Little does he know, as he pushes in my chair, that I am afraid I shall sit down at the wrong moment; nor does he suspect that I admire his waiting, and watch him all I dare, because I intend to try the little pretty things he does, at my next dinner-party, or possibly on the family as a great surprise. Once I had a chance to pay him up for the frights his perfections have given me. I discovered, as we sat down to luncheon, that I had no napkin. When he came to my side I told him this in a tone of mingled grief and reproof. He brought the napkin and obsequiously laid it in my lap—my lap, which has so often been protected by a checked gingham kitchen-apron!

The *café-au-lait*-colored gentleman is not the only person in my Fairy-Godmother's realm from whom I get ideas. If her guests were observant they would sometimes think me absent-minded, for just as I am in the midst of a conversation and am beginning to sit forward and talk with my hands, suddenly my eye catches the line of a sleeve and through my exalted mind flashes, "That's just a straight bias with the point cut off; I'll try that." Then in a second I am back again talking of "hieratic beauty and order in the conduct of life," or some such matter.

One of the manifestations of my Fairy-Godmother's magic which is sweetest and funniest to me occurs at the moment when, late at night, I find myself leaning back against the cushions in a corner of her carriage. I slip from my head the gossamer scarf which was brought to me from one of those foreign cities that I visit when I am doing a long hem, and loosen the cape which is interlined with a washed-out blanket. Underneath is some charming garment about whose origin my Fairy-Godmother could tell you more than I. The lamps of crowding carriages, and the huge electric signs flash in at the windows, the opera is still in my ears, and its glamour of color and light still possesses me; then I think of the dusky kitchen, and the shine of my pans, and the murmur of the kettles, and the indefinable smell of supper.

It is much more fun to live in a fairy-tale nowadays, for one knows just how funny it all is.

My Fairy-Godmother's gifts do not disappear at twelve o'clock; indeed, I have known some of them to last three years when their bindings were carefully looked after. It is the way they appear, rather than disappear, which has magic in it. Sometimes when we are going out, down in the depths of me, hidden as far away from her as possible, I am turning over the questions, "Does that waist look soiled?" "Is it the right thing to wear?" Then perhaps I go to my room for something, and there, lying on the bed, will be just the garment for the occasion, with the shimmer and whiteness about it which tells me in spite of seeming impossibility that it is mine. Then I sit down beside it and think some glad and some sad things, until she comes to enjoy my pleasure in its loveliness.

And the Zealot says one cannot dress in love.

The reason I can usually know my

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Fairy-Godmother's gifts by their color, or, to be more accurate, their lack of color, is because she likes me to dress in white. This is partly because it is becoming, and partly because she knows I like it. I like it because it is the color of peace. Then the fancy pleases me that I am clothed rather like the lilies. The idea came to me with one of the first of my Godmother's gifts. It came just at Easter time and was white and delicate as the lilies that one saw everywhere, and it came just when I needed it. I wrote and told my Fairy-Godmother that I was clothed more radiantly than Solomon. She liked the conceit, but I think she did not realize, as I did not until the Zealot suggested it, what it is that the lilies are clothed in.

IV

A RETREAT

MY Mother and the Zealot are away. This morning while we were at breakfast a friend of Excathedra's drove up and took her off for a day at the beach, so I have been keeping a "quiet day." There is a keen delight in housework when one has time to do it exquisitely. To-day I have not been the least bit hurried, and have done everything as exactly as my heart desires. I have sunned the bread-can and the cake-box, and put clean white covers on tables, and tidied shelves and drawers. I have scrubbed the table until the place where the preserving kettle burned it is all rough and frayed, and the faces of my children, the kettles, shine as if it were the first day of school.

When I had scoured and polished and brushed until my soul was satisfied, I took a tray full of dishes into the dining-room, and then wandered through the house, dusting a little, and stopping to look once again at the pictures and books which are always there waiting for the moments when I may delight in possessing them. Now and then I moved a pillow or a vase for the sake of a better blending of color. Such a queer little quiver of pleasure comes from finding a more charming arrangement for things which one has had a good while without seeing their entire loveliness!

Before I had been long about this the silence of the house began to impress me. I tried not to disturb it as I moved about. Every now and then I stopped to realize how still it was and that I was there all alone, and was half amused with thinking that I was keeping a domestic "retreat."

As several of the vases needed filling, I took them out to the back porch and then went into the garden. The sky was perfectly flawless, radiant blue, and the wind strong and cool as if it came from some wide height. All the leaves were fluttering, and the heavy roses nodding; the grass where the long shadow of the house had fallen was still sparkling wet with dew. As I stood looking up at the delicate swaying fronds of the thorn-locust, the kitchen clock struck nine. The kitchen clock is not very well fitted to sound a canonical hour; it sounds much more like a call to an auction or a ferry-boat. It is always in confusion and hurry, and every now and then gets desperate and strikes all the hours without drawing breath, and then refuses to do more until it is wound up again. It was considerate enough this time, though, only to strike nine. Partly the homeliness of the reminder of the hour, partly the wind in my face, suggested St. Francis's "Song of the Creatures"

> "By Brother Wind, my Lord, Thy praise is said,
> By air and clouds and the blue sky o'erhead,
> By which Thy creatures all are kept and fed."

. . . . . .

By and by, I went upstairs. It was the appointed time for clean sheets, and I was glad, for I had time to make the piles in the linen-closet exactly even, and to enjoy the faint sweet odor which comes from the little tarlatan bags of lavender which Mother delights to keep in the sheets. If I had charge of insomnia patients I would have them make their own beds every morning with lavender-scented sheets, and careful pie-corners, and all the pattings and smoothings that are necessary to make a big smooth bed. Then I think they would go to them at night, like sleepy children to their mothers, not repelled because they are dirty or tear-stained, nor reproached for the truancy and irritations of the day, but just allowed to sink to sleep

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in the sweet comfort that they have known all along was waiting for them.

I found the week's wash piled in a basket in the back hall, and gave myself to sorting and mending it until that stuttering kitchen clock banged out twelve and reminded me that I needed some dinner, and that this too was a prayer-hour. One of those whimsical thoughts which will cross one's mind at moments most unsuitable came to me as I went downstairs. Twelve o'clock is in so many places the dinner-hour, just the moment when children are banging and shouting in from school and men hurrying home from work, all impatient with hunger and too absorbed to appreciate the meal, except by eating it, which it has taken the whole morning to prepare. I have a feeling that in the hurry and anxiety of twelve o'clock the cook sometimes observes the hour with ejaculations which are not pious. I acknowledge that the blameless Zealot has suffered a good many times at this hour from sudden backbiting on my part. It is like this: I am smothering with smoke from a broiling steak which I am turning with my left hand, with my right I am frying corn fritters which sputter relentlessly; I am expecting the coffee to boil up every minute, and remembering not to burn the bread in the oven, and wondering why on earth the grocer's boy has not brought the butter, and trying to make room in hot places for all the dishes that must be kept warm. Then the Zealot comes out and in the kindest way says:

"What can I do, Babes?"

"Anything you *can*," I answer venomously.

But this is mild. Just let Excathedra walk through the kitchen and say,

"Do hurry. I'm starved to death."

Then when the innocent Zealot comes with the wrong dish— But there—these are matters between the contrite soul and her Confessor.

In my ideal commonwealth I shall have a chime at twelve, and a special intercession for those particularly tempted at that hour.

As I searched in the refrigerator and the closets for something for dinner, I was also searching for a thought-prayer for the hour. I found—

"The absolute should be practical. The ideal must be made air and food and drink to the human mind." And also this bit of rhythm floating without a context:

I the Bread of Heaven am broken in the sacrament of life.

. . . . . .

I learned in my copybook that "Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows." I have discovered for myself that silence brings one unexpected guests. As I was setting a place at table for myself, smiling at my care in doing it, I was suddenly reminded of Daniel Mylrea, the hero of Mr. Hall Caine's "Deemster." I had forgotten almost everything, even the reason why he was cut off from all human society, but I recalled vividly the years of his expiation, when he struggled with such minute care to keep himself "a man." I could see as plainly as if he sat at table with me his strangely shaped clothes which he made himself, the carefully shaven face which no man had looked upon for years, and his pathetic pains to keep his table manners and the little conventions of the daily life of men.

All the long silent afternoon I sewed with my hands and a little bit of my mind, but with the rest wandered the world over. Sewing always oddly reminds me of Epictetus saying to his master, "You may chain my leg, but not me." A spool of thread may bind one to a chair for hours, it is true, but after one has decided whether the ruffle is to be bias or straight, whether tucks are to be an eighth or a quarter of an inch wide, then after that, nothing can prevent one from going to the Well at the World's End, or wandering in the circles of Heaven.

Toward evening I rose and dressed, and then went down to get supper. I realized with content that it had grown suddenly cool enough to have a fire. I lighted one in the sitting-room, and then spread my supper on a tray and carried it in, that I might eat it in the firelight. I sat looking sometimes at the fire, sometimes up at the great medallion of Savonarola which hangs over the mantel-shelf. Below it was a huge bunch of nasturtiums not less vivid in color than the flame beneath. In my lap, to read "between whiles," lay "The Little Flowers of Saint Francis," and I knew that behind me in the ruddy dusk hung Sir Galahad in the depths of the legend-wood. In the warmth and the flame-light they were like those mingled motifs in "Tännhauser" and

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"Parsifal," of passionate beauty and absolute renunciation.

I looked at the tray beside me. Toast made by the fire, and milk, and two great peaches. Saint Francis might have supped with me without reproach. But what of that rare old green plate which delights me with its color, and the spray of honeysuckle which touched my cheek as I came under the arbor, and which I brought in for my tea-tray? I looked up questioning the face over the fireplace, but it gave no response.

. . . . . .

By and by I heard wheels and voices, and Excathedra came in from the picnic. Her face was sunburned and the coils of her hair were slipping from under her hat. She leaned back in a chair and stretched her feet to the fire with a sigh of content. I knew that she had been looking after people's comfort and soothing irritations and arranging little pleasures; getting much enjoyment herself as she did it, but none the less serving those about her like a duchess washing the feet of her poor.

"Want something to eat?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "but it's good to be home."

She sat silent awhile, turning her head a little to look about the room; then in a tone of peace—"This really is a pretty house."

"Yes," I said, "I was just thinking of it," and I looked up again at the face over the flaming nasturtiums, pleading before it in the name of Fra Angelico's paintings on the convent walls, and the Frate singing with the brothers under the tree in the walled garden.

V

THE LITTLE GRAY HOUSE

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, doth greatly please.

MY kitchen is the back room of a little gray house. A lawn belongs to it, and trees, and a little bit of a rose-garden, and a long grape-arbor where the leaves make a deep shade in the summer. The big thorn-locust stands at the end of the arbor and tosses its branches like spray against the sky. There are also two apple trees, and a weeping willow which hangs to the ground, and shrubs and unexpected clumps of flowers along the fences. There is a corner where great, deep purple violets grow in the spring-time, and another where I have found whole bunches of four-leaf clovers.

All this and the little gray house belong to Excathedra. It is the haven where she would be, the place where she comes to think her own thoughts and to satisfy her own tastes and distastes; where she can be young or old, silent or talkative, as the mood takes her.

She has made the little house very lovely and very comfortable, though sometimes I do get irritated at a table with a weak leg, or at an ancient bureau which I have no power in me to budge an inch. Excathedra has a touch of the old-furniture craze, and every now and then announces that she has bought a chair, or a desk, or a clock which has not run an hour since the sixties. An old lady is scarcely ever laid decently to rest that Excathedra does not come home a day or two afterward with some ancient piece of furniture.

Just a little while ago she bought a desk. With polishing it will become an ornament to the house, but its chief interest is not this. We discovered the first day a secret drawer, and then two panels which are boxes for papers, and at last found that there were four other most secret drawers, which were disclosed in the proper way with a spring. We found in these, just as one should always find in secret drawers, a daguerreotype and an old letter. Romance held us in thrall while Excathedra hastened to open the bottom drawer. In it were some yellow particles like dried leaves. The Zealot and I leaned forward: a rose, we thought, or jasmine, or—but Excathedra's nose had detected a suspicious odor. She held the drawer to her face.

"Tobacco!" she cried.

We looked at each other. Then the Zealot broke into immoderate laughing.

"Poor old soul!" she gasped, "he had to keep his tobacco in a secret drawer."

There are other things in the little house, though, for which I care more than for the furniture. I am sometimes friendly with

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a chair, but my heart does not go out to a table or to a sideboard. But there are rows of books and there are pictures, some of them my own treasured possessions, the gifts of friends close enough to know how to satisfy my longings and enthusiasms.

The little gray house is home to us all. My Big Brother comes in from the West when he can, and the married sisters come when they can. Sometimes I am waked in the early morning by a convulsion under my bed-covers, which is simply my nephew waking up. Bright-eyed and energetic, he drops on all fours and says, "Let's play goat," and butts me in the ribs with small respect. I give him my two pigtails and he drives an imaginary fish wagon with tootings and callings which insure that I shall not be overtaken with the sin of sloth that morning.

A small niece visited us awhile this summer. She sat with me on the garret floor while I unpacked for her use the playthings and ghastly faded dolls which I put away an astonishing long while ago. I think she was never homesick after that, and never tired of hearing what I did when I was a little girl.

People outside the family enjoy the little house. Excathedra never keeps her pleasures to herself. One morning I came in and found her performing on her piano-playing machine for the benefit of two old men, one the owner of the saw-mill down the street, the other a veteran of the Civil War, of no steady occupation. The wife of the veteran came in the next day to see "that thing" *he* had told her about. Excathedra played on it, and later persuaded her to try it. I can see her now in a calico wrapper and a sunbonnet, her pan of cucumbers on the chair she had left, solemnly playing "The Spinning Song" from "The Flying Dutchman."

There is one person whose pleasure in the little house I particularly enjoy. Late in the evening, when I am beginning to think that I shall go to bed at the end of the next chapter, I hear steps on the porch and Excathedra and Doctor Luke come in. He sits down on the end of the divan where I have laid my book, and looks to see what it is, reading a bit here and there. I tell him what I think of it, and he tells me what he has thought out for himself on its subject. Sometimes I oppose him, though I know it is no earthly use. I like it best, though, when he leans back in the pillows and talks along, trying to put into words for us some thought which he has been silently turning in his mind for months. The thought is often one which someone has suggested to me before, but with him I know it has been born and bred in his own mind. As he talks he looks all about him with an unmistakable enjoyment, which for once he neither restrains nor tries to account for.

Sometimes I can scarcely listen to him from thinking of the immediate struggle with pain, and ignorance, and complaining, from which he comes to this quiet, fair room of ours. I look round on it all and come last to Excathedra. It is her thought that the little gray house shall be for everyone who comes to it a place of peace, a pleasant arbor in the midst of the hill Difficult, a "port after stormie seas."

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THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL AND CARLTON T. CHAPMAN

III

EARLY CRUISES AND ENGAGEMENTS: THE "CONSTITUTION" AND "GUERRIÈRE"

WAR was declared on the 18th of June. On the 21st there was lying in the lower harbor of New York a division of five United States vessels under the command of Commodore John Rodgers. It consisted of three frigates, the *President* and *United States*, rated of 44 guns, the *Congress* of 38, the ship-rigged sloop-of-war *Hornet* of 18, and the brig *Argus* of 16. This division, as it stood, was composed of two squadrons; that of Rodgers himself, and that of Commodore Stephen Decatur, the latter having assigned to him immediately the *United States*, the *Congress*, and the *Argus*. There belonged also to Rodgers's particular squadron the *Essex*, a frigate rated at 32 guns. Captain David Porter, one of the most distinguished names in our naval annals, then commanded her, and retained her until her capture by a much superior force, nearly two years later; but at this moment she was undergoing repairs, a circumstance which prevented her from accompanying the other vessels, and consequently materially affected her subsequent history.

It may be mentioned, as an indication of naval policy, that although Rodgers and Decatur each had more than one vessel under his control, neither was given the further privilege and distinction, frequent in such cases, of having a captain to command the particular ship on which he himself sailed. This, when done, introduces a very substantial change in the position of the officer affected. He is removed from being only first among several equals, and is advanced to a superiority of grade, in which he stands alone, with consequent enhancement of authority. Rodgers was captain of the *President*, as well as commodore of the small body of vessels assigned to him; Decatur held the same relation to the frigate *United States*, and to her consorts. Though apparently trivial, the circumstance is not insignificant; for it indicates clearly that, so far as the Navy Department then had any mind, it had not yet made it up as to whether it would send out its vessels as single cruisers, or combine them into divisions, for the one operation open to the United States Navy, namely, the destruction of the enemy's commerce. With divisions permanently constituted as such, propriety and effective action would have required the additional dignity for the officer in general charge, and they themselves doubtless would have asked for it; but for ships temporarily associated, and liable at any moment to be scattered, not only was the simple seniority of naval rank sufficient, but more would have been inexpedient. The commodores, now such only by courtesy and temporary circumstance, would suffer no derogation, if deprived of ships other than their own; whereas the more extensive function, similarly curtailed, would become a mere empty show, a humiliation which no office, civil or military, can undergo without harm.

This indecision of the Department reflected the varying opinions of the higher officers of the service, which in turn but reproduced different schools of thought throughout all navies. Historically, as a military operation, for the injury of an enemy's commerce and the protection of one's own, it may be considered fairly demonstrated that vessels grouped do more effective work than the same number scattered. This is, of course, but to repeat the general military teaching of operations of all kinds. It is not the keeping of the several vessels side by side that constitutes the virtue of this disposition; it is the placing them under a single head, thereby insuring co-operation, however widely they may be dis-

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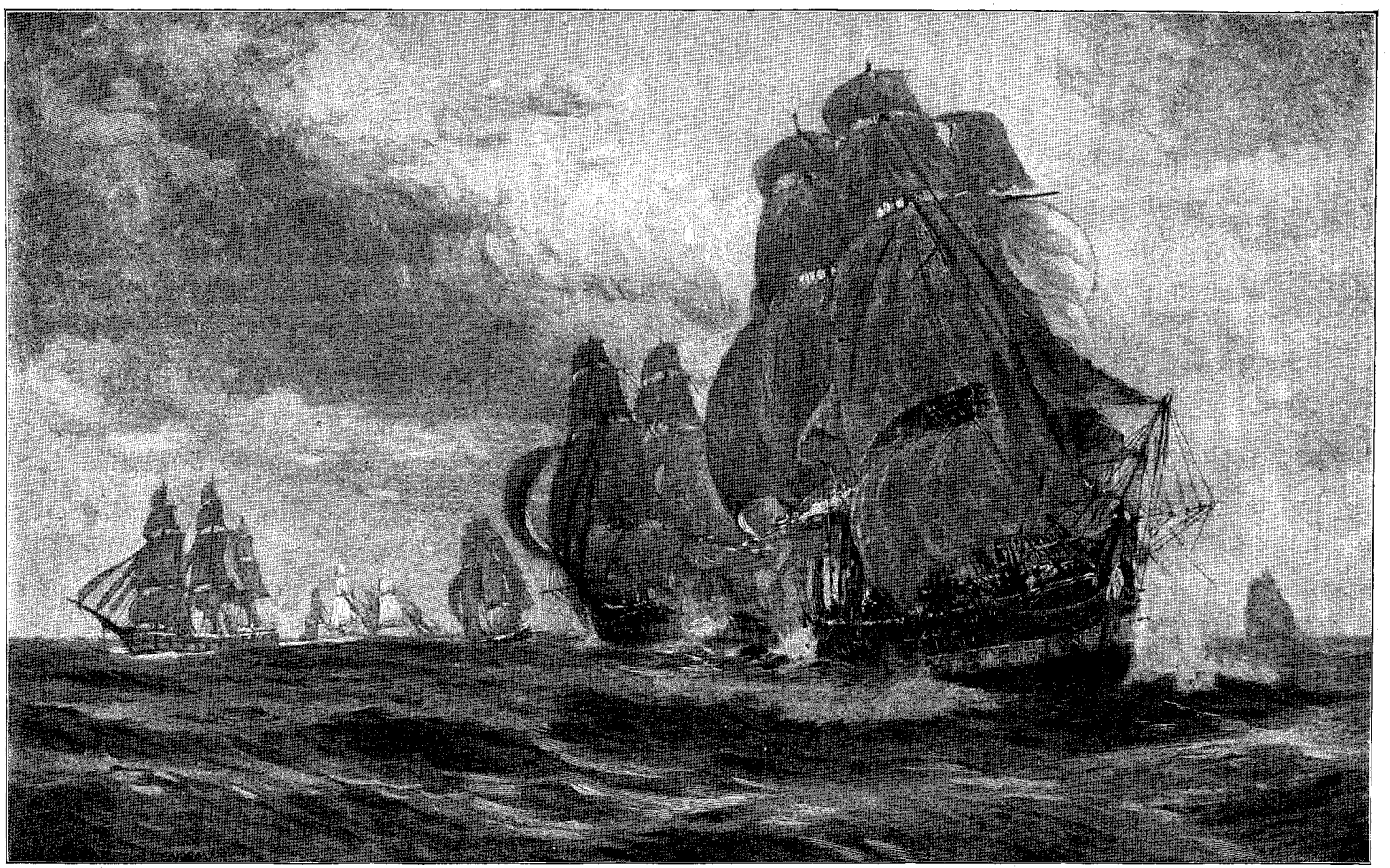

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

The chase of the *Belvidera*.

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persed by their common chief under the emergency of successive moments. Like a fan that opens and shuts, vessels thus organically bound together possess at once the power of wide sweep, which insures exertion over a great field of ocean, and at the same time that of mutual support, because dependent upon and controlled from a common centre. Such is concentration, reasonably understood; not huddled together like a drove of cattle, but distributed with a regard to a common purpose, and linked together by the effectual energy of a single will.

There is, however, in the human mind an inveterate tendency to dispersion of effort, due apparently to the wish to do at once as many things as may be; a disposition also to take as many chances as possible in an apparent lottery, with the more hope that some one of them will come up successful. Not an aggregate big result, and one only, whether hit or miss, but a division of resources and powers which shall insure probable compensation in one direction for what is not gained, or may even be lost, in another. The Navy Department, when hostilities were imminent, addressed inquiries to several prominent officers as to the best means of employing the very small total force available. The question involved the direction of effort, as well as the method; but as regards the former of these, the general routes followed by British commerce, and the modes of protecting it, were so far understood as to leave not much room for differences of opinion.

Rodgers may have been unconsciously swayed by the natural bias of an officer whose seniority would insure him a division, if the single-cruiser policy did not prevail. Of the replies given, however, his certainly was the one most consonant with sound military views. Send a small squadron, of two or three frigates and a sloop, to cruise on the coast of the British Islands, and send our light cruisers to the West Indies; for, though he did not express it, in the gentle breezes and smooth seas of the tropics small cruisers have a much better chance than in the heavy gales of the North Atlantic, to avoid capture by big ships. This much may be termed the distinctly offensive part of Rodgers's project. For the defensive, employ the remainder of the frigates, singly or in squadron, to guard our own seaboard; either directly, by remaining off the coast, or by taking position in the track of the trade between Great Britain and the St. Lawrence. Irrespective of direct captures there made, this course would contribute to protect the access to our ports, by drawing away the enemy's ships of war to cover their own threatened commerce. Alike in the size of his foreign squadron, and in the touch of uncertainty as to our own coasts, whether "singly or in squadron," Rodgers reflected the embarrassment of a man whose means are utterly inadequate to the work he wishes to do. One does not need to be a soldier or a seaman, to comprehend the difficulty of making ends meet when there is not enough to go round.

Decatur and Bainbridge, whose written opinions are preserved, held views greatly modified from those of Rodgers, or even distinctly opposed to them. "The plan which appears to me best calculated for our little navy to annoy the trade of Great Britain," wrote Decatur, "would be to send them out distant from our own coast, singly, or not more than two frigates in company, without specific instructions; relying upon the enterprise of their officers. Two frigates cruising together would not be so easily traced by an enemy as a greater number; their movements would be infinitely more rapid, they would be sufficiently strong in most instances to attack a convoy, and the probability is they would not meet with a superior cruising force. If, however, they should meet a superior, and cannot avoid it, we would not have to regret the whole of our marine crushed at one blow." Bainbridge is yet more absolute. "I am anxious to see us all dispersed about various seas. If we are kept together in squadron, or lying in port, the whole are scarcely of more advantage than one ship. I wish all our public vessels here [Boston] were dispersed in various ports, for I apprehend it will draw speedily a numerous force of the enemy to blockade or attack." At the moment of writing this, Rodgers's squadron was in Boston, having returned from a cruise, and the *Constitution* also, immediately after her engagement with the *Guerrière*.

It will be observed that, in spirit even more than in letter, Rodgers's leading conception is that of co-operation, com-

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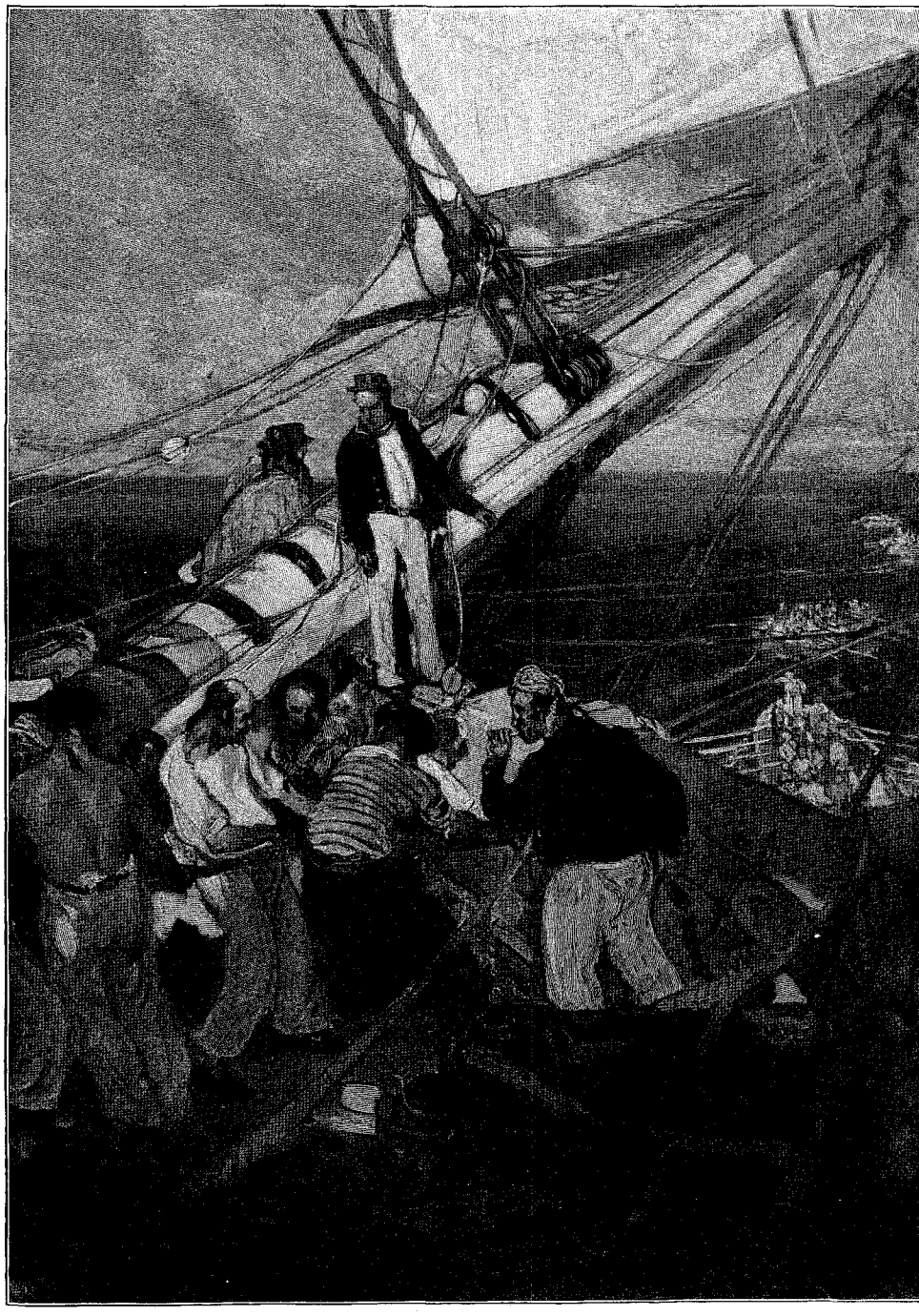

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

The forecastle of the *Constitution* during the chase.

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bined action. First, he would have a Department general plan, embracing in a comprehensive scheme the entire navy and the ocean at large, in the British seas, West Indies, and North Atlantic; each contributing, by its particular action and impression, to forward the work of the others, and so of the whole. Secondly, he intimates, not obscurely, though cautiously, in each separate field the concerted action of several ships is better than their disconnected efforts. Decatur and Bainbridge, on the contrary, implicitly, and indeed explicitly, favor individual movement. They would reject even combination by the Department—"no specific instructions, rely upon the enterprise of the officers." Nor will they have a local supervision or control in any particular; two frigates at the most are to act together, singly even is preferable, and they shall roam the seas at will.

There can be little doubt as to which scheme is sounder in general principle. All military experience concurs in the general rule of co-operative action; and this means concentration, under the liberal definition before given—unity of purpose and subordination to a central control. General rules, however, must be intelligently applied to particular circumstances; and it will be found by considering the special circumstances of British commerce, under the war conditions of 1812, that Rodgers's plan was particularly suited to injure it. It is doubtless true that if merchant vessels were so dispersed over the globe, that rarely more than one would be visible at a time, one ship of war could take that one as well as a half-dozen could. But this was not the condition. British merchant ships were not permitted so to act. They were compelled to gather at certain centres, and thence, when enough had assembled, were dispatched in large convoys, guarded by ships of war, in force proportioned to that disposable at the moment by the local admiral and to the anticipated danger. Consequently, while isolated merchant ships were certainly to be met, they were but the crumbs that fell from the table, except in the near vicinity of the British Islands themselves.

Such were the conditions while Great Britain had been at war with France alone; but the declaration of the United States led at once to increased stringency. All licenses to cross the Atlantic without convoy were at once revoked, and every colonial and naval commander lay under heavy responsibility to enforce the law of convoy. Insurance of course was forfeited by breach of its requirements; and in case of parting convoy, capture would at least hazard, if not invalidate, the policy. Under all this compulsion, concentrated merchant fleets and heavy guards became as far as possible the rule of action. With such conditions it was at once more difficult for a single ship of war to find, and when found to deal effectually with, a body of vessels which on the one hand was large, and yet occupied but a small space relatively to the great expanse of ocean over which the pursuer might roam fruitlessly, missing continually the one moving spot he sought. For such a purpose a well-handled squadron, scattering within signal-distance from each other, or to meet at a rendezvous, was more likely to find, and, having found, could by concerted action best overcome the guard and destroy the fleet.

On the 22d of June, 1812, the Navy Department issued orders for Rodgers, which are interesting as showing its ideas of operations. The two squadrons then assembled under him were to go to sea, and there separate. He himself, with the frigates *President* and *Essex*, sloops *John Adams* and *Hornet*, and the small brig *Nautilus*, was to go to the Capes of the Chesapeake, and thence cruise eastwardly off and on. Decatur's two frigates, with the *Argus*, would cruise southwardly from New York. It was expected that the two would meet from time to time; and, should combined action be advisable, Rodgers had authority to unite them under his broad pendant for that purpose. The object of this movement was to protect the commerce of the country, which at this time was expected to be returning in great numbers from the Spanish peninsula; whither had been hurried every available ship, and every barrel of flour in store, as soon as the news of the approaching embargo of April 4th became public. "The great bulk of our returning commerce," wrote the secretary, "will make for the ports between the Chesapeake and our eastern extremities; and, in the protection to be afforded, such ports claim particular attention."

The obvious comment on this disposition

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is that protection to the incoming ships would be most completely afforded, not by the local presence of either of these squadrons, but by the absence of the enemy. This absence was best insured by beating him, if met; and in the then size of the British Halifax fleet it was possible that a detachment sent from it might be successfully engaged by the joint division, but not by either squadron singly. The other adequate alternative was to force the enemy to keep concentrated, and so to cover as small a part as might be of the homeward path of the scattered American trade. This also was best effected by uniting our own ships. Without exaggerating the danger to the American squadrons, thus needlessly exposed in detail, the object in view would have been attained as surely, and at less risk, by keeping all the vessels together, even though they were retained between Boston Bay and the Capes of the Chesapeake for the local defence of commerce. In short, the Department's plan, as was to be expected from the antecedents of the government, was purely and narrowly defensive; there was not in it a trace of any comprehension of the principle that offence is the surest defence. The opening words of its letter defined the full measure of its understanding. "It has been judged expedient so to employ our public armed vessels, as to afford to our returning commerce all possible protection." To this may be added that, by stationing divisions inferior to that which could be concentrated against them, on the very spot where the merchant vessels were flocking in return, was very bad strategy, drawing the enemy by a double motive to the place whence his absence was particularly desirable.

The better way was to influence British naval action by a distinct offensive step; by a movement of the combined divisions sufficiently obvious to inspire caution, but yet too vague to admit of precision of direction or definite pursuit. In accordance with the general ideas formulated in his letter, before quoted, Rodgers had already fixed upon a plan, which, if successful, would inflict a startling blow to British commerce and prestige, and at the same time would compel the enemy to concentrate, thus diminishing his menace to American commerce. It was known to him that a large convoy had sailed from Jamaica for England about May 20th. The invariable course of such bodies was first to the north-northeast, parallel in a general sense to the Gulf Stream and American coast, until they had cleared the northeast trades and the belt of light and variable winds above them. Upon approaching forty degrees north latitude, they met in full force the rude west winds, as the Spanish navigators styled them, and before them bore away to the Channel. That a month after their starting Rodgers should still have hoped to overtake them, gives a lively impression of the lumbering slowness of trade movement under convoy; but he counted also upon the far swifter joint speed of his few and well-found ships. To the effective fulfilment of his double object, defensive and offensive, however, he required more ships than his own squadron, and in his letter to the Department he held his course dependent upon Decatur joining him.

On June 21st, Decatur did join, and later in the same day arrived a Department order of June 18th, with the Declaration of War. Within an hour the division of five ships was under way for sea. In consequence of this instant movement Rodgers did not receive the subsequent order of the Department, June 22d, the purport of which has been explained and discussed. Standing off southeasterly from Sandy Hook, at 3 A.M. of June 23d was spoken an American brig, which four days before had seen the convoy steering east in latitude 36°, longitude 67°, or about 300 miles from where the squadron then was, Sail was crowded in pursuit, but three hours later was sighted in the northeast a large sail heading toward the squadron. The course of all the vessels was changed for her; but she, proving to be a British frigate,—the *Belvidera*, rated 32, and smaller than any one of the American frigates,—speedily turned and took flight. Pursuit was continued all that day and until half an hour before midnight, the *President* leading as the fastest ship; but the British vessel, fighting for her life, and with the friendly port of Halifax under her lee, could resort to measures impossible to one whose plan of distant cruising required complete equipment, and full stores of provisions and water. Boats and spare spars and anchors were thrown overboard, and

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fourteen tons of drinking water pumped out. Thus lightened, the ship drew gradually away, after being within range of the *President's* guns for a couple of hours, and succeeded in escaping, having received and inflicted considerable damage. In explanation of such a result between two antagonists of very unequal size, it must be remembered that a chasing ship of those days could not fire straight ahead; while in turning her side to bring the guns to bear as the *President* several times did, she lost ground. The chased ship, on the other hand, from the form of the stern, could use four guns without deviating from her course.

After some little further delay in repairing, the squadron resumed pursuit of the convoy. On June 29th, and again on July 9th, vessels were spoken which reported that they had encountered it, the latter only the evening before. Traces of its course were thought also to be found in quantities of cocoanut shell and orange peel, passed on one occasion; but, though the chase was continued to within twenty hours' sail of the English Channel, the fleet itself was never seen. To this disappointing result atmospheric conditions very largely contributed. From June 29th, on the western edge of the Great Banks, until July 13th, when the pursuit was abandoned, the weather was so thick that "at least six days out of seven" nothing was visible over five miles away, and for long periods the vessels could not even see one another at a distance of two hundred yards. The same surrounding lasted to the neighborhood of Madeira, for which the squadron's course was next shaped. After passing that island on June 21st the return was made toward the United States by way of the Azores, which were sighted, and thence again to the Banks of Newfoundland and Cape Sable; reaching Boston August 31st, after an absence of seventy days.

Although Rodgers's plan had completely failed in what may properly be called its purpose of offence, and he could report the capture of "only seven merchant vessels, and those not valuable," he congratulated himself with justice upon success on the defensive side. The full effect was produced, which he had anticipated from the mere fact of a strong American division being at sea, but seen so near its own shores that nothing certain could be inferred as to its movements or intentions. The *Belvidera*, having lost sight of it at midnight, could, upon her arrival in Halifax, give only the general information that it was at sea; and Captain Byron, who commanded her, thought with reason that the *President's* action warranted the conclusion that the anticipated hostilities had been begun. He therefore seized and brought in two or three American merchantmen; but the British admiral, Sawyer, thinking there might possibly be some mistake, like that of the meeting between the *President* and *Little Belt* a year before, directed their release.

A very few days later, definite intelligence of the declaration of war by the United States was received at Halifax. At that period, the American seas from the Equator to Labrador were for administrative purposes divided by the British Admiralty into four commands: two in the West Indies, centring respectively at Jamaica and Barbadoes; one at Newfoundland; while the fourth, with its two chief naval bases of Halifax and Bermuda, lay over against the United States, and embraced the Atlantic coast line in its field of operations. Admiral Sawyer now promptly dispatched a squadron, consisting of one small ship of the line and three frigates, the *Shannon*, 38, *Belvidera*, 36, and *Æolus*, 32, which sailed July 5th. On the 9th, off Nantucket, it was joined by the *Guerrière*, 38, and on the 14th arrived off Sandy Hook. There Captain Broke, of the *Shannon*, who by seniority of rank commanded the whole force, "received the first intelligence of Rodgers's squadron having put to sea." * As an American division of some character had been known to be at sea since the *Belvidera* met it, and as Rodgers on this particular day was within two days' sail of the English Channel, the entire ignorance of the enemy as to his whereabouts could not be more emphatically stated. The components of the British force were such that no two of them could justifiably venture to encounter his united command. Consequently, to remain together was imposed as a military necessity, and it so continued for some weeks. In fact, the first separation, that of the *Guerrière*, though apparently necessary and safe, was followed immediately by a disaster.

* James, Naval History (Edition, 1824), Vol. V, p. 283.

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Rodgers was therefore justified in his claim concerning his cruise. "It is truly unpleasant to be obliged to make a communication thus barren of benefit to our country. The only consolation I, individually, feel on the occasion, is derived from knowing that our being at sea obliged the enemy to concentrate a considerable portion of his most active force, and thereby prevented his capturing an incalculable amount of American property that would otherwise have fallen a sacrifice." "My calculations were," he wrote on another occasion, "even if I did not succeed in destroying the convoy, that leaving the coast as we did would tend to distract the enemy, oblige him to concentrate a considerable portion of his active navy, and at the same time prevent his single cruisers from lying before any of our principal ports, from their not knowing to which, or at what moment, we might return." This was not only a perfectly sound military conception, gaining additional credit from the contrasted views of Decatur and Bainbridge, but it was applied successfully at the most critical moment of all wars, namely, when commerce is flocking home for safety, and under conditions particularly hazardous to the United States, owing to the unusually large number of vessels we then had out. "We have been so completely occupied in looking out for Commodore Rodgers's squadron," wrote an officer of the *Guerrière*, "that we have taken very few prizes." President Madison in his annual message said: "Our trade, with little exception, has reached our ports; having been much favored in it by the course pursued by a squadron of our frigates under the command of Commodore Rodgers."

Nor was it only the offensive action of the enemy against our ports and commerce that was thus hampered. Unwonted defensive measures were forced upon him. Uncertainty as to Rodgers's position and intentions led Captain Broke, on July 29th, to join a homeward-bound Jamaica fleet, under convoy of the frigate *Thalia*, some two or three hundred miles to the southward and eastward of Halifax, and to accompany it with his division five hundred miles on its voyage. The position of this meeting shows that it was prearranged, and its distance from the American coast, five hundred miles away from New York, together with the length of the journey through which this additional guard was thought necessary, emphasize the effect of Rodgers's unknown whereabouts upon the enemy's movements. The protection of their own trade carried this British division a thousand miles away from the coast they were to threaten. It is in such study of reciprocal action between enemies that the lessons of war are learned, and its principles established, in a manner to which the study of combats between single ships, however brilliant, affords no equivalent. The convoy that Broke thus accompanied has been curiously confused with the one of which Rodgers believed himself in pursuit;* and the British naval historian, James, chuckles obviously over the blunder of the Yankee commodore, who returned to Boston "just six days after the *Thalia*, having brought home her charge in safety, had anchored in the Downs." Rodgers may have been wholly misinformed as to there being any Jamaica convoy on the way when he started; but as on July 29th he had passed Madeira on his way home, it is obvious that the convoy which Broke then joined south of Halifax could not be the one the American squadron believed itself to be pursuing across the Atlantic a month earlier.

When Broke considered the convoy in safety, he left it to its proper escort, directed the *Guerrière*, which needed repairs, to go to Halifax, and with the remainder of the squadron returned off New York, where he was again reported on September 10th. The movement of the convoy, and the *Guerrière's* need of refit, were linked events that brought about the first single-ship action of the war; to account for which fully the antecedent movements of her opponent must also be traced. At the time Rodgers sailed, the United States frigate *Constitution*, 44, was lying at Annapolis, Maryland, enlisting a crew. Fearing to be blockaded in Chesapeake Bay, a position almost hopeless, her captain, Hull, hurried to sea on July 12th. On the 17th, the ship being then off Egg Harbor, New Jersey, some ten or fifteen miles from shore, bound to New York, Broke's vessels, which had then arrived from Hali-

* Naval Chronicles, Vol. XXVIII, p. 159; James, Vol. V, p. 274.

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fax for the first time in the war, were sighted from the mast-head, to the northward and inshore of the *Constitution*. Captain Hull at first believed that this might be the squadron of Rodgers, of whose actual movements he had no knowledge, waiting for him to join, in order to carry out orders of the Department. Two hours later, another sail was discovered to the northeast, off shore. The perils of an isolated ship, in the presence of a superior force of possible enemies, imposed caution, so Hull steered warily toward the single unknown. Attempting to exchange signals, he soon found that he neither could understand nor be understood. To persist on his course might surround him with foes, and accordingly, about 11 P.M., the ship was headed to the southeast and so continued during the night.

The next morning left no doubt as to the character of the strangers, among whom was the *Guerrière;* and there ensued a chase which, lasting from daylight of July 18th to near noon of the 20th, has become historical in the United States Navy, from the attendant difficulties and the imminent peril of the favorite ship endangered. Much of the pursuit being in calm, and on soundings, resort was had to towing by boats, and to dragging the ship ahead by means of light anchors dropped on the bottom. In a contest of this kind, the ability of a squadron to concentrate numbers on one or two ships, which can first approach and cripple the enemy, thus holding him till their consorts come up, gives an evident advantage over the single opponent. On the other hand, the towing boats of the pursuer, being toward the stern guns of the pursued, are the first objects on either side to come under fire, and are vulnerable to a much greater degree than the ships themselves Under such conditions, accurate appreciation of advantages, and unremitting use of small opportunities, are apt to prove decisive. It was by such diligent and skilful exertion that the *Constitution* effected her escape from a position which for a time seemed desperate; but it should not escape attention that thus early in the war, before Great Britain had been able to reënforce her American fleet, one of our frigates was unable to enter our principal seaport. "Finding the ship so far to the southward and eastward," reported Hull, "and the enemy's squadron stationed off New York, which would make it impossible to get in there, I determined to make for Boston, to receive your further orders."

On the 28th he writes from Boston, that there were as yet no British cruisers in Boston Bay, nor off the New England coast; that great numbers of merchant vessels were daily arriving from Europe; and that he was warning them off the southern ports, advising that they should enter Boston. He reasoned that the enemy would now disperse, and probably send two frigates off the port. In this he probably underestimated the deterrent effect of Rodgers's invisible command, but the apprehension hastened his own departure, and on August 2d he sailed again with the first fair wind. Running along the Maine coast to the Bay of Fundy, he then passed on to Halifax; and meeting nothing there, in a three or four days' stay, pushed on to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to intercept the trade of Canada and Nova Scotia. Here in the neighborhood of Cape Race some important captures were made, and on August 15th an American brig retaken, which gave information that Broke's squadron was not far away. This was probably a fairly correct report, as its returning course should have carried it near by a very few days before. Hull therefore determined to go to the southward, passing close to Bermuda, to cruise on the southern coast of the United States. In pursuance of this decision the *Constitution* had run some three hundred miles, when at 2 P.M. of August 19th, being then nearly midway of the route over which Broke three weeks before had accompanied the convoy, a sail was sighted to the eastward, standing west. This proved to be the *Guerrière,* on her return to Halifax; toward which she was moving very leisurely, having traversed only two hundred miles in twelve days.

As the *Constitution,* standing south-south-west for her destination, was crossing the *Guerrière's* bows, her course was changed, in order to learn the character of the stranger. By half-past three she was recognized to be a large frigate, under easy sail on the starboard tack; which, the wind being northwesterly, gives her heading from west-southwest to southwest.

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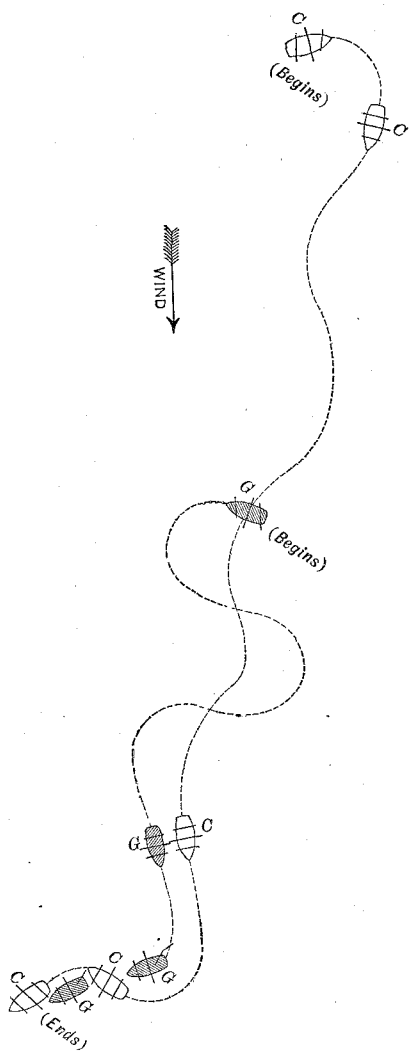
The *Constitution* was to windward. At 3.45 the *Guerrière*, without changing her course, backed her main-topsail, the effect of which was to lessen her forward movement, leaving just way enough to keep command with her helm. To be thus nearly motionless assured the steadiest platform for aiming the guns, during the period most critical for the *Constitution*, when, to get near, she must steer nearly head on, toward her opponent. The disadvantage of this approach is that the enemy's shot, if they hit, pass from end to end of the ship, a distance, in those days, nearly fourfold that of from side to side; and besides, the line from bow to stern was that on which the guns and the men who work them were ranged. The risks of grave injury were therefore greatly increased by exposure to this, which by soldiers is called enfilading, but at sea a raking fire; and to avoid such mischance was one of the principal concerns of a captain in a naval duel.

Seeing his enemy thus challenge him to come on, Hull, who had been carrying sail in order to close, now reduced his canvas to topsails, and put two reefs into them, bringing by the wind for that object. All other usual preparations were made at the same time; the *Constitution* during them lying side to wind, practically motionless, out of gunshot of her antagonist. When all was ready, the ship kept away again, heading toward the starboard quarter of the British vessel; that is, she was on her right-hand side, steering toward her stern. As this, if continued, would permit her to pass close under the stern, and rake, Captain Dacres waited until he thought her within gunshot, when he fired the guns on the right-hand side of the vessel—the starboard broadside—and immediately wore ship; that is, turned the *Guerrière* round, making a half circle, and bringing her other side toward the *Constitution*, to fire the other, or port, battery. It will be seen that, as both ships were moving in the same general direction, away from the wind, the American coming straight on, while the British retired by a succession of semicircles, each time this manœuvre was repeated the ships would be nearer together. This was what both captains purposed, but neither proposed to be raked in the operation. Hence, although the *Constitution* did not wear, she "yawed" several times; that is, turned her head from side to side, so that a shot striking would not have full raking effect, but angling across the decks would do proportionately less damage. Such methods were common to all actions between single ships.



Plan of the engagement between the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*.

These proceedings had lasted about three-quarters of an hour, when Dacres, considering he now could safely afford to let his enemy close, settled his ship on a course nearly before the wind, having it a little on her left side. The American frigate was thus behind her, receiving the shot of her stern guns, to which the bow

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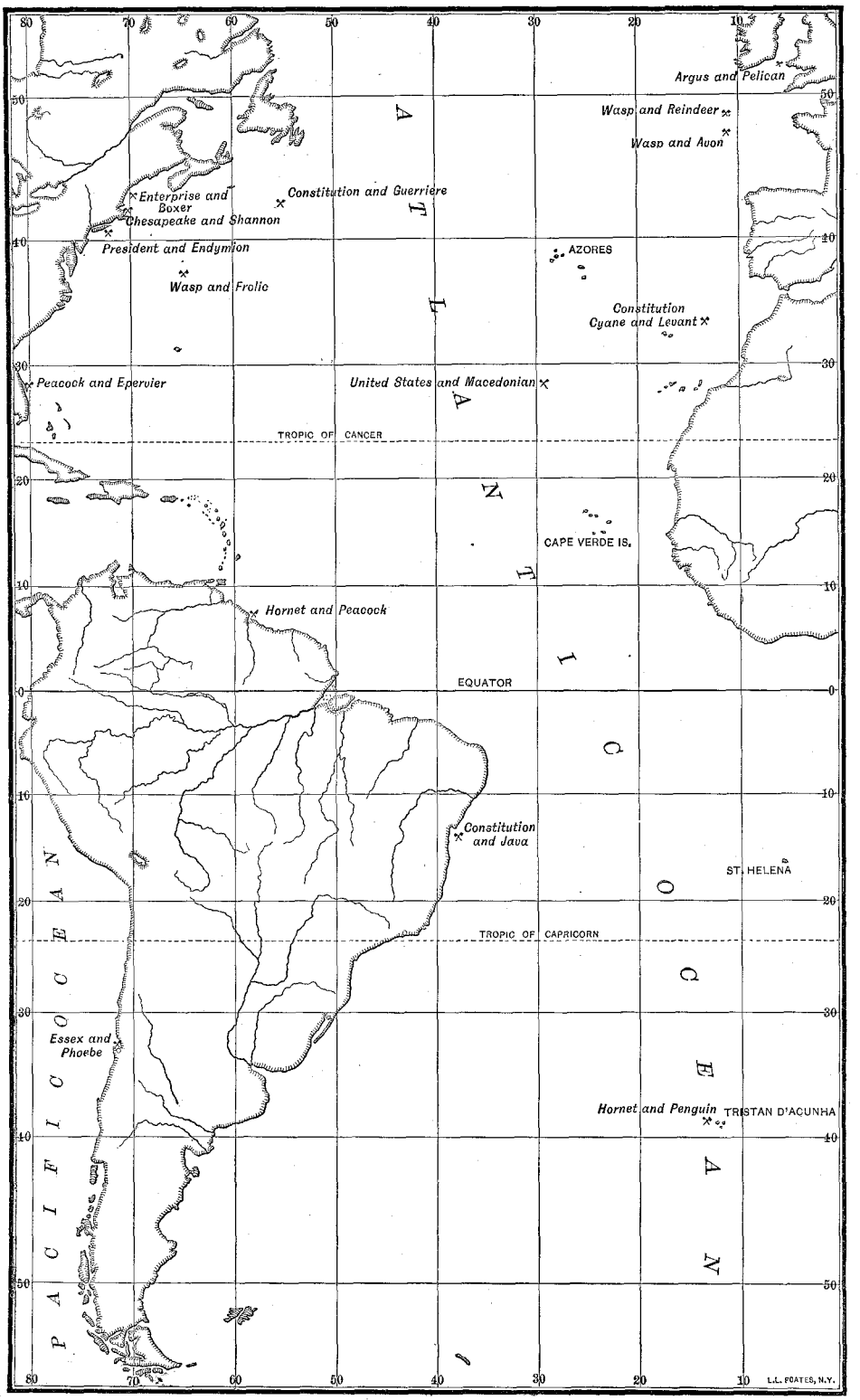

Map to illustrate ocean cruises and battles.

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fire of those days could make little effective reply. To relieve this disadvantage, by shortening its duration, a big additional sail—the main topgallantsail—was set upon the *Constitution*, which, gathering fresh speed, drew up on the left-hand side of the *Guerrière*, within pistol-shot, at 6 P.M., when the battle proper fairly began. For the moment manœuvring ceased, and a square set-to at the guns followed, the ships running side by side. In twenty minutes the *Guerrière's* mizzen-mast* was shot away, falling overboard on the starboard side; while at nearly the same moment, so Hull reported, her main-yard went in the slings.† This double accident reduced her speed; but in addition the mast, with all its hamper dragging in the water, both slowed the vessel and acted as a rudder to turn her head to starboard,—from the *Constitution*. The sail-power of the latter being unimpaired would quickly have carried her so far ahead that her guns would no longer bear, if she continued the same course. Hull therefore, as soon as he saw the spars of his antagonist go overboard, put the helm to port, in order to "oblige him to do the same, or suffer himself to be raked by our getting across his bows."‡ The fall of the *Guerrière's* mast effected what was desired by Hull, who continues: "On our helm being put to port the ship came to, and gave us an opportunity of pouring in upon his larboard bow several broadsides." The disabled state of the British frigate, and the promptness of the American captain, thus enabled the latter to take a raking position upon the port (larboard) bow of the enemy; that is, ahead, but on the left side.

The *Constitution* ranged on very slowly across the *Guerrière's* bows, from left to right, her sails shaking in the wind, because the yards could not be braced, the braces having been shot away. From this commanding position she gave two raking broadsides, to which her opponent could reply only feebly from a few forward guns; then, the vessels being close together, and the British forging slowly ahead, threatening to cross the American's stern, the helm of the latter was put up. As the *Constitution* turned away, the bowsprit of the *Guerrière* lunged over her quarter-deck, and became entangled by her portmizzen rigging; the result being that the two fell into the same line, the *Guerrière* astern and fastened to her antagonist as described. In her crippled condition for manœuvring, it was possible that the British captain might seek to retrieve the fortunes of the day by boarding, for which the present situation seemed to offer some opportunity; and from the reports of the respective officers it is clear that the same thought occurred to both parties, prompting in each the movement to repel boarders rather than to board. A number of men clustered on either side at the point of contact, and here, by musketry fire, occurred some of the severest losses. The first lieutenant and sailing-master of the *Constitution* fell wounded, and the senior officer of marines dead, shot through the head. All these were specially concerned where boarding was at issue. This period was brief; for at 6.30 the fore and main-masts of the British frigate gave way together, carrying with them all the head booms, and she lay a helpless hulk in the trough of a heavy sea, rolling the muzzles of her guns under. A sturdy attempt to get her under control with the spritsail was made; but this resource, a bare possibility to a dismasted ship in a fleet action, with friends around, was only the assertion of a sound never-give-up tradition, against hopeless odds, in a naval duel with a full-sparred enemy. The *Constitution* hauled off for half an hour to repair damages, and upon returning received the surrender of her enemy. It was then dark, and the night was passed in transferring the prisoners. When day broke, the prize was found so shattered that it would be impossible to bring her into port. She was consequently set on fire at 3 P.M., and soon after blew up.

In this fight the American frigate was much superior in force to her antagonist. The customary, and upon the whole justest, mode of estimating relative power, is by aggregate weight of shot discharged in one broadside; and when, as in this case, the range is so close that every gun comes into play, it is perhaps a useless refinement to insist on qualifying considerations. The broadside of the *Constitution* weighed

* Of the three masts of a "ship," the mizzen-mast is the one nearest the stern.

† The middle, where the yard is hung.

‡ Hull's report.

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736 pounds, that of the *Guerrière* 570. The difference therefore in favor of the American vessel was thirty per cent., and the disparity in numbers of the crews was even greater. It is not possible, therefore, to insist upon any singular credit, in the mere fact that under such odds victory falls to the heavier vessel. What can be said, after a careful comparison of the several reports, is that the American ship was fought warily and boldly, that her gunnery was excellent, that the instant advantage taken of the enemy's mizzen-mast falling showed high seamanlike qualities, both in promptness and accuracy of execution; in short, that, considering the capacity of the American captain as evidenced by his action, and the odds in his favor, nothing could be more misplaced than Captain Dacre's vaunt before the court: "I am so well aware that the success of my opponent was owing to fortune, that it is my earnest wish to be once more opposed to the *Constitution*, with the same officers and crew under my command, in a frigate of similar force to the *Guerrière*." Considering the difference of broadside weight, this amounts to saying that the capacity and courage of the captain and ship's company of the *Guerrière*, being over thirty per cent. greater than those of the *Constitution*, would more than compensate for the latter's bare thirty per cent. superiority of force. It may safely be said that one will look in vain through the accounts of the transaction for any ground for such assumption. A ready acquiescence in this opinion was elicited, indeed, from two witnesses, the master and a master's mate, based upon a supposed superiority of fire, which the latter estimated to be in point of rapidity as four broadsides to every three of the *Constitution*. But rapidity is not the only element of superiority; and Dacre's satisfaction on this score, repeatedly expressed, might have been tempered by one of the facts he alleged in defence of his surrender—that "on the larboard side of the *Guerrière* there were about thirty shot which had taken effect about five sheets of copper down,"—far below the water-line.

Captain Hull with the *Constitution* reached Boston August 30th, just four weeks after his departure; and the following day Commodore Rodgers with his squadron entered the harbor. It was a meeting between disappointment and exultation for so profound was the impression prevailing in the United States, and not least in New England, concerning the irreversible superiority of Great Britain on the sea, that no word less strong than "exultation" can do justice to the feeling aroused by Hull's victory. Sight was lost of the disparity of force, and the pride of the country fixed, not upon those points which the attentive seaman can recognize as giving warrant for confidence, but upon the supposed demonstration of superiority in equal combat.

Consolation was needed; for since Rodgers's sailing much had occurred to dishearten, and little to encourage. The nation had not had great expectation from its tiny navy; but concerning our arms on shore the advocates of war had entertained the unreasoning confidence of those who expect to reap without taking the trouble to sow. In the first year of President Jefferson's administration, 1801, the "peace establishment" of the regular army, in pursuance of the policy of the President and party in power, was reduced to three thousand men. In 1808, under the excitement of the outrage upon the *Chesapeake* and of the Orders in Council, an "additional military force" was authorized, raising the total to about thrice the above number. The latter measure seems for some time to have been considered temporary in character; for in a return to Congress in January, 1810, the numbers actually in service are reported, separately, as 2,765 and 4,189; total, 6,954, exclusive of staff officers.

General Scott, who was one of the captains appointed under the Act of 1808, has recorded that the condition of both soldiers and officers was in great part most inefficient. In January, 1812, when war had in effect been determined upon in the party councils, a bill was passed raising the army to thirty-five thousand; but in the economical and social condition of the period the service was under a popular disfavor, to which the attitude of recent administrations doubtless contributed greatly, and recruiting went on very slowly. There was substantially no military tradition in the country. Thirty years of peace had seen the disappearance of the officers whom the War of Independence had left in their prime; and the administration fell into that most facile of mistakes, the choice of old men, because when youths they had

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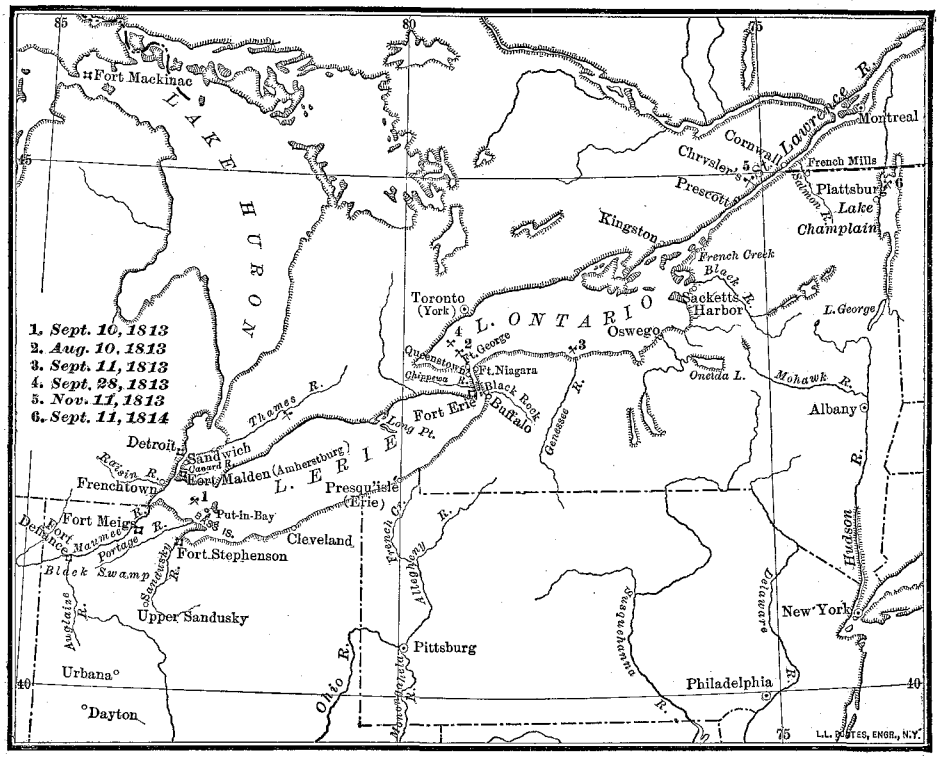

Map of lake frontier to illustrate campaign of 1813–14.

worn an epaulette, without regarding the experience they had had under it, or since it was laid aside. The general officers appointed were all near sixty, some of them over. This is not necessarily too old for men who have continuously followed the profession; but it is much too old to make a beginning or a fresh start.

Among the men thus selected were Henry Dearborn, for senior major-general, to command the northern division of the country, from Niagara to Boston Bay and New York; and William Hull, a brigadier, for the north-western frontier, centring round Detroit. The latter, who was uncle to Captain Hull of the *Constitution*, seems to have been chosen because already civil Governor of Michigan Territory. President Madison's administration thus reversed the practice of Great Britain, which commonly was to choose a military man for civil governor of exposed provinces. Hull accepted with reluctance, and under pressure. He set out for his new duties, expecting that he would receive in his distant and perilous charge that measure of support which results from active operations at some other point of the enemy's line, presumably at Niagara. In this he was disappointed. Dearborn was now sixty-one, Hull fifty-nine. Both had served with credit during the War of Independence, but in subordinate positions; and Dearborn had been Secretary of War throughout Jefferson's two terms.

Opposed to these was the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, Isaac Brock, a major-general in the British army. A soldier from boyhood, he had commanded a regiment in active campaign at twenty-eight. He was now forty-two, and for the last ten years had served in North America; first with his regiment, and later as a general officer in command of the troops. In October, 1811, he was appointed to the civil government of the province. He was thoroughly familiar with the political and military conditions surrounding him, and his mind had long been actively engaged in considering probable contingencies, in case war, threatening since 1807, should become actual. He was, in formulated

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purpose and resolve, perfectly prepared for immediate action, as was shown by his letters to his superior, Sir George Prevost, Governor-General, foreshadowing his course. The pressure of the Indians upon the western frontier of the United States would compel that country, he predicted, to keep a considerable force there, the presence of which would naturally tend to more than mere defensive measures. With the numerical inferiority of the British, the co-operation of the Indians was essential. To preserve Upper Canada, therefore, Michilimackinac and Detroit must be reduced. Otherwise the savages could not be convinced that Great Britain would not sacrifice them at a peace, as they believed her to have done in 1794, by Jay's Treaty. In this he agreed with Hull, who faced the situation far more efficiently than his superiors, and at the same moment was writing officially, "The British cannot hold Upper Canada without the assistance of the Indians, and that they cannot obtain if we have an adequate force at Detroit." Brock deemed it vital that Amherstberg, nearly opposite Detroit, should be held in force; both to resist the first hostile attack, and as a base whence to proceed to offensive operations. He appehended, and correctly, as the event proved, that Niagara would be chosen by the Americans as the line for their main body to penetrate with a view to conquest. This was his defensive frontier; the western, the offensive wing of his campaign. These leading ideas dictated his preparations, imperfect from paucity of means, but sufficient to meet the limping, flaccid measures of the United States authorities.

To this well-considered view the War Department of the United States opposed no ordered plan of any kind, no mind prepared with even the common precautions of every-day life. This unreadiness, plainly manifested by its actions, was the more culpable because the unfortunate Hull, in a communication dated March 6, 1812, a month before his unwilling acceptance of his general's commission, had laid clearly before it the leading features of the military and political situation, recognized by him during his four years of office as Governor of the Territory. In this cogent paper, amid numerous illuminative details, he laid unmistakable emphasis on the decisive influence of Detroit upon the whole Northwest, especially in determining the attitude of the Indians. He dwelt also upon the critical weakness of the communications on which its tenure depended, and upon the necessity of naval superiority to secure the communications. This expression of his opinion was in the hands of the Government over three months before the declaration of war. As early, however, as January, Secretary Eustis had been warned by Armstrong, who subsequently succeeded him in the War Department, that Detroit, otherwise advantageous in position, "would be positively bad, unless your naval means have an ascendancy on Lake Erie."

On May 25th, three weeks before the declaration of war, Hull took command of the militia assembled at Dayton, Ohio. On the 10th of June he was at Urbana, where a regiment of regular infantry joined. June 30th he reached the Maumee River, and thence reported that his force was over two thousand, rank and file. He had already been officially informed that war was certain. Nevertheless, he here loaded a schooner with military stores, and sent her down the river for Detroit, knowing that, twenty miles before reaching there, she must pass close to the British Fort Malden, on the Detroit River, covering Amherstberg; and this while the enemy had local naval superiority. In taking this risk, the very imprudence of which testifies the importance of water transportation to Detroit, Hull directed his aids to forward his baggage by the same conveyance; and with it, contrary to his intention, were dispatched also his official papers. The vessel, being promptly seized by the boats of the British armed brig *Hunter*, was taken into Malden, whence Colonel St. George, commanding the district, sent the captured correspondence to Brock. "Till I received these letters," remarked the latter, "I had no idea General Hull was advancing with so large a force."

When Brock thus wrote, July 20th, he was at Fort George, on the shore of Ontario, near Niagara River, watching the frontier where he expected the main attack. He had already struck his first blow. Immediately upon being assured of the declaration of war, on June 28th, he had dispatched a letter to St. Joseph's, di-

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recting all preparations to be made for proceeding against Mackinac; the final determination as to offensive or defensive action being very properly left to the officer there in command. The latter, thus aware of his superior's wishes, started July 16th, with some six hundred men,—of whom four hundred were Indians,—under convoy of the armed brig *Caledonia*, belonging to the North-western Fur Company. The next day he appeared before the American post, where the existence of war was yet unknown. The garrison numbered fifty-seven, including three officers; being about one-third the force reported necessary for the peace establishment by Mr. Jefferson's Secretary of War, in 1801. The place was immediately surrendered. Under all the conditions stated, there is an entertaining ingenuousness in the reference made to this disaster by President Madison: "We have but just learned that the important post of Michilimackinac has fallen into the hands of the enemy, but from what cause remains to be known."

Brock received this news at Toronto, July 29th; but not till August 3d did it reach Hull, by the arrival of the paroled prisoners. He was then on the Canada side, at Sandwich, opposite Detroit; having crossed with from fourteen to sixteen hundred men on July 19th. This step was taken on the strength of a discretionary order from Washington, that if "the force under your command be equal to the enterprise, consistent with the safety of your own post, you will take possession of Malden, and extend your conquests as circumstances may justify." It is vain to deny his liberty of action, under instructions thus phrased, but it is equally vain to deny the responsibility of a superior who thus authorizes action, and not obscurely intimates a wish, under general military conditions perfectly well known such as existed with reference to Hull's communications. Hull's attempt to justify his movement on the ground of pressure from subordinates, moral effect upon his troops, is admissible only if his decision were consistently followed by the one course that gave a chance of success. As a military enterprise the attempt was hopeless, unless by a rapid advance upon Malden he could carry the works by instant storm. In that event the enemy's army and navy, losing their local base of operations, would have to seek one new and distant, 150 miles to the eastward, at Long Point; whence attempts against the American positions could be only by water, with transportation inadequate to carrying large bodies of men. The American general thus might feel secure against attacks on his communications with Ohio, the critical condition of which constituted the great danger of the situation whether at Detroit or Sandwich.

Instead of such prompt action, two days were allowed to pass. Then, July 14th, a council of war decided that immediate attack was inexpedient, and delay advisable. This conclusion, if correct, condemned the invasion, and should have been reached before it was attempted. The military situation was this: Hull's line of supplies and reënforcements was reasonably secure from hostile interference between southern Ohio and the Maumee; at which river proper fortification would permit the establishment of an advanced depot. Thence to Detroit was seventy-two miles, through much of which the road passed near to the lake shore. It was consequently liable to attack from the water, so long as that was controlled by the enemy; while, by its greater distance from the centre of American population in the west, it was also more exposed to Indian hostilities than the portion behind the Maumee. Under these circumstances, Detroit itself was in danger of an interruption of supplies and reënforcements, amounting possibly to isolation. It was open to the enemy to land in its rear, secure of his own communications by water, and with a fair chance, in case of failure, to retire by the way he came; for retreat could be made safely in very small vessels or boats, so long as Malden was held in force.

The reduction of Malden might therefore secure Detroit, by depriving the enemy of a base suitable for using his lake power against its communications. Unless this was accomplished, any advance beyond Detroit with the force then at hand merely weakened that place, by just the amount of men and means expended, and was increasingly hazardous when it entailed crossing water. A sudden blow may snatch safety under such conditions; but to

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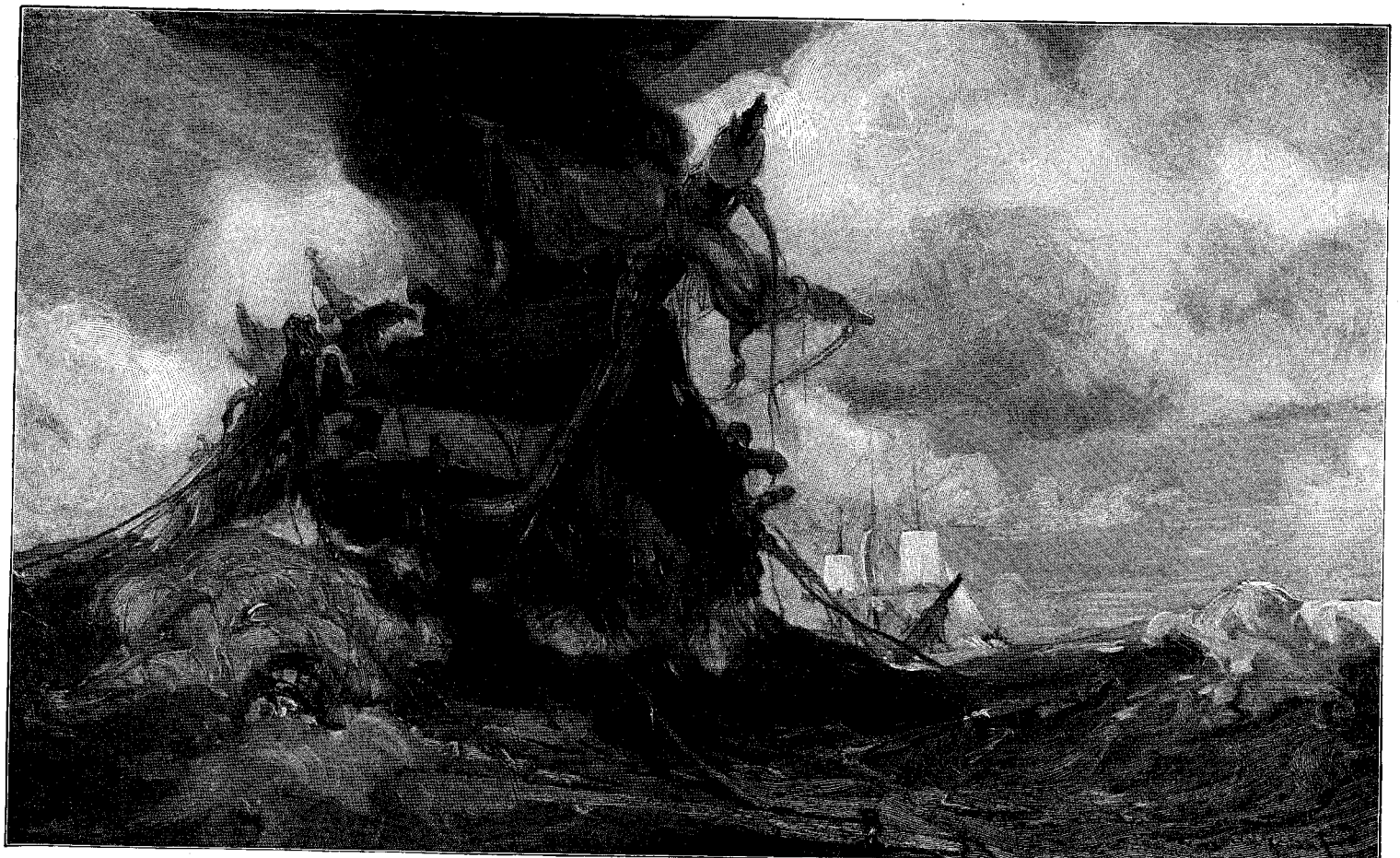

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

The burning of the *Guerrière.*

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attempt the slow and graduated movements of a siege, with uncertain communications supporting it, is to court disaster. The holding of Detroit being imperative, efforts external to it should have been chiefly exerted on its rear, and upon its front only to prevent the easy passage of the enemy. In short, when Detroit was reached, Hull's position needed to be made more solid, not more extensive. As it was, the army remained at Sandwich, making abortive movements toward the River Canard, which covered the approach to Malden, and pushing small foraging parties up the valley of the Thames. The greatest industry was used, Hull reported, in making preparations to besiege, but it was not till August 7th, nearly four weeks after crossing, that the siege guns were ready; and then the artillery officers reported that it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to take them to Malden by land, and by water still more so, because the ship of war *Queen Charlotte*, carrying eighteen 24-pounders, lay off the Canard, commanding the stream.

Meanwhile, British reënforcements, small but veteran, were arriving, the local militia was rallying, and the Indians, with the facile changefulness of savages, were passing from an outwardly friendly bearing over to what began to seem the winning side. Colonel Procter, dispatched by Brock to command at Malden, now initiated the policy of threatening Hull's communications from the lake side. A body of Indians sent across by him on August 4th defeated an American detachment marching to protect a convoy from the Maumee. This incident, coming upon accumulating adverse indications, and coinciding with the bad news received from Mackinac, aroused Hull to the essential danger of his situation. On the 8th he recrossed to Detroit. On the 9th another vigorous effort was made by the enemy to destroy a detachment sent out to establish communications with the rear. Although the British were defeated, the Americans were unable to proceed, and returned to the town without supplies. In the first of these affairs some more of Hull's correspondence was captured, which revealed his apprehensions, and general moral condition, to an opponent capable of appreciating their military significance.

Brock had remained near Niagara, detained partly by the political necessity of meeting the provincial legislature, partly to watch over what he considered the more exposed portion of his military charge; for a disaster to it, being nearer the source of British power, would have upon the fortunes of the west an effect even more vital than a reverse there would exert upon the east. Being soon satisfied that the preparations of the United States threatened no immediate danger, and finding that Hull's troops were foraging to a considerable distance east of Sandwich, along the Thames, he had decided to send against them a small body of local troops with a number of Indians, while he himself gathered some militia and went direct by water to Malden. To his dismay, the Indians declined to assist, alleging their intention to remain neutral; upon which the militia also refused, saying they were afraid to leave their homes unguarded, till it was certain which side the savages would take. Brock wrote on July 25th that his plans were thus ruined; but on the 29th it became known that Mackinac had fallen, and on that day the militia about York (Toronto), where he then was, volunteered for service in any part of the province. On the 8th of August he embarked with three hundred of them, and a few regulars, at Long Point, on the north shore of Lake Erie; whence he coasted to Malden, arriving on the 13th.

Meanwhile batteries had been erected opposite Detroit, which opened on the evening of the 15th, the fort replying; but slight harm was done on either side. On the 16th, Brock crossed the greater part of his force, landing three miles west of Detroit. His little column of assault consisted of 300 regulars, 400 militia, and 600 Indians, the latter in the woods covering the left flank. The effective Americans present were by that morning's report 1,060; while their field artillery, additional to that mounted in the works, was much superior to that of the enemy, was advantageously posted, and loaded with grape. They had the fort, moreover, on which to retire.

Brock's movements were audacious. Some said nothing could be more desperate; "but I answer, that the state of Upper Canada admitted of nothing but desperate

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remedies." The British general had served under Nelson at Copenhagen, and quoted him here. He knew also, through the captured correspondence, that his opponent was prey to a desperation very different in temper from his own, and had lost the confidence of his men. He had hoped, by the threatening position assumed between the town and its home base, to force Hull to come out and attack; but learning now that the garrison was weakened by a detachment of five hundred, dispatched three days before under Colonel McArthur to open intercourse with the Maumee by a circuitous road, avoiding the lake shore, he decided to assault at once. When the British column had approached within a mile, Hull withdrew within the works all his force, including the artillery, and immediately afterward capitulated. The detachment under McArthur, with another from the State of Ohio on its way to join the army, were embraced in the terms; Brock estimating the whole number surrendered at not less than twenty-five hundred. A more important capture, under the conditions, was an American brig, the *Adams*, not yet armed, but capable of use as a ship of war.

In his defence before the Court Martial, which in March, 1814, tried him for his conduct of the campaign, Hull addressed himself to three particulars, which he considered to be the principal features in the voluminous charges and specifications drawn against him. These were, "the delay at Sandwich; the retreat from thence; and the surrender at Detroit." Concerning these, as a matter of military criticism, it may be said with much certainty that if conditions imposed the delay at Sandwich, they condemned the advance to it, and would have warranted an earlier retreat. The capitulation he justified on the ground that resistance could not change the result, though it might protract the issue. Because ultimate surrender could not be averted, he characterized life lost in postponing it as blood shed uselessly. The conclusion does not follow from the premise; nor could any military code accept the maxim that a position is to be yielded as soon as it appears that it cannot be held indefinitely. Delay, so long as sustained, not only keeps open the chapter of accidents for the particular post, but supports related operations throughout the remainder of the field of war. Tenacious endurance, if it effected no more, would at least have held Brock away from Niagara, whither he hastened within a week after the capitulation, taking with him a force which now could be well spared from the westward. No one military charge can be considered as disconnected; therefore no commander has a right to abandon defence while it is possible to maintain it, unless he also knows that it cannot affect results elsewhere; and this practically can never be certain. The burden of anxieties, of dangers and difficulties, actual and possible, weighing upon Brock, were full as great as those upon Hull, for on his shoulders rested both Niagara and Malden. His own resolution and promptitude triumphed because of the combined inefficiency of Hull and Dearborn. He could scarcely have avoided disaster at one end or the other of the line, had either opponent been thoroughly competent.

The shame of this mortifying incident can therefore never be lifted from off Hull's memory; but for this very reason, in weighing the circumstances, it is far less than justice to forget his years, verging on old age, his long dissociation from military life, his courage frequently shown during the War of Independence, nor the fact that, though a soldier on occasion, he probably never had the opportunity to form correct soldierly standards. To the credit account should also be carried the timely and really capable presentation of the conditions of the field of operations already quoted, submitted by him to the government, which should not have needed such demonstration. The mortification of the country fastened on his name; but he justly argued that, had the measures urged by him been taken, had he received the support due him, events need not have reached the crisis to which he proved unequal. The true authors of the national disaster and its accompanying humiliation are to be sought in the national administrations and legislatures of the preceding ten or twelve years.

(To be continued.)

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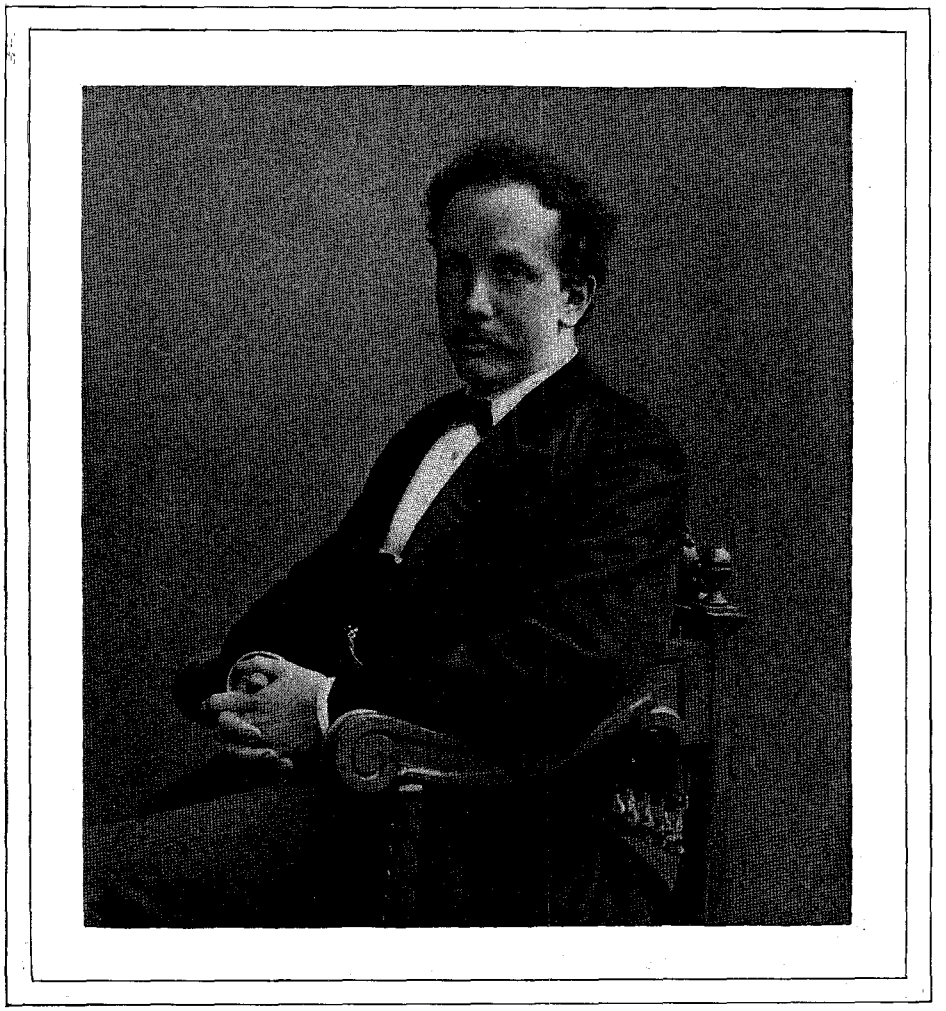

RICHARD STRAUSS

By James Huneker

I

IT is easier to trace the artistic lineage of Richard Strauss to its fountain-head—Johann Sebastian Bach—than to stamp with contemporary stencils its curious ramifications. And this is not alone because of a similar polyphonic complexity, a complex of themes and their development without parallel since the days of the pattern-weaving Flemish contrapuntalists; but because, like Bach Strauss has experimented in the *disassociation* of harmonies and in company with his contemporary the master-impressionist, Claude Monet, has divided his tones—set up, instead of the sober Classic tints or the gorgeous color masses of the Romantic painters, an entirely new scheme of orchestration, the basic principle of which is individualism of instruments, the pure anarchy—self-government—of the entire orchestral apparatus. This is only a mode of *technique* and does not necessarily impinge upon the matter of his musical

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discourse; it is a distinctive note, however, of the Strauss originality and must be sounded in any adequate discussion of his very modern art.

Borrowing the word with its original connotations from the erudite and clairvoyant French critic, Rémy de Gourmont, disassociation in the practice of Strauss is a species of tone chemistry by which a stereotyped musical phrase is reduced to its virginal element, deprived of all factitious, secondary meaning, and then re-created, as if in the white heat of a retort, by the overpowering and disdainful will of the composer. There is also the disassociation of ideas in their antique succession, which chiefly reveals itself, not in a feverish, disordered syntax, but in the avoidance of the classic musical paragraph—that fatal, symmetrical paragraph as inexorably formulated as the laws of the Medes and Persians, resulting in a Chinese uniformity, maddening in its dulness and lifelessness unless manipulated by a man of intellectual power like Brahms. Strauss is forever breaking up his musical sentences. He does this in no arbitrary fashion, but as the curve of the poem is *ideally* pictured to his imagination. A great realist in his tonal quality, he is first the thinker, the poet, the man of multitudinous ideas; you hear the crack of the master's whip, a cruel one at times, as he marshals his themes into service, bidding them build as built the Pharaohs' slaves, pyramids and obelisks, shapes of grandeur that pierce the sky and blot out from the vision all but their overwhelming and monumental beauties of form—the form of Richard Strauss. He is, after his own fashion, as severe a formalist as Josef Haydn.

We are now far away from what is called euphony for euphony's sake; though it is, as in Bach's case, art for art with all the misused phrase implies. Intent upon realizing in tone his vision—the magnitude or validity of which we need not yet discuss—Strauss allows no antique rubric of fugue or symphony to block his progress; even the symphonic poem, an invention of Franz Liszt, proved too cumbersome for this new man of light and air and earth, whose imagination is at once sumptuous and barbaric. The picture must overflow the old frames. It must burn with an intense life. It must be true. As a man who crept before he walked, walked before he ran, Richard Strauss has the right to our sympathy. He was a wonder-child; he is one of the world's great conductors; he wrote symphonies in the Brahms style during his studious youth; he composed a little literature of chamber-music, piano pieces, a violin concerto, and many songs prior to the time when he faced the rising sun and was undazzled by its rays. He knew the scores of Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz, imitated and has forgotten them in the swirling torrential tides of his own strange temperament.

Once music was pure rhythm; once it was howling and gesture. It moved up the evolutionary scale slowly and reached the kingdom of the instrumental arabesque with difficulty; on this side was the ecclesiastical liturgy with its rigorous inclusions and suppressions; on the other, the naïve young art of opera. Let us acknowledge that Bach was the crowning glory of the art polyphonic, that Palestrina closed the door behind him on churchly chants, that Beethoven said the last significant word in the symphony; let us admit these trite propositions, and we still have perplexing problems to solve. The song writers, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, should not detain us—they represent but an exquisite province of music. The neo-symphonists, beginning with Schubert and Schumann and ending with Brahms, are not to be weighed here. They said much that was novel, but they adhered to the classic line; they did not draw in the *mass*, to use the painter's term. It is to Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner that the new movement must be credited: Liszt, for his prophetic power—he remodelled the symphonic form, abbreviated it; but like Moses, he was destined to see, not to enter, the promised land; Berlioz, for adding to the instrumental palette a vast number of new hues, bewildering *nuances* and bizarre splendor; Wagner, for banishing convention from the operatic stage, furnishing the myth as the ideal libretto, for his bold annexation of the symphonic orchestra and the extraordinary uses to which he put it. Yet only one of the three men has held out the torch to future composers—Franz Liszt. Berlioz's talent was largely that of a perverse fresco painter's; Wagner quite closed his epoch—one of rampant romanticism—in his music-drama, and by his powerful genius almost swerved music from its normal, absolute currents.

We smile now, as smile those who have burned with dangerous fever, at the ex-

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travagant, unrealized hopes of Wagner and Wagnerism. He quite flooded the musical firmament with his radiations. There was but one god and he reigned at Bayreuth; go hence and worship, or else be cast with the unbelieving into outer darkness where there is gnashing of teeth! The music-drama was the synthesis of the arts. It was the panacea of all social evils, and Parsifal we beheld as another Paraclete! Such arrogation of omnipotence was bound to encounter reverses. The Wagnerian mixture of words and music, of drama ranking before music and music playing the handmaid *rôle* of commentator, has not stood the tests of its creator or of time. We know our Wagner now; not as a philosopher—shades of Schopenhauer!—not as a poet—let us not invoke the spirit of Goethe!—not as a reformer or dramatist or revolutionist, but as a composer of genius, with a lot of wrong-headed theories, whose magnificent music floated his doctrines and blinded the younger generation to their speciousness. It is music, not drama, that rules in Wagner's works.

The evil done was this: Music could no longer speak in her own divine voice without the aid of words, without the hobbling drawbacks of singers, stage pictures, plots, all the thrice-familiar *mise en scène* of the Wagnerian music-drama. Nevertheless Wagner did enhance the value of the suggestion in music. He invented his own stenographic method of speech, and with it literally created a new musical consciousness. A motive, according to him, means something, is the symbol of an idea, or state of soul; yet we think that if this motive has to be accompanied by dramatic gesture or clothed verbally, then all the worse for it as pure music; it gains visually, but loses on the imaginative side. Before Wagner Liszt discovered the power of the concise phrase and even labelled it; and before Liszt came Beethoven in his C Minor Symphony; while antedating both was Bach, whose music is a perfect storehouse of motivation.

II

And again we reach Richard Strauss by way of Bach; in the music of the modern composer the motive achieves its grand climacteric. His scheme is the broad narrative form, a narration that for sustained directness and intensity has never been equalled. The new melody is no longer a pattern of instrumentation, or is it an imitation of the human voice; it is extra-human, on the thither side of speech. It is neither a pure ravishment of the ear, nor yet an abstruse geometrical problem worked out according to the law of some musical Euclid.

Now music of the highest order must make its first appeal to the imagination; its first impact must be upon the cortical centres. It must not alone set the feet rhythmically pattering, it must not merely stir us to emotional thrilling. Not by sensuous abandon, but by thought,—that is, by musical thought, in a chain of tonal imagery, is the aim of the new music. Walter Pater believed, Plato-wise, that music is the archetype of the arts. It was an amiable heresy. But music must stand solitary—it is often too theatric, as poetry is often too tonal. It must be intellect suffused by emotion. Its substance is not the substance of its sister arts. What music has long needed, what Wagner and the church writers before him sought to give it, is definiteness. The welding of word and tone does not give true musical articulateness. We recognize this in Tristan and Isolde, where incandescent tone submerges the word, the symbol of the idea. Erotic music has never before so triumphed as in this Celtic drama. But it is like the fall of some great blazing visitor from interstellar space; it buries itself beneath the smoking earth instead of remaining royally afloat in pure ether.

The arts cannot be thus fused. When faith moved nations, the world witnessed the marriage of word and tone in the ritual of the church; no music has been so definite since Palestrina's as Wagner's—until the music of Richard Strauss was heard. In it we encounter a definiteness that is almost plastic, though never baldly literal. As we saw in our rapid survey, the ethic quality of Beethoven, the philosophic quality of Brahms, the dramatic quality of Wagner, are all aside from the purpose of Strauss. He seeks to *express* in tone alone. The new melody is but an old name for—characterization. And now we reach at last the core of Strauss, who is a psychological realist in symphonic art, withal a master-symbolist; back of his surface eccentricities there is a foundational energy, an epic largeness of utterance, a

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versatility of manner which rank him as the unique anarchist of music. He taps the tocsin of revolt, and his velvet sonorities do not disguise either their meagre skein of spirituality or the veiled ferocities of his aristocratic insurgency.

The present writer put this question to Herr Strauss in London last summer: Does he always subject himself to the tyranny of an ideal programme before composing? The notion seemed elementary to him. "All good music has a poetic idea for a basis," he replied; and he instanced the Beethoven piano sonatas, the Bach fugues. But he admitted that his brain caught fire at poetic figures, such as Don Juan, Don Quixote, Macbeth; Also Sprach Zarathustra, Till Eulenspiegel, Ein Heldenleben. Even a landscape, or a sea-scape could provoke from him the charming suite of images we find in his Italia. With the poem of Death and Apotheosis, affixed to the score after the music had been composed, we may see that Strauss is not a man pinioned to the idea. But the effect on his hearers of his message, on those hearers who have submitted to his magic, is articulate as has been no anterior music. He moulds his meanings into a thousand forms—for what is form in the academic sense to this arch-disintegrator? And these forms resolve themselves into as many more shapes—shapes of beauty, terror, tragedy, comedy, morose mysticism, ugly platitude, grimacing runes, shuddering madness, lyric exaltation and enigmatic groping; yet never the banal rhetoric of the orchestra, the rhetoric which has seduced so many composers to write for the sake of the sound, for the joy of the style. Strauss always means something. All is in the narration of his story, a story suggested with as much art as the inspiring poem; a misty cloud, perhaps, to the unsympathetic, a pillar of flame to the initiated. It is a new speech: notes, phrases, groups, movements, masses of tone no longer occupy conventional, relative positions in his Tone-Poems. The violent disassociation of the old phraseology—his scores may be heard vertically as well as horizontally—smug harmonization, melodies that fall gratefully into the languid channels of our memory—in a word, the mechanical disposition of stale material is deracinated, transformed, undergoes permutations to make way for a new syntax, a nervous, intense method of expression, strange elliptical flights, seemingly erratic foreshortenings, with classic and romantic canons cast to the winds; yet imposing a new grouping, a new harmonic scale of values, a new order of melody—the melody of characterization, the melody which pilots the imagination across uncharted territory into a land overflowing with feeling, intellect, tenderness and sublimity, with irony, ugliness, humor, and humanity; a land not lacking in milk and honey, the land of Richard Strauss! A delectable region was discovered by this young man when we believed that the grim old wizard, Wagner, had locked us up forever in his torrid zone, where, like a Klingsor, he evoked for our parched souls the shadows of bayaderes and monstrous flowers and monstrous passions! Lo! another Richard has guided us to a newer domain, which, if not so fascinatingly tropical, is one where hallucinating chromaticism does not rule, where a more intellectual diatonic mode prevails. Strauss is master of a cold astringent voluptuousness. His head rules his heart. But above all, he searches for character, for its every trait. He himself may be a Merlin—all great composers are ogres in their insatiable love of power—but he has rescued us from the Romantic theatric blight; and a change of dynasty is always welcome to slaves of the music habit.

The artistic development of Strauss has been often noted. A Munich-born man, his music did not exhibit its first big curve of originality until the publication of Don Juan, opus 20. His intimate charming songs are the epitome of his peculiar dramatic faculty for clothing in tone, or rather emptying into music, the meaning of the poet. Avoiding the more recondite question of form, it may be said that as in the songs, so is it in his symphonic works. With no other indication than a title (he cannot be blamed for the extravagances of the analytical-programme makers), Strauss pours upon our puzzled and enchanted ears a billow of music terrifying at times: it is a veritable tidal wave; you see it cresting the rim of the horizon and rolling toward you sky high. His Don Juan and Macbeth are rather romantic in style, and for that reason are praised by those who fear to desert old milestones and wander in the tangled, fulminating forests of his later music. With the story of the mediæval German rogue,

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Till Eulenspiegel, or Tyl Owlglass, Strauss unlimbers his fantasy. It is a Scherzo in form—how he burlesques the form and its very idea! The color scheme is daring, oppressively high, and at times we near the cosmic screech. All is prankishness, darting fancy, consuming irony. The humor is both rarefied and Teutonically clumsy. Till lives, Till is scampish, Till is gibbeted. Tone itself is volatilized into fiery particles that seem to fall upon the listener from dizzily pitched passages. Such a picture has never been hung before in the august halls of music. It offends. It blazes in the eyes with its brilliant audacity, and yet it is new music, music quivering with nervous rhythmic life. Rhythmically, Strauss is an adventurer into an absolutely novel clime. He touches hands with the far East in his weaving interior rhythms.

Death and Apotheosis is a Tone-Poem, rather Lisztian in its pompous and processional picture at the close. Its very title calls up the Weimar master's Tasso. But it differs inasmuch as it is better realized externally, while its psychology, morbid in several episodes, is more masterful. It is not a Tasso, not a poet enthroned in deathless immortality, but a soul, *the* soul, which lying in its "necessitous little chamber" of death, reviews its past, its youth, hope, love, conflict, defeat, despair, and at the end its feverish ecstasy, its sorrowful dissolution. Strauss with a secret tiny brush has surprised the human heart in travail. It is pathos breeding. The added touches of realism, the gasping for breath, and the lenten *tic-toc* of the heart, need not disturb us. Æsthetic propriety is never violated. And Tod und Verklärung is hardly the greatest that is in Richard Strauss.

The much-discussed Thus spake Zarasthustra is not, as has been humorously asserted, an attempt to make music a camel which will bear the burdens of philosophy; it is the outcome of profound study in the vaticinating leaves of Nietzsche's bible. Its dancing lyricism is reflected in the Strauss score, which opens with a pantheistic evocation of sunrise, uplifting in its elemental grandeur. Seldom has music displayed a result brought about with such comparative simplicity—a simplicity in inverse proportion to its subtlety. It invites to the prayer of the sun worshippers as they salute their round burning god lifting in the blue. The composition is welded by a giant will. It contains so many incongruous elements, that their combination and complete fusion seem at first hearing an incredible attempt. It is the old symphonic-poem form of Liszt, but changed, amplified. The themes appear, disappear, surge to insanity in their passion, melt into religious appeal, dance with bacchanalian joy, mock, blaspheme, exhort and enchant. There is ugly music and hieratic, music bitter and sweet, black music and white, music that repels and music that lures—we are hopelessly snared by the dream tunes of this enharmonic fowler, who often pipes in the No Man's Land on the other side of good and evil. The ear is ravished, the eye dazzled; every brain centre is assaulted and responds to this new and formidable engine for stimulating ideas and emotions. The old-world riddle is propounded and left unsolved. And we seem to have grazed an Apocalypse of gnomic scepticism in the conflicting tonalities with their sphinx-like profile.

III

The greatest technical master thus far of the orchestra, making of it a vibrating dynamic machine, a humming mountain of fire, never dreamed of, Richard Strauss, by virtue of his musical imagination, is painter-poet and psychologist. He describes, comments, and narrates in tones of jewelled brilliancy; his orchestra flashes like a canvas of Monet—the divided tones and the theory of complementary colors (overtones) have their analogues in the manner with which Strauss intricately divides his various instrumental choirs: setting one group in opposition and juxtaposition to another; producing the most marvellous, unexpected effects by acoustical mirroring and transmutation of motives by decomposition of sound; and almost blinding the brain when the entire battery of reverberation and repercussion is invoked. If he can paint sunshine and imitate the bleating of sheep, he can also draw the full-length portrait of a man. This he proves with his Don Quixote, wherein the noble dreamer and his earthy squire, are *heard* in a series of adventures, terminating with the death of the rueful knight—one of the most affecting pages in musical literature. Don Quixote is shown as the quotidian type of one whose day-dreams are a bridge leading

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to the drab and sorrowful cell of madness. He is not mocked, but tenderly treated by Strauss. It is upon the broad-backed Sancho Panza that the composer unlooses his quiver of humorous arrows. The score is thus far the greatest of its maker, the noblest in subject-matter, in dignity of theme, complexity of handling, and synthetic power. To show his independence of all musical form, Strauss selected the most worn—the Theme with Variations. Amazing is the outcome. No other composer before him, not even the master-variationist, Brahms, has so juggled and deployed the entire range of musical material in serried battalions. Virtuosity there is, but it is the virtuosity which serves a psychologist; never is there display for decoration's idle use. All is fantasy, realistic fancy. A solo violoncello and a solo viola represent the half-cracked pair of Cervantes. The madness of Quixote is indicated by a device musically and psychologically unique. His theme, his character, goes to pieces in mid-air, after the mania of romance reading. The muting of the instruments, and general muddling of ideas make the picture of slow-creeping derangement painfully true. Then follow variations, close in their fidelity to the story, and never unmindful of the medium in which it is told. Despite the disquieting verisimilitude of the wind-machine, of the sheep, Strauss has never put forth his astoundingly imaginative powers to such purpose. We are stunned, horrified, piqued, yet always enthralled by this masterful ironist who has conserved his mental chastity. The finale is soothing, its *facture* is a miracle of tonal values. Don Quixote, until he surpasses it, will remain a monument to Richard Strauss.

The Hero's Life is nearer the symphony in a formal sense than any of his later works. It is his most robust composition. The conception is breath-catching, for it is a chant of the *Ego*, the tableau of Strauss's soul exposed as objectively as Walt Whitman's when he sang of his *Me*. The general outline of the work is colossal; it has no wavering contours, and is virile with a virility which shocks. It flouts the critics of the composer and shows a stupendous battle piece, Tolstoyian in fury, duration, and breadth. Cacophony rules; yet is not a battle always cacophonous? The old-fashioned symbols of trumpet-blasts with ornamental passage-work are here rudely disclaimed; war is cruel, and this episode is repulsive in its aural cruelty. The ancient harmonic order will be indeed changed when this tonal conflict is accepted by the critical rear-guard. Often we cannot hear the music because of the score. For the rest, there are apposite quotations from the composer's earlier works, and the *coda* is beautiful with its supreme peace, supreme absorption in a Buddhistic Nirvana.

This, then, has Richard Strauss accomplished: He has restored to instrumental music its rightful sovereignty; it need fear no longer the encroachment of music-drama, at the best a bastard art. Enlarged, its eloquence enormously intensified, its capacity for rare, subtle beauty increased tenfold, the modern orchestra has been literally enfranchised by Strauss from the house of operatic bondage. He has revolutionized symphonic music by breaking down its formal barriers, and he has filled his Tone-Poems with a new and diverse *content*. In less than an hour he concentrates more, relates more, makes us see, feel, and hear more than could be seen or heard in a music-drama enduring six. His musical themes *quâ* themes are occasionally ordinary, his melodic invention sometimes flags; yet because of his incomparable architectonics he keeps us hypnotized as his stately, fantastic tonal structures slowly uprise and unfold like many-colored smoke from the incantations of legendary Eastern genii. He absorbs absolutely our consciousness with this new quintessence of a poetic, pictorial, sculptural and metaphysical art. Music, unaided by words or theatric device —for the compositions of Strauss may be enjoyed without their titles—has never been so articulate, so dangerously definite, so insidiously cerebral. Madness may lie that way; but the flaming magic of the man is ever restrained by deep artistic reverence. We catch glimpses of vast orphic vistas where dissonance may be King; slow, iron twilights in which move the enigmatic figures of another world; there are often more moons than one in the blood-red skies of his icy landscapes; yet the sacred boundaries of music are never quite overstepped. Little matters the niche awarded this composer by posterity—Richard Strauss is the musical enchanter of his day.

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THE UNPREPARED

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON FISHER

EXETER FROST, after a healthy, cheerful boyhood, at the age of twenty-six discovered introspection. This complaint, which, like the measles, it is well to have done with in childhood, so poisoned his outlook on life, that he never afterward knew an unenvenomed moment. What rendered his case particularly desperate was the fact that this new mental attitude was entirely at variance with his temperament and appearance. Some people immediately suggest the confidential corner, and grim dissection of motives; but no one could connect hair-splitting with Exeter's robust personality. So foreign was it to him that he never succeeded in making self-criticism an ally—it was always an enemy to his nature, so that the two forces acting counter to each other rendered the course of his conduct an uncertain zigzag which few could understand.

These few were the women he had made love to—few, yet sufficient to bear witness—and they understood a good deal better than he did; for, to be candid, his combination of susceptibility and caution confused no one so much as it did himself.

His situation was not unlike that of Master Launcelot Gobbo:

"Here is a pretty woman much too good for you," said his Nature.

"But remember, you are hard to please," replied Introspection.

"Most men would fall in love with her," said his Nature.

"But you are so different from most men," answered Introspection.

"I believe you are in love with her," said his Nature.

"But what will you believe to-morrow?" asked Introspection.

It must not be supposed that the fault lay in the weakness of his feelings—on the contrary; his temperament was a violent one, and he felt strongly. He never could see why men with not half so much intensity advanced without impediment—at least without impediments from within. Knowing the conflict within himself, he grew to put all his hope of ultimate triumph in the strength of his emotion, and actually grew to pride himself upon it, although he had reached the age of thirty without having had sufficient confidence in its permanence to ask any woman to marry him. In order to render his plight more pitiable, Frost was convinced that he would never be happy until he was married; and his means were ample.

Miss Bettina Devalon was often called flirtatious, and, in truth, a fondness for her was discoverable in the pasts of a surprising number of agreeable men—in their pasts, because she had rejected a place in their future. Yet she was no cold, unapproachable beauty. She admitted that most women were happier married, only a few, among whom she classed herself, were better single than married to any but the right man. She was frank enough to acknowledge that the best luck in the world would be to find him—a declaration that had a peculiarly maddening effect on those who turned out to be the wrong ones. Evidently she was not to blame for a certain frivolity of appearance which failed to accord with the high seriousness of her views on matrimony. Nor is an infantile smile at variance with the highest ideals. It was, in fact, these high ideals themselves, as Miss Devalon was able to explain to herself, that led to her being called flirtatious—these and a pair of languid blue eyes, which sometimes appeared to express things not intended by their owner.

That Fate should bring these two people together seemed to the well-informed a triumph of retribution. Some looked to see the strictness of Miss Devalon's requirements relax before a man who so tantalizingly refrained from presenting himself as a candidate; while others doubted if Exeter could resist the attraction of one

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more consistently disappointing than himself. Would he not forget to analyze his feelings in face of an imminent rejection?

For the first six months of what looked like a desperate love affair, the world was interested—for a year; but when two had gone by without bringing any sign of a crisis, interest flagged. Some people wondered when she would make up her mind to take him; others, when she would have the chance. Bettina was in the former class and Exeter in the latter, for both had more confidence in their own attractions than in their constancy. They thought of each other almost continually, and without being in the least priggish, Bettina debated how Exeter would bear a refusal, and he had qualms lest he gave an effect of greater intention than he possessed.

At last a day came when he entered her drawing-room absent and difficult to amuse. He took his tea while staring at the fire, and at last, almost in the midst of one of her sentences, remarked:

"My brother is engaged."

The news was not unexpected, and the match was agreeable to the family, so Bettina merely observed that she supposed they were very happy.

"Yes, they are happy. Their only trouble is that they have to wait. Her mother won't let her be married for a year."

At this Bettina allowed herself to smile a trifle superciliously, sure of her companion's sympathy. She was aware that the fiancés had not known each other long, and a year, according to her views, was a short time in which to make sure of their feelings. But Exeter gave back no answering smile.

"Do you know what he said when he told me?" he asked. "He said" (a portentous pause) "that he supposed I would be married first."

Now Bettina may be excused for supposing that such an opening had but one object, and wishing to stave off a definite proposal until she had made up her mind what she meant to say, she answered hastily that he must not allow such foolish speeches to distress him; that she heard them, too, but that she didn't mind, and that the world never did understand friendships like theirs.

Exeter shook his head. "It isn't a friendship—not on my side," he said solemnly. "You are the only woman for me—the only woman I could ever marry, but——"

If Bettina had not anticipated this "but," it came no less as a reprieve.

"But," she said, taking it up quickly, "for people like ourselves that is no reason for marrying—or not a sufficient reason."

"I'm not thinking of myself," said he, not entirely truthfully; "of course I should be happier married to you than under any conceivable circumstances; but should I be justified—be justified in proposing it, I mean, knowing my own nature so well? If you should find me unsatisfactory——"

"I fancy if one is really in love," replied Bettina, who was not entirely pleased with some of the assumptions of his last remark, "one finds nothing unsatisfactory; but as, of course, I do not feel——"

"Exactly," interrupted Frost, "you can't make up your mind. I knew how you stood. Well, I don't see why, if we go on like this, we—you, I mean—should ever be able to come to a decision, and so I have a scheme to propose—I suggest that we enter into a conditional engagement."

"What is that?"

"Why, it would mean that at the end of a year either one would have the right to make it unconditional. In the meantime, things would be much pleasanter. I should see you every day——"

"You do already."

"Call you by your first name."

"Not in public."

"And," he added severely, "I should be allowed to kiss you."

"You would be allowed to do no such thing."

"Oh, very well," he returned sulkily; "only you might as well have said at once that you didn't approve of the whole scheme."

"I don't disapprove of the whole scheme—only of that particular point."

"It's the most important."

"Not to my mind. Its other aspects are much more important. We could talk freely, just as if we were really engaged, about where we should like to live, and how, and," she added, remembering a bar of music which he invariably whistled wrong, "we could mention to each other any little habits we find objectionable."

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Into this compact they actually entered. The next day he brought her what they called a conditional-engagement ring—it was unremarkable and worn on the little finger. They began to find the greatest interest in houses, housekeeping, and furniture. Frost took to enclosing her clippings from the real-estate news, with items marked in blue pencil. For the first time she listened when her mother's friends talked of their cooks, for, needless to say, her house was to be run on principles combining economy and luxury as they had never been combined. Furniture, too, interested them, and they induced their friends to give them Christmas presents such as would adorn a house—old prints and decanters. Sometimes in the course of their walks, they might have been seen stealing in and out of old-furniture shops.

The essence, of course, of their arrangement was secrecy—especially as far as their relations were concerned. These on both sides desired the marriage, and could not understand why it did not take place. Bettina and Exeter, who sternly imposed formality, little guessed that behind their backs their respective families often met and compared notes, and, foretelling the outcome, were almost ready to back their opinions. But though the young people did not guess this, they were aware that no obstacles would be thrown in their way by those in authority, and for this very reason they looked more carefully for the obstacles which they themselves could present. For this reason, too, they were careful that no one should know how seriously the question was under consideration. Thus they concealed like crimes their glances at upholsterers' windows, and found the incident of the refrigerator particularly annoying.

One day, while walking together, they saw this glass and white-enamel perfection standing conspicuous in a huge plate-glass window. They paused, they examined, they discussed it. They were no longer ignorant on the subject of refrigerators, and after looking it over, they saw it realized the dreams of connoisseurs.

Finally they entered, not so much to ask its price, as to view it from another angle. Nevertheless, in the process the price was mentioned—not high—a distinct bargain. It had been specially designed and built for a gentleman whose exquisite taste pervaded all departments of his household, but he had unfortunately lost all his money just as the refrigerator was completed, and it had been left on the maker's hands. Bettina and Exeter were forced to the conclusion that if they were connoisseurs he had been an artist, as device after device, insuring health and convenience, was revealed by the shopman. They complimented him and left the shop with lingering glances, only to return a few minutes later. Exeter was resolved that wherever and with whomsoever his future was to be spent, it should be eased by that refrigerator. In short, they bought it, on the understanding that it was to be stored in shop for six months—until it was sent for. An address was demanded, and Bettina's given, as being less conspicuous.

But, alas! the clearest orders are sometimes misunderstood. Exeter walked slowly home with Bettina, and was induced to come in for a cup of tea with her and her mother. He was in the act of setting down his empty cup when the sound of horses backing a heavily laden cart to the curb was heard without. Bettina and Exeter exchanged glances of alarm. A large white refrigerator was seen to stand before the door.

Mrs. Devalon, who was of a hopeful disposition and quick of mind, ran over all the possibilities, and announced that her uncle was sending her a belated Christmas present. In the pause, the cook at the foot of the basement stairs was heard remarking that if she had her way she'd have none of them new-fangled affairs cluttering up her basement.

Exeter's presence of mind saved the situation. He dashed out, interviewed the man, put his hand in his pocket, and returned with the information that it was a mistake. The refrigerator was driven away. Mrs. Devalon recalled the fact that her uncle was growing neglectful; the cook, that her present ice-box was a disgrace.

Beyond sowing these seeds of discontent, the incident was closed; but it had been fraught with danger. Bettina and Exeter were more careful thereafter. They were not without a sense of humor, and knew their position was ludicrous, yet could not on that account make up their minds to

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Drawn by Harrison Fisher.

"It isn't a friendship—not on my side," he said.—Page 359.

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change it. The deadly word "marriage" could sweep aside every attitude but terror.

They tried the experiment of sitting side by side through the wedding of a friend, and came out trembling at the force of their imagination.

"Oh, no, Exeter," said she, as they stepped into the street, "it will be a long time before I can go through any such ceremony as that."

Frost, who would have felt his knees give way at any more encouraging speech, replied wonderingly:

"And those two had not met six months ago!" There was a tinge of admiration in his wonder, and it was this that Bettina answered:

"But, don't you see the difference? They look at the whole question so much less seriously—they must. If they had been as sure as we were even a year ago, they would not have hesitated. That is the price we pay for high ideals."

"Oh, of course," he replied; but he did not look as if to him delay were a penalty.

They corresponded daily, and their families' delight at this mark of affection would have been less gratified on a perusal of the letters, of which these are fair samples:

DEAR X.—Vaguest of unknown quantities—you did not please me at all yesterday. I say nothing of the manner of your conversation with your hostess, but oh—the matter! Do you really think that after marriage a woman should give up enjoying the society of her old friends? Do you think I will put myself in a cell—even for you? No. Give me a bond signed and sealed that I should be free in such matters, or even a conditional engagement ceases. BETTINA.

He answered:

How malicious of you, dear, to hold me responsible for theories evolved in the agony of the moment. I found comfort in the thought of grinding you down. I was jealous, my good young woman, bitingly jealous, and if you had talked ten minutes longer to that good-looking young horseman in that appealing manner of yours, I would have sworn that women should be kept behind bars—that Turks are the only wise men.

Is it not evident enough that I have no rights, without rubbing it in?

And Bettina, though in sympathy with his attitude, noted that he had not as yet asked for the rights he lamented.

In summer the two families were widely separated, and though, for the first few weeks, Bettina and Exeter managed to see each other frequently, by means of judiciously arranged visits, during the main part of the summer they were completely cut off.

The result was excellent. They longed for each other ardently; they wrote at great length, and their letters—more particularly his—became absolutely love-letters. For her part, Bettina no longer found pleasure in the friendship of other men, so that it seemed as if in the past these relations had owed their zest more to Exeter's suffering than to their own importance. At the same time, she found herself in terror lest, during her absence, Exeter should meet with someone as pleasing as she and more impetuous. He was harassed by a similar fear. Without betraying it, both made up their minds that in the autumn they would allow the engagement to become unconditional.

But before the Autumn Exeter, usually the most robust of men, fell ill. At first his condition was thought serious, but not desperate. Bettina, casting aside all concealment, sent daily letters to his mother. At length she was telegraphed for and went by the earliest train.

The two women were calm when they met, and the tears in their eyes as they kissed each other were more of sympathy than weakness.

"I will not excite him," murmured Bettina.

"It does not matter what you do, my dear. The doctors say there is no hope."

"Does he know?"

The elder woman bowed her head, and Bettina went in to see the man to whom she might have been married two years before.

An hour later she came out with the intelligence that it was Exeter's wish that they should be married at once, and that she had consented. She did not say that for the fraction of a second—for a period of time too short for even his piercing glance to take note of—she had hesitated. She had hesitated only from habit. Her consent came no less earnestly.

That very afternoon the ceremony they had so often discussed united them. The exertion was too much for Exeter, and he fainted as the last words were said. Bettina was hurried from the room. At the

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They began to find the greatest interest in houses, housekeeping, and furniture.—Page 360.

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door a servant called her "Mrs. Frost." She remembered that the right to bear his name and to mourn him were the only privileges of their strange union.

That night Exeter grew steadily worse, but the next day rallied somewhat, and on the next showed unexpected improvement. At the end of a week the doctors admitted he had a chance. Within a month he was out of danger.

At this point, the young doctor left in charge proposed firmly that Bettina should leave the house for two weeks. It was not advisable that she should see the patient, and her proximity rendered him restless and unruly. In two weeks she might be allowed an interview.

She went without protest. To tell the truth, a confusion reigned in her being such as her well-ordered young life had never before known, and she was not sorry for a little respite. Of course, there had been a certain recklessness in the permitting of even a conditional engagement; but this element had been held in check by her knowledge that she need never fulfil it if she did not want to. But now there was no room for considering her wishes. This was obvious, and yet still from long custom she found herself weighing the question—only to remember with a shock that the time for decision was past. She was married, and not all the caution in the world would alter the fact.

In a strange house, called by an unaccustomed name, sustaining a new relation to a woman with whom she had never been intimate, Bettina scarcely recognized herself, and could not at all focus Exeter in the strange man whose name she bore. To be married out of hand was the last fate in the world she had expected to overtake her. Her position surprised her, yet was not altogether displeasing. In fact, a certain exhilaration was part of the confusion she endured. The smile with which she met congratulations was as irrepressibly sweet as a bride's should be.

Nevertheless, she was not altogether reluctant when the doctor exiled her from the house of the man whom people spoke of as "your husband." She was to come back in two weeks—a period of time which seemed to her now an eternity, and now but the twinkling of an eye.

Nor did she find peace in her own home, where all the reserves that for two years she had imposed on her family were broken down, so that they talked of little but their past suspicions and present satisfaction. Of the details of housekeeping Bettina could not be induced to talk. She felt alternately so little married that such discussion was indecent, or so much married that it was stifling.

So that when her two weeks were over she came to her interview with Exeter as perturbed as ever. She stood a moment on the threshold of his sunny room—altered, indeed, since last she had entered it with the rector. Exeter was sitting in a large chair, propped up with pillows, looking surprisingly unchanged—surprisingly to poor Bettina, whose self-confidence was so shattered that she would scarcely have wondered at finding him an entirely different person. Whatever the turmoil within her, she had resolved that nothing of the kind should be apparent. She intended to assume the same sincere yet not too encouraging manner which had been so successful during the conditional engagement.

This is what she had intended, but when she opened the door and saw him looking so natural and so happy in her coming, she said nothing at all, but stood almost awkwardly on the threshold, coloring slowly; thus leaving to him the whole control of the situation.

He appeared to recognize her helplessness, for he smiled at her, and said:

"This is a dishonorable trick I have played you, Bettina—this getting well."

Here a safe, whole-souled statement was possible, and she hastened to make it.

"Ah, what a relief to see you well again!"

"But is it a relief to see yourself married?"

Finding him so fully informed of the state of her mind, she replied, with accuracy:

"There never could have been anyone else, Exeter. I never could imagine marrying anyone but you."

"But would you have married me if——"

"Would *you?*" she retorted.

Apparently he had not expected this obvious question, for he had no answer to it that he chose to make.

There was a moment's pause, while they both considered the familiar question of how, had not their hands been forced, they would have solved the problem.

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"This is a dishonorable trick I have played you, Bettina—this getting well."—Page 364.

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"There's one thing I should like to know, Bettina," he said at length. "(Come in and shut the door.) Do you honestly feel one bit better prepared than you did two years ago?"

The suggestion was so startling, so revolutionary in character, that Bettina could not answer off-hand. She shut the door, and stood considering, her eyes fixed slantingly on the rug. After an appreciable silence, she said with a gasp:

"Really, Exeter, I don't believe I do."

"Nor I," he returned. "And do you know what I have come to think?—that no preparation is possible; that the only way to get ready to marry a person is just to marry them. That is my opinion, and I don't know whose would be more valuable."

"Oh, it can't be true, Exeter!" cried Bettina, seeing the principles of her life crumbling. "There must be some preparation. If you are right, we've just wasted two years of our lives."

"That's all," he answered; and the truth bursting from him, he added: "For my part, I think it would be better to regret our marriage than to think about it any more."

For an instant this seemed to give Bettina food for thought; but almost at once, another aspect striking her, she raised her habitually languid eyes and said, with a glance of some fire:

"Let me catch you regretting it!"

Whereupon they exchanged their first kiss, with a sensation of recklessness such as the consistently reckless can never know.

PRIVATE MORPHY'S ROMANCE

By Harvey J. O'Higgins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

WHEN the hook and ladder truck of Company No. 0, with plunging horses and a furious bell, came struggling through the frozen slush of the dark side-street and shot out into the cleaner avenue, it slewed and slid wildly on icy asphalt as it turned the circle of the corner light.

"Skatin's good," Pim, the "sergeant" of the crew, observed.

Young Morphy, beside him, was holding out from the step at arm's length, craning his long neck; and Pim gripped and held him as the man on the "tiller," bringing around the tail of the truck in the swing of a game of "crack the whip," skidded the rear wheels into the car tracks with a lurch that would have thrown Morphy into the street.

Pim steadied him. "Want to break yer crockery on the stones?" he grumbled. "What's wrong with yuh?"

From Pendergast, behind him, there sounded a sarcastic snigger; and when the truck had "straightened out" for the gallop down the avenue, Pim looked over his shoulder for an explanation. Pendergast said, with a wink and a leer: "It's down where Kitty Slogan lives."

Pim knew enough of the quarrel between Pendergast and Morphy to understand that they had fought about a girl. He had thought, from what he had heard of the truck-house gossip, that her name was "Rosie." He gathered, now, from Pendergast's manner, that she was "Kitty Slogan."

He grunted and turned a disgusted back on this introduction of sentiment and a woman into the business of the fire department. It was like such young fools as Pendergast and Morphy to be mixing their "girling" with the serious affairs of life. He got their measure in a memory of himself, in his first uniform, walking the longest way home to his meals on days when the wind would show the red lining in his blue coat-tails, eyeing his shadow on the sidewalk before him, and kicking up the bottoms of his trouser legs with a swagger as he strutted past the admiration of the petticoats of the quarter. Pish!

Then Pendergast said: "I'll be blistered

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"Want to break yer crockery on the stones?" he grumbled.—Page 366.

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if it ain't her corner, all right"; and Pim snorted hotly. Suppose it was her corner! Did that make any difference to them? Their business was with the fire, not with any tow-headed Irish girl that might be in it.

Morphy was hanging out from the step again, bending forward now in an eagerness that seemed to find the progress of the truck too slow for him. Pim clapped a hand on his shoulder. "Look here," he said, "you put yer turn-out on, an' atten' to business."

Morphy drew back in a shame-faced consciousness of his excitement, and began to busy himself with the difficulties of getting into his rubber-coat and of balancing himself at the same time against the lurches of the truck.

"An' if I ketch yuh goin' anywhere without orders," Pim warned him, "I'll report yuh to th' ol' man. See?"

Morphy waved a muffled arm through the tangle of his coat, but did not answer.

Pim turned to Pendergast. "That's for you, too," he added.

Pendergast looked at him and laughed. "I'm not doin' any gran'-stan' stunts," he said.

"See yuh don't," Pim replied, sourly—to have the last word—and swung out to look down the street.

He could see the red-brick fronts of a block of tenement-houses glowing out of the darkness ahead, in the footlight glare of a blaze that was curling two monstrous tongues of flame out from the sashless lower windows and licking in open insolence up the wall. A crowd in the street, watching it in a fascinated silence, broke into a shout when they saw the truck.

"Ol' man Slogan has the fourth floor," Pendergast said.

Pim cursed the headway that the fire had gained. "Cop asleep again," he muttered. "An' there ain't a line of hose here yet."

The driver began to draw in his horses. Captain Meaghan called from his high place on the "turn-table": "Get your ladders ready, boys!" And they tossed back into the truck the hooks and axes with which they had been arming themselves, and attacked their ladder-pins.

Pim and Morphy unbuckled the life-net to free their "thirty-five-footer," and heaved the half-moon of tarpaulin out on the sidewalk as the truck swerved into the kerb with a grinding of brakes. They had their ladder down before the horses had stopped pawing and slipping on the gutter ice. And they drove it through the sidewalk crowd with the aid of their fellows, and raised it beside the third-story window, out of the reach of the flames, while Captain Meaghan was still shouting behind them at the squad that had manned the opposite side of the truck.

Pim turned the neck-guard of his helmet over his face and ran up the rungs, his head down, his shoulders high, into the heat. It was his work, and that of the man who followed him, to break in the windows of the third floor and save the occupants of it, if there were any smothering in their sleep inside; Lieutenant Gallegher was scaling the other ladder to the same end; Captain Meaghan was running to the doorway, with axe and lantern. And young Morphy, biting his lip at the foot of Pim's ladder, looked up at the "sergeant," looked back at the truck where the axes were, and then darted away, empty-handed, after Meaghan, and caught up to him at the door.

It was Pendergast who followed him.

In the gas-light of the narrow hallway, a group of frightened women screamed and wept. Captain Meaghan charged into them with a shout that drove them back on Morphy. A frantic mother among them, screeching "Safe my Rosie! Safe my Rosie!" caught at the private; and before he could get himself freed from her last hysteric clutch, Pendergast and the Captain were half way up the stairs ahead of him.

That "Rosie" was the girl of whom Pim had heard; and Pendergast looked back at Morphy with a grin which no smoke could hide. Morphy reddened and went after him, leaping up the steps. And then, there rushed out upon the landing above them a young woman, bare-footed and wrapped in a great-coat; and at sight of her he stumbled and stopped short.

She gave a little squeal as she came, and threw herself, fainting, into the arms of the Captain. But Meaghan had a veteran fire-fighter's knowledge of hysteria and a practical, if somewhat rough, method of treatment for it. He caught her by the

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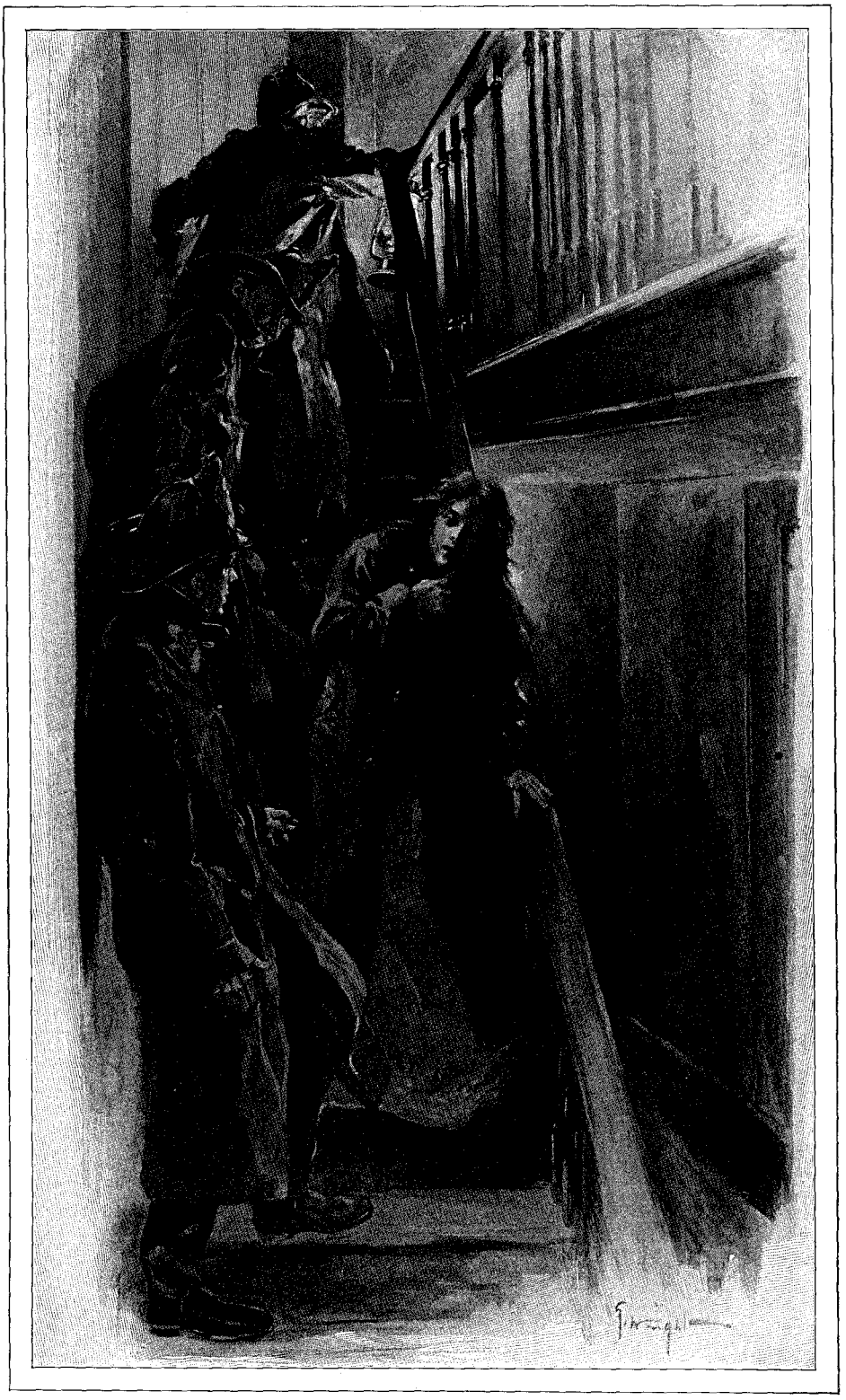

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He shrank back against the wall with a mutter of apology.—Page 370.

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collar of her coat, lifted her to her feet, and shook her back to her senses. "Now you walk down those stairs," he ordered, "or I'll *throw* yuh down!" And he spoke in that angry blare of voice of which Pim has said that it would "start a mule out of a baulk."

She clutched the balustrade and sidled down past him, her face as if blurred of any intelligent expression by her fear, her eyes goggled in a gaping stare at him, groping. She looked at Morphy as she went by him, and he shrank back against the wall with a mutter of apology. The mother at the foot of the steps cried, "Ach, Rosie! Rosie!" in a hoarse delight. Pendergast, grinning down at them, chuckled in a malicious enjoyment of the situation. And Morphy sprang at him with an oath.

It is certain that there would have been a fight between them there, but Pendergast was the nimbler, and he reached the dense smoke of the landing just as Meaghan broke open a door and disappeared into the room with his lantern. Pendergast dodged in after him; and Morphy, blinded by his anger, running at full tilt along the hallway to the foot of the next flight of stairs, dashed past a flaming doorway and headed up toward the Slogan flat.

The gas was burning dimly in the smother there, and the hall was empty. He looked about him, breathing heavily, until—with the sudden understanding that he had got ahead of the others—he turned to leap up the last steps to the Slogan door and beat a thunder of blows on it with his fist.

He got no answer. He put his shoulder against the flimsy pine, and tried to force the lock. It gave, but held him. He stood back and drove his side into it with his full weight; and the catch snapping unexpectedly, he fell sprawling into the parlor beside a table on which an oil-lamp was burning serenely in a homelike privacy and quiet.

There was a cry of fright from within. He scrambled to his feet, caught up the lamp and rushed into the next room with it. And there "Kitty" Slogan sat up in bed, the coverlet clutched to her chin, screaming.

She stopped with a gasp when she recognized him, and she flushed to the eyes. He backed into the doorway, putting up a hand to fumble off his helmet. "I—I," he said. "The—the house's afire."

She steadied a fluttering breath. "Thank you," she replied, in a voice that shook under a tone of icy politeness. "You could've told me that without scarin' me to death."

He had expected her to behave as Rosie had; and he blinked stupidly at her in the sudden right-about of his hopes. He wiped his forehead. "Yuh'd better tell the others," he said.

"My parents are not in, Mr. Morphy," she replied.

Her manner stopped him on the dead centre, so to say. He could neither go forward nor get himself turned back. He looked at her helplessly. She said: "Will you please get out o' here?"

A burst of smoke, blowing in from below stairs, made a blue halo around the light. He put the lamp down meekly and went out, his helmet in his hand. But as soon as his eyes were off her, a proper resentment of her treatment of him blazed up from the smoulder of Pendergast's persecution, and he clapped his hat on with a growl.

It was all Pendergast's work—the mud-cat! And that was all he was, a mud-cat! He was as black as one; he had the grin of one; he was barbed like one, with a Guinny mustache; and he was as slippery, and as low-down dirt-mean as one. What business was it of his if "Rosie" *had* been making eyes at a fellow-private around the gable of her nose, as she went past the truck-house door? And what but the lowest cussedness had prompted Pendergast—that day when he was on the desk and Kitty Slogan had come with a word for "Mr. Morphy"—had prompted him to call upstairs, "Morphy! Morphy! Here's a message from Rosie for yuh"? It had served him right that he had had his face punched for that. He had done it to make trouble. And he had succeeded—the scab!

Morphy grasped the balustrade in the hall, and leaned over to glower down the stairs in the hope that Pendergast might be coming up alone. He imagined his own big fist covering and eclipsing Pendergast's broad grin in the blow that would meet him as he rose beaming on the landing; and that mental picture was so vivid that for a moment it outshone the glare

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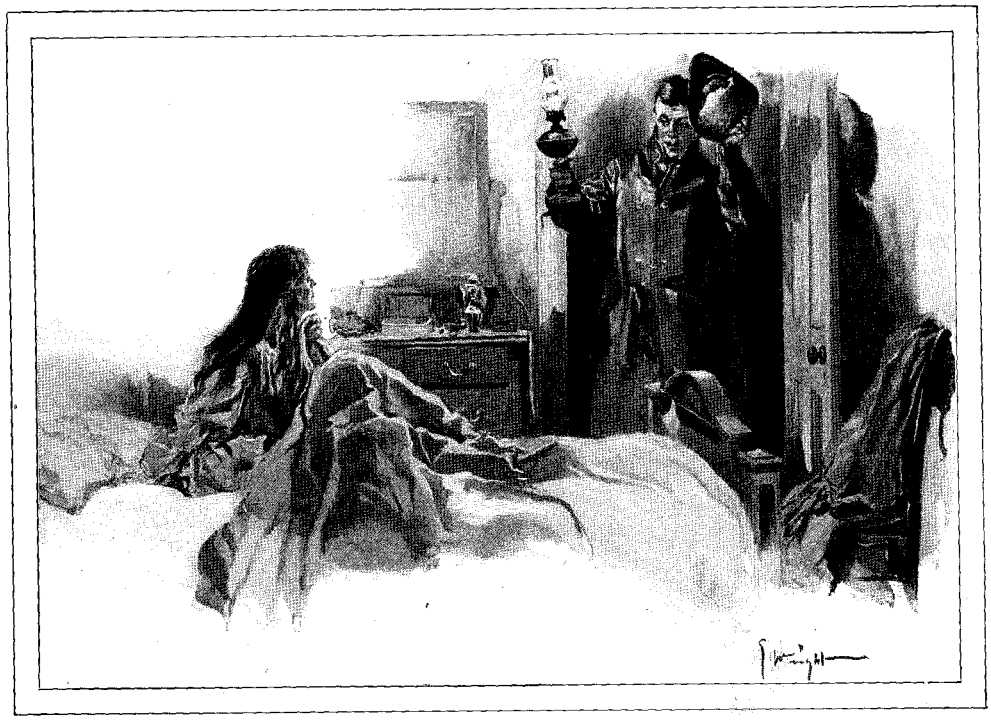

"The—the house's afire."—Page 370.

below—a glare which leaped and lightened in a draught of burning gases that came flaming up the pine stairs with the crackling of a brush-wood bonfire.

He understood the situation when the heat took him in the throat and nostrils with a burning choke of suffocation. He jumped back, snorting the stifle from his nose; and he ran in for Kitty Slogan with a yell of "Stair's afire!" that was lost in the banging of the hall door as he flung it shut behind him.

She screamed frantically, "Go away, you! Go away!" and slammed the bedroom door in his face.

"Look here," he called, hoarsely, in the darkness, "we got to get out o' here—quick!"

She cried back, with that excess of coolness which has caused as many deaths by fire as the blindest fright: "You can get out of here just as quick as you like."

"D'yuh want to jump out of a fourth-story window?" he demanded.

She did not answer. He heard her bustling about inside. He said: "You'll have to get a move on, if yuh *don't*."

She called out, on a high trembling note of defiance: "Why ain't you lookin' after 'Rosie'?"

He took that retort—as he had taken the puff of heat over the balustrade—in a breath of indignation through the nose; and he took it, too, as a proof that there was a pique and spirit in her that blocked his way as surely as the flame in the staircase. It was useless to argue with her.

He turned back toward the front windows, stumbling with curses against the furniture. He reached a blind and tore it from its roller, savagely; and the glare from without leaped into the room, red and threatening. He threw up the sash and looked out.

The house was three windows in width, and of the three directly below him two were already in flames. The third was dark with smoke. It was to this last one that Pim's ladder had been raised. And Morphy knew that it could not remain there long.

He shouted and ran back to the hall door. As soon as he opened it, the heat and flame struck into his eyes like an ex-

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Drawn by George Wright.

He smothered her in the blanket.—Page 373.

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plosion. He slammed it shut and dashed back to the bedroom. "Come out o' that!" he cried, breaking in on her. "Unless yuh want——"

She was in her wrapper, bare-footed. She screamed "How dare you!" stamping on the floor.

He tore a blanket off the bed and made to throw it about her. She struck at him with an open hand and dealt him a futile blow on the side of the head; but before she could make another movement, he smothered her in the blanket, spun her around in the entangling folds of it, pinned down her arms, and stooping, drew her forward to fall, head-down, like a practice "dummy," over his shoulder. She screamed a muffled protest, as he rose with her. He hitched her up on his shoulder as if she were a bag of oats.

He came panting to the window. He shouted "Hi! Hi!" to Pim, who was clambering out of the third-story window in a cloud of smoke.

Pim looked up. "Who's that?" he called.

Morphy shouted: "Me; I'm cut off here—with a girl!"

"Huh!" Pim grunted. He raised his voice: "Get over to this other window here." He added to himself: "An' be darn quick about it"; for the fire was growing in the room which he had left.

Morphy carried his struggling load through the door of a little room off the parlor, and found the third window. He fought with the tight sash of it, but he could not raise it with a single hand. He swore angrily at the girl, and swung his elbow into the pane to send it crashing down on Pim. At the same moment, he heard the explosion of the fire in the room under his feet. He climbed out on the sill as quickly as he could. He was too late. The flames were so fierce in the window below him that Pim had been driven down from it.

It was impossible to put up a scaling-ladder through the blaze. It would be a neck-breaking leap from such a height for any but an expert in the use of a life-net. And before the extension-ladder could be raised, the fire would be all around them.

Pim shouted to the men in the street: "Here, boys! Here you! Push this ladder out from the bricks. Get your hooks an' hold it steady."

Three of the men ran to get under the slant of the ladder and raise it out from the window, while three others braced the foot. Two with hooks propped it, as telegraph linemen prop the pole which they are raising. Pim climbed like an acrobat to the swaying top of it, twined a leg among the upper rungs, and looked up through the drift of heat and smoke, throwing down his helmet and peeling off his rubber-coat.

"Now!" he called. "Swing her out an' drop her between me an' the wall. Quick!"

The noises in the street hushed to a trembling silence of throbbing steam-pumps. Morphy straddled the sill and swung her out limp. He held her a moment under the arms. He let her go with a gasp.

She fell, fluttering in her blanket, into the smoke. The head of the ladder sank into the flames and was sprung out at once by the men below. And then it was seen that Pim, catching her about the knees in a football tackle, had taken her weight on his shoulders and his back, and held her safe.

The people in the street shouted and waved their arms. Pim came slowly down the ladder with her. A squad of men ran up with a life-net for Morphy. And he jumped and lit in it before the crowd ceased its buzz of excited comment on the rescue of the girl, and looked to see what had become of him.

He ran over to where Kitty Slogan stood, supported by two burly policemen, her hand to her forehead. "Are yuh hurt, Kitty?" he cried.

She drew herself up from a trembling droop and looked over her shoulder at him with a face that sent him back to his company with his eyes on his feet.

Pendergast had watched the passage between them. He hummed innocently as Morphy went by:

> Rosie, you are my posie,
> You *are* my rag-time gal.

But Morphy was either too bewildered to notice it, or too meek, now, to resent it.

. . . . . .

The fire was not put out until midnight; and for three hours afterward Company No. 0 remained to work with hooks and axes, tearing up floors and stripping walls for the last smoulder and spark of the

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blaze. When the final "overhauling" and "washing down" had been accomplished, and the last companies withdrew, Morphy and Pim were left with a "watch line" to guard the wrecked rooms against any reappearance of the fire; and that was how it happened that the simple-minded Morphy, sitting alone with Pim and a lantern in the ruins of the Slogan parlor, came to tell the sergeant the details of his love-affairs and ask his advice on the ending of them.

Pim listened with a smile—the long, slow smile of a man who sets up to be a philosopher and takes life with a twinkle in the eye.

"Well," he said, "when I was new to this business I read that story about the poor young fireman—with an ol' mother to keep—that saved the millionaire's only daughter an' married the money. An' that's flarin' fine skywash for a pitcher paper, but it's a pipe dream. You pick a girl out of a warm bunk, an' load her over yer shoulder, an' climb out a window with her—cussin' her 'cause she's pig-squealin' an' cat-scratchin' an' clawin' her hooks into yer gills—an' she won't love you any more'n if she'd never had her fingers in yer mouth. Not any!"

He turned the cud of fine cut in his cheek.

"But," Morphy pleaded——

"But," Pim said, "there's another aspeck of the business, an' that's this: Kitty Slogan, er any other girl in this quarter, ain't goin' to say 'No' to a business proposition from any man with *your* job. 'Cause why? 'Cause a fireman gets good pay; 'cause he ain't aroun' the house, exceptin' at meals, an' *them* he eats standin'; 'cause he keeps steady; an' when he gets old, he goes out on half-pay; an' when he don't *get* old, she draws his pension. That's why!

"If you want my advice, young man, quit yer philanderin' an' go to the lady with straight talk. Up an' say: 'Miss, I got enough fer two to live on. D'*you* want to help squander my pay?' An' if she don't say 'You bet!' I don't know no more about women than you do."

And the subsequent event showed that Pim was wise.

THE ENCHANTED MESA

By Benjamin Brooks

THE red light on the tail end of our snug habitation disappeared unceremoniously round a curve, leaving us most forlornly alone in the middle of the silent, moonlit deserts of New Mexico. We were perhaps a third awake; our collars were inside out, and we wore an odd mixture of each others' boots; for our engineer had inconsiderately made up time during the night and spoiled all the porter's calculations and our own.

"But where *is* the station?" asked Hamilton, looking up and down the empty tracks.

"Maybe there isn't any."

"Well, the hotel, then, or whatever it is."

"Probably isn't any hotel. However, there's a water-tank, at any rate, and over where the pup is yelping is the Indian village, I think. Death by drought is therefore impossible, and starvation far less likely than a quick finish by those picturesque flint arrows and stone axes."

"Delightful, I'm sure!" Hamilton replied, not without warmth. "Devilish consoling and all that, you know, but I can't follow the American joke so early in the morning, or late at night, whichever it is."

It was just between the two, as a matter of fact—four A.M. and very chilly for that part of the world; but we finally discovered a light in a decrepit box-car, and, furthermore, found it to contain a telegraph instrument, a dark-eyed operator with a trace of Indian in her face, and a hot stove—which symbol of hospitality became our headquarters till day should appear.

At five the dim old walls of the Indian

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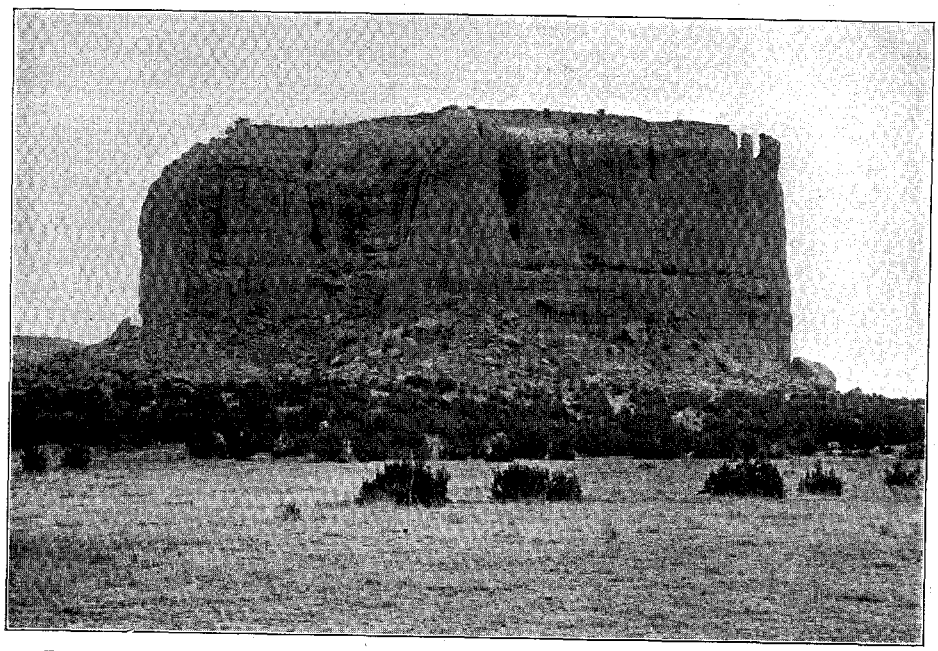

From a copyrighted photo by Detroit Photographic Co., N. Y.

The Enchanted Mesa.

village began to shine forth on their acropolis, with a clear gray light that made them very like Pompeii before the tourists or the guides or even the gate-keepers come to disturb it. Soon after, a sharp clapping issued from among the fruit trees down by the spring, which proved, on investigation, to be a wrinkled old squaw driving the sparrows out of the fruit by whacking together a pair of thin boards: and this was the signal at Laguna that the day had begun. Figures, barefoot and silent, began moving among the gray walls, and marched single file to the spring to bathe, returning with painted jugs of water balanced nonchalantly on their heads.

At six the sun from the east and the Limited from the west arrived together, and a rare spectacle immediately ensued. Indians in their tribal costume—red, white, and yellow, clinking with beads and silver ornaments—trooped down from the village, holding their baskets of earthen-ware high overhead for inspection from the train, and an equally curiously dressed people (who expected pottery bargains, but not an Anglo-Saxon audience at that hour) emerged from the Limited—the frowning dowager on the platform, minus teeth and hairpins, wasting many words on her silent venders; the fair daughters, not yet risen, thrusting slender arms from the windows, very white in contrast with the brown arms below, and emptying their purses in response to "ten-cen," "twobit," "fourbit," the three words first learned and most often used by these ancient Southwestern peoples.

"Most informal affair," was Hamilton's observation, as the east-bound pulled away. "The Americans are a jolly picturesque tribe at six in the morning." Then we became absorbed in searching the legends of the district for information that might lead to a breakfast, and this we presently achieved.

Finally, with an Indian graduate of Carlisle for a driver, and two broncos of no education whatever, we set out over a so-called road for the Enchanted Mesa whose far-told legends and mysterious, inaccessible walls had been the reason for our dropping down upon that unfrequented portion of the map. We had not gone far before Hamilton showed signs of uneasiness. "I say, Chief Man-who-can-read," —this to the driver—"is this rummy-looking chap behind us a beastly highwayman?" And we turned to discover a

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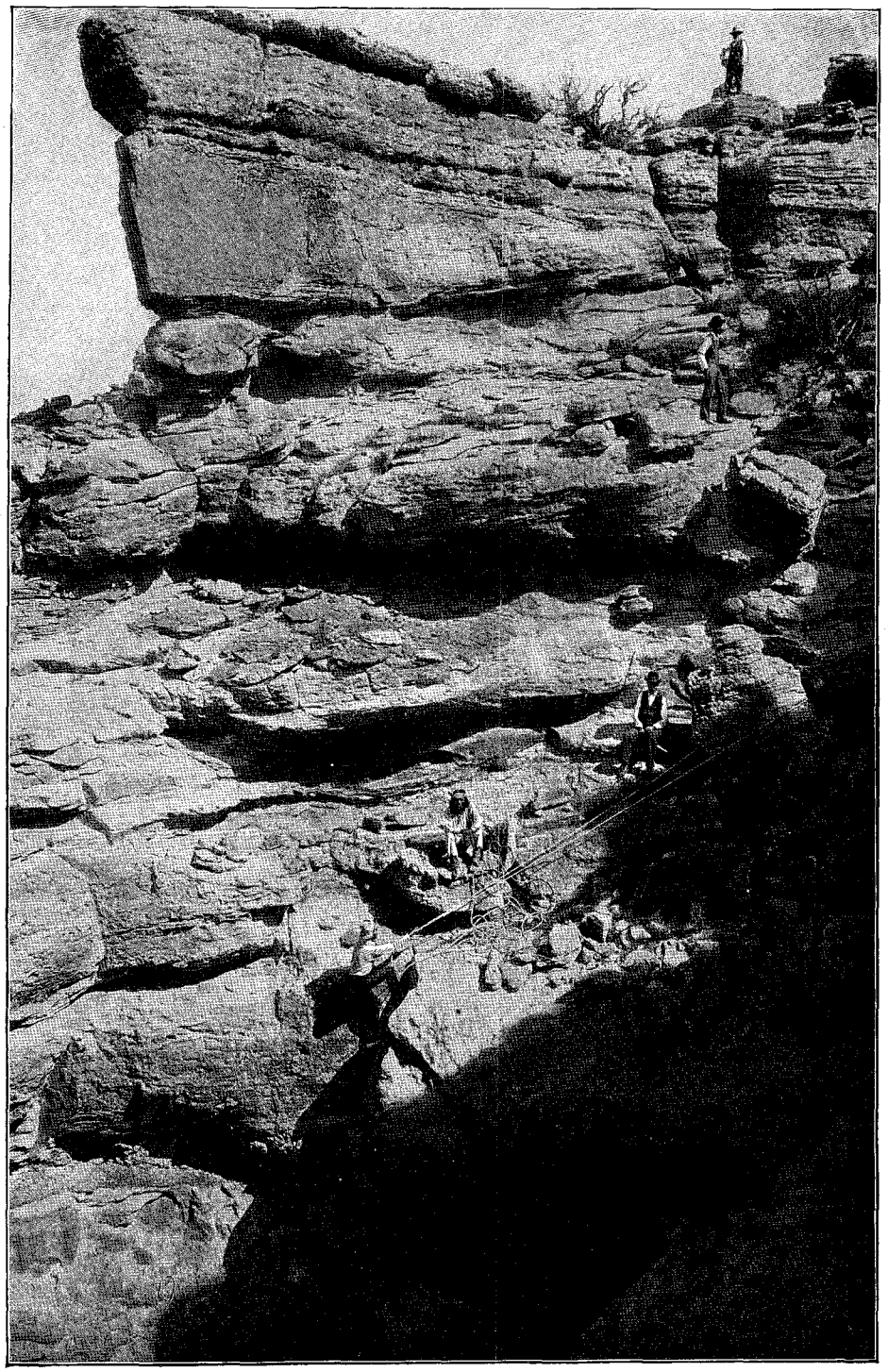

Photograph by A. C. Vroman, Pasadena, Cal.

Ascent of the Enchanted Mesa in 1897.
(Near the summit.)

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swarthy horseman galloping toward us across fields, ditches, and declivities, his reins hung recklessly over the pommel, his black hair flying wildly. But we were assured that he was a law-abiding tribesman of the driver's, not given to highway robbery, and was at present on his daily errand carrying United States Mail. It was not, however, an eventful ride, and we may have shared a doubt about the wisdom of coming so far into a land thick with mesas, to see one in particular with a legend and an inaccessible top—and not really inaccessible at that; for Professor Jordan climbed it years ago with ladders, and a far less poetic scientist is on record in the Santa Fé guide books for having discredited the legend.

We entertained this doubt for ten jolty miles, but the eleventh brought us suddenly around the foot of a ruined promontory, and the real enchantment burst suddenly upon us. We stood up in the creaking stage and looked ahead up a level valley guarded closely by steep rocks and mountains in the background. Exactly in the middle of its level floor, as straight and stately, and as mellow as a broken shaft from some old temple, rose the "Mesa Encantada." We didn't have to be told: there was never another like it.

Now the chief delight in going far to see things is the certain knowledge that when you finally arrive, the long-sought object will on no account be to you what you expected or imagined or had been told; for all cameras are liars, and all artists—see with their own eyes, not yours. And so, when the Enchanted Mesa finally stood confronting us like a buffalo in a pass, it was all perfectly new and strange. The unchanging, smooth, blue sky, the distances so great yet so clear, the great blaze of light that sets everything quivering with heat and makes it radiant with strange colors, the endless dry sand—all these things which we thought must always be in New Mexico—had vanished. Instead, there rose up from behind the Rockies dark wintry clouds that spattered rain on us now and then. The blinding light was gone, leaving behind beautiful dim colors on the mountain walls. The desert had vanished, too. The long-horned steers were cropping fresh grass, and those usually scorched river-beds daubed us with muddy water each time we forded one: for September is the one and only rainy month in New Mexico; and when some rich and long-headed engineer has built reservoirs to catch the overflow of that one month and hold it for the dry times, it may turn out to have been, not "the country God forgot," but the country capital overlooked.

We had never known before how shut in from the world in general the old Mesa was; how it stood in the very midst of a rock-bound mystery all by itself, with jealous promontories guarding it at the narrow entrance of its silent valley. It would still have been an Enchanted Mesa had never a legend been told about it.

All this while the stage creaked on, and the Mesa grew taller and more forbidding. The flying clouds played tricks with it, and made it scowling black one moment against a bright background, and not a thousand yards away—the next, a mellow red mingling with the distance, fully an hour's drive from us. One moment we fancied we could see a way to climb it; the next, it looked as great and as inaccessible as Gibraltar. But by slow degrees we at length came under the shadow of its weather-beaten walls, and the driver, pointing to a tiny white triangle, said there was an artist camping there and that was his tent. And sure enough, though it had looked like a big white stone, it finally developed into a tent; and when we alighted, there was the artist—that is, we presumed he was an artist on account of his flowing locks and Byronic shirt and picturesque tramping leggings—but, "Ah, no," said he, "you are mistaken; I am a priest. It is my friend who is the artist." Upon which emerged the friend—a plain, blunt man, under a sombrero, who wore both his hair and his beard a modest quarter of an inch long, and might have done as well for a priest. So we concluded in the wilderness, as elsewhere, one can never be cock-sure of a man by his looks.

But which was priest and which was artist mattered not at all, since both were hospitable and interesting. "We have been here a week," said the priest, "and are fascinated with it. If you doubt its being enchanted I can convince you in an hour. We have been trying for a way to climb it—not with ladders, mind you, for that is an easy matter—but by our own

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efforts. No one can help trying to climb it, it looks so possible [and I still believe it *is*]. You are thinking now," he continued, watching my eye, "that you could reach the first ledge there, then stretch to that next shelf by your hands—ah, but it is fully thirty feet high. You can't measure sizes with your eye here."

And then he offered to show us the side where the exploring parties went up with ladders, and also promised us that if we came with him to a certain magic spot, he would make the whole huge Mesa disappear, leaving only a single column of stone in its place. Meanwhile we trudged along, looking at the strange, straight walls that hung over us, and the joke about making the Mesa disappear was forgotten in contemplating its massive architecture. It was far too Egyptian—too Cyclopean in style—ever to disappear, we knew. Yet now the priest, who had got our attention away from it for a few moments, was standing in front of us waving his arms in mock magic and enjoying the joke like a boy. "Now!" exclaimed he, "I leave it to you matter-of-fact travellers if the old rock is not enchanted!" And when we looked up it had vanished, leaving only a single column of stone! Had it been dusk or moonlight our hair would no doubt have risen on end, but by day the sorcery was explainable—simply that the prehistoric river that had cut down these four hundred feet of grim old walls, leaving the Mesa an island in its midst, had fashioned it like a long, narrow wedge splitting the current, and the remaining sentinel of stone, being the wedge end, hid all the rest from just the one spot where we stood, in the same way that the blunt prow of a ship, viewed close to, hides the whole vessel.

"So you see," continued the priest, "it deserves its name. I venture to say there are not half a dozen white men besides ourselves, who have seen the Mesa so, and know its trick of vanishing. In fact, my friend and I have made some very interesting discoveries, indeed—which, of course, we shall not burden you with, since we are soon to divulge them in certain dry and scientific articles."

"Surely not dry," objected Hamilton. "I can't imagine you'd reduce them to the dry condition, you know." But Hamilton's part of our trips was always to say the right thing at the right time.

Presently I wandered from the group still conversing and looking over sketches at the tent, climbed aimlessly over the fallen rocks toward the tempting ledge, and, having come face to face with the base of the wall, stood looking at it with my mouth open and eyes bulging with astonishment. I called to Hamilton, and when he at length stood beside me, said: "Well, what do you see?"

"See? I see, as the priest says, that you can't tell the sizes of things here by looking on. Doesn't look far up here; beastly job to climb."

"Well, and what else?"

"Really, not the point of your obscure joke; do explain like a good chap."

"No joke, man! Look at the wall!"

So he began foolishly, but carefully; and when his eyes caught the right place they began bulging as mine had done, and he gave vent to his ultimate expression, "By Jove!"

Certainly there was every excuse for being surprised, for mankind doesn't walk fly-fashion straight up a perpendicular wall, and yet there went the prints of bare hands and bare feet high above our heads—dim, red prints as though some prehistoric acrobat had got into the soft, red earth thereabouts on a rainy day and left the marks after him as he ascended the rock by virtue of its very stickiness. But the surprise was the least part of it. A dozen theories and explanations swarmed into our heads, for the prints were so dim and old no recent explorer could account for them, and the way the great toe offset from the foot bespoke a race that never wore shoes.

Nothing seemed to explain it so well, after all, as the queer old myths about the city of enchantment on the Mesa's heights. Yes, there *was* a city. So much the priest knew. The younger Indians had told him in their own musical tongue how Acom, now on the opposite heights, used to crown the Mesa; and the old men had added how, during a great storm, the pathway on the cliff had been broken away, compelling them to go elsewhere; and the enthusiastic Lummis had added to this tale three old squaws who remained on top, cut off from the world, but whose illustrious skeletons never appeared, at least to the several members of the Jordan party whom I had met. Contradicting all this was the

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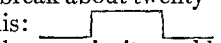
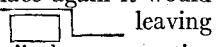
doubting scientist who did not believe Indian legends, but he with the rest had gone up the wrong side opposite to us; and here, in spite of him, were the red-mud footprints going up and coming down the perpendicular wall. Hamilton and I discussed it a long while. As to how the prints came there, we could figure that out; for directly below where we stood lay a large rectangular rock fully the size of a small cottage, smooth and clean, as if it might have fallen within the memory of man. The cliff, as it stands, shows a clean break about twenty-five feet broad, like this:  but with the rock in place again it would have been thus:  leaving two narrow "chimneys" that any active climber might have wriggled up through. So here were the illustrations to go with the old myths—the steep trail, the falling of the rocks in the thunder-storm, the destruction of the pathway—all but the three distinguished old ladies introduced merely for dramatic effect. Nothing could be simpler; but to realize that we were not looking at one of those tourist-worn "sights" that so many had gone over, scribbling names—that what we beheld might be a new detail yet unnoticed by the white-man explorer—this was a much more difficult idea to accept, even on probation.

Yet here were certainly footprints so old one might pass them a dozen times unnoticed, and here was certainly a way up the Mesa complete in all but a few spaces, and the myth to go with it. After all, the three exploring parties had done most of their exploring on top, naturally enough. The priest and the artist had made discoveries below, why not we?

And so arguing, Hamilton and I descended again to camp. We had hoped that the artist and the priest might be going back to semi-civilization with us that afternoon; but "No," said the priest, "not for days yet. You see, even a priest must have his hobby, and mine is to learn the ancient songs and chants from my Indian people and rewrite them in modern notation. Fascinating, fascinating, I assure you! Then, too, I love my rocks and my mountains and all the stories that go with them; and our discoveries—yes, fascinating old place. No one has really gone over the Mesa carefully yet, and there may be more."

"Quite so," admitted Hamilton, with an irresistible twinkle, "quite so; there may be more."

And with that we bade farewell to our priest, looking back at him over our shoulders, standing so still and straight and tall in the midst of his enchanted domain, with his long hair blowing.

"Capital fellow," said Hamilton, once out of hearing. "Staunch old chap; the kind of priest you'd look for in a book, you know. Really, now, I hope we're not butting in on any of his discoveries. Of course he doesn't own the Mesa, but yet, don't you know, I hope we're not butting into his dry science."

And then we both fell silent for many miles; for though the Enchanted Mesa had shrunk into the distance, alternately rose-colored and purple, and finally vanished behind the last guardian promontory, its spirit of enchantment was still upon us, and neither of us wished to break the spell.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

MY friend Hanson combines with a practical interest in real estate a tendency to theorize about the domiciliary habits and tastes of people, and the migratory moods of urban populations. One of his theories is that if at the centre of the business districts of our most congested cities a block or two could be set apart for private residences, equipped with the modern conveniences and elegancies, tenants for such residences would be found; and presently, the social respectability of the thing being established, the difficulty would be to find sufficient space to accommodate those who would wish to escape the interval of transit between home and business that has now become the inevitable concomitant of our life. The theory is interesting, because it embodies a protest against our present period of trolley-civilization that is not often heard. It assumes that the daily journey on the trolley-car, which tends to prolong more and more as new suburbs are linked to the cities, is becoming increasingly obnoxious to some people, in spite of all the advantages of better air and cheaper rent and more wholesome conditions of existence generally that it renders possible. So indubitable are these same advantages, and so great is the sense of enlargement, liberation, expansion of interest and horizon that has come to thousands upon thousands through the trolley, that the individuals may seem to count for little who find that for them its usefulness is overbalanced by its nervous strain. Yet it is more than probable that Hanson is right—their number is increasing.

Trolley Civilization

As against the opinion that daily, compulsory going and coming over considerable distances is bad for the nerves, it can be said that many of the English have always done a great deal of it, and remained, notwithstanding, very well poised and placid. But the conditions of life of the English man of business who goes up to London from his home in the country are conditions very different from our own. To live twelve miles from London is, for hundreds of people, to live for much of the time an existence quite untouched by that metropolitan proximity. With us there is a keen consciousness of any large city or town for many miles around; all the suburban population of all degrees flock eagerly to its shops, theatres, and restaurants. It is this continuous displacement of large concourses of people—of the whole people—that produces the hustling congestion of trolley traffic, and, together with its breathless haste, causes in some temperaments a mental vacuum, a dispersion of thought, to submit to which as a matter of routine seems after awhile exasperatingly senseless.

This scattering of attention afflicts, as is natural, only those who have need, or capacity, or inclination, to keep their mental mechanism under control and habitually to concentrate it. A life of perpetual displacement suits the rich and the idle, to whom it furnishes occupation and food for ideas. And conditions which make displacement feasible at small cost healthily break up the mental stagnation that goes with manual labor. The class to whom the world does not present itself under its physical aspect primarily, lies between these extremes; and to this class displacement is a stimulus only when it comes at a moment of recreation; otherwise it is a hinderance. The time it consumes is a hinderance, and the promiscuous contacts it implies, the intrusion on privacy, still more.

We seem, then, to be coming to the curious result that the very order of persons for whom suburban life appeared especially fitted, may soon be wanting, in growing numbers, to desert it. Men whose mental life is of importance to them know that the most electric mental enthusiasm will not always be proof against the stupefying tedium of crowded public conveyances; or that, if the vitality holds out, it has turned into an acrid irritability long before the destination is reached, out of which no happy intellectual gestation can by any means be expected. Just how the class of whom Hanson is thinking will succeed in placing themselves, at a time when the greater part of the population is conforming itself to the new possibilities of electric traction, is a problem of the hour:—not an insistent one, because these people are a minority. It would be interesting if the solution proved to be a centripetal motion toward the heart of cities on their part, while all other elements were executing a centrifugal evolution toward the country.

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THE FIELD OF ART

SOME NOTES ON PORTRAITURE AND THE RECENT PORTRAIT EXHIBITION

IF the noblest study of mankind be man, the painter of portraits is singularly fortunate in his pursuit. For it is not only his duty to familiarize himself with man in the abstract, but it is his business to study him in the concrete—to know his physical structure, and to make such use of the lines and movements, attitudes and gestures of the person he is representing, that they will appeal to those who are acquainted with this person as most characteristic of the particular individual he portrays.

This is only a bald statement of one of the baldest facts in portraiture. The portraitist has the advantage of the landscape painter in that the human figure offers all that landscape does of paintable material, plus the human interest, the personal note. Habit of life, temperament, the vicissitudes of existence, all leave their mark on man; and under each of these conditions the individual experiences myriads of emotions, whose marks it is the province of the portrait painter to detect—not only to detect, but to weigh—so that in his interpretation of a human being a just proportion shall be established; for in the summing up of a personality with a view to perpetuating it by art, that no petty or ignoble trait shall take precedence in the work, is of great significance: for an individual has now left the world of daily trifles and has entered, for the time being, the realm of art. His place immediately becomes dignified; he is to exist permanently with the air the painter sees fit to give him. Some one has well said, "The highest thing that art can do is to set before you the true image of a noble human being." The greatest painters of all time must have thought in this way, for the names of Titian, Tintoretto, Raphael, Rembrandt, Velasquez and Franz Hals come to mind as of those who painted great canvases of other subjects, but who perhaps did no more perfect things than the best of the portraits they have left behind them; while among those who pursued portraiture solely are names the most familiar in the history of painting. Why is this? Whatever the reason, it certainly seems true that when the portrait painter's work is shown in exhibitions devoted exclusively to that particular form of art, the public shows an interest in the display greater than it carries to the usual exhibitions where the subjects are mixed ones. And it may be illuminating to look a little into the reason for this preference and endeavor to account for it. One cause of it may be the variety of emotions, sensations, and mental satisfactions that are provoked and provided for by this art; and particularly when its examples are presented under conditions where the various periods of its practice are arranged for simultaneous study.

In recalling the first exhibition, that which was devoted exclusively to portraits of women, we can account for the interest it excited on the score of the charm it offered in subject. But when we consider that the two later displays in New York were portraits of both sexes and included those of children also, it seems to have grown into a looked-for event which appeals to a more intelligent and wider public; for the art of portraiture at these times has been presented in a larger range of subjects and extended into a greater representation of schools.

In the spring, I think it was of 1894, a picture exhibition of most captivating character was given in London—the Exhibition of Portraits of Fair Women—and it became immediately popular. There is something strikingly American in the promptness with which we over here adopted the idea when, in the autumn of the same year, there opened at the old Academy of Design, New York, The Portraits of Women Loan Exhibition for the benefit of St. John's Guild and the Orthopedic Hospital. The ready adoption of the precedent which London gave us was American because of its hardihood. England since Henry VIII and for many years later was practically without portrait painters. But England had the wisdom to import them; since then to an unusual degree she has encouraged the art, and was consequently rich in portraits. We, on the other hand, with the exception of the very small group of painters, the shining lights of which were Copley, Trumbull, Gilbert Stuart and Washington Allston, had little of the past to draw

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upon. At the mere mention of England and portraiture the names of Holbein, Van Dyck, Jansens, Lely, Kneller and Angelica Kauffman are recalled among imported talent, while in native masters she was peculiarly rich with Gainsborough, Sir Joshua, Romney, Opie, Hoppner, Sir Henry Raeburn, Sir William Beechey, and Sir Thomas Lawrence—these in themselves are a host; and owing to the taste or custom of the time, they have left treasures of work, beside handing down to posterity a sufficiently varied range of character and type. So then, when we consider the resources of the past that were available for an exhibition of this kind, it seemed as though efforts here would be perforce largely confined to contemporary art. Although this proved to be the case, it was surprising, in 1894, in 1895, and again in 1898, when a third show was given—the two later ones, as has been said, not restricted to portraits of women—to note the number and excellence of the foreign canvases then brought together. In the last of these exhibitions, that is, in that of 1898, the increase of foreign work was marked, showing augmented interest among collectors in examples of foreign schools. Since then, indeed, interest in portraiture has become still greater, and this recent display of 1903, which for lack of space was not so large as the preceding ones, made up in quality, perhaps, for what it lacked in numbers; and there was in proportion a larger representation of early foreign work.

What can be more entertaining for the connoisseur who has been alive to the work of the eighteenth-century painters, both English and French, than to see their portraits side by side, as it were, and thus to compare the methods of the respective schools? This opportunity was here given; and of the French and German schools still earlier canvases were shown. The taste in these earlier workers tended to great elaboration of detail, some of which was quite exquisite and skilful, but in no way contributing to that breadth of effect which we note in the canvases even of Kneller and Lely, those precursors of the full-blown flower of English art which expanded in Gainsborough, Sir Joshua, and Romney. Still, it is evident enough that these men profited by their Dutch and German predecessors as well as by what they had assimilated through visits to Italy and other wanderings. Sir Joshua, indeed, owed something to the classics he had admired in Venice, in Rome, and Florence, and there is a reminiscence of del Sarto and the Caracci, as well as of other Italians, to be perceived at times in his work. This did not make him less English, but only more workmanlike; and if he had not much imagination he had what is most valuable in portraiture, "horse-sense." His judgment is good, and where Hoppner would paint his lady under the trees seated on a brass-nailed velvet sofa, Sir Joshua would make use of a rustic seat or stone bench for the purpose. Francis Cotes, who painted somewhat earlier, was harder and less suave than the greater men who succeeded him; but it was interesting to note that in the draperies and costume the later men were indebted to him for certain tricks of fold, which in their hands became more ample and more free of stroke; this of course when Cotes did not paint them, as he is said sometimes to have done, for Sir Joshua when the latter was hurried. This touch was imparted to our own Copley and again improved upon from him by Gilbert Stuart; so it appears the best men, the strongest men, in their art, were those whose vision was most generous, for it was in such cases the hand obeying the promptings of the trained eye. There could also be discovered from the simultaneous examination of the work of the French school of the eighteenth century, Largillière, Nattier, Vanloo and others, a prevailing family likeness of touch, but varied as the temperament of the painters varied. And a rather agreeable feature of both the English and French schools of that period was the disposition of the artists to paint their subjects at times in the guise of some mythological character, if the type to be portrayed lent itself to such interpretation. One had then not only a likeness, but an agreeable canvas, at once ornamental and familiar. The freedom this departure permitted the painter in depicting, the flutter of draperies, and thus varying their composition, fitted well doubtless with the humor and taste of the time. Intelligent painters, indeed, of all times have been pleased to seek for something of the classic temper in their subjects, and portrait art has gained thereby, if not in the strict recording of character, at least in picturesque invention. It is open to us of to-day to occasionally so treat our subjects that hints of the archaic in line of throat or profile may be somewhat emphasized, to the added charm of the por-

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trait in hand. It is perhaps the province of the artist to detect and reveal these hitherto unheralded qualities in his sitter and proclaim them to the world. Have not some of the early Englishmen thus rescued the obscure girl Emma Hart, and retained her more effectively for the future than the facts of her later becoming Lady Hamilton and Nelson's friend will ever do? I think so; for she still lives and frolics and dreams on canvases by Romney and Reynolds in the fulness of her splendid vitality, while in the pages of history she grows stout and indifferent. Diane de Poitiers still fascinates through the lines Primaticcio has left of her at Fontainebleau, and indeed we seem to trace her in the little figures Jean Goujon has moulded in bas-reliefs that ornament the Louvre. Many an English beauty has had a higher reputation made for her by artists than of her foolish self she was able to sustain.

It is only right that the painter should conserve for us fast vanishing types, or establish the fact that beauty is perennial—that it is not exclusively the property of the past. The artist can give the ring of true coinage to many a beauty and make it current, as we have said, and prove in spite of changing methods that beauty is eternal. There are many and various means of doing this, by ways of painting as opposed as those of Raeburn and Gainsborough, each of which can charm us differently. The secure, frank, and intelligent construction of Raeburn in the painted head results in beauty of an obvious kind, but the Gainsborough portrait of Mrs. Elliott in the last exhibition here, although not so secure technically as Raeburn always is, was of a beauty in its mellow color and tentative touch that satisfied the mind more fully than the most perfect effort of Raeburn could ever do. One might almost say in comparing these two nearly contemporaries, that Raeburn was master of things seen and Gainsborough of things unseen but "felt." Although not well represented in this latest exhibition, Raeburn is essentially modern in his method, and we can recall painted heads by him where the stroke is as secure as much of the best art of to-day, and which is as significant as that of Sargent. It would be impossible to make a similar statement concerning Ramsay or, let us say, Hoppner; but there is again an anticipatory note in some of the execution of Romney and of Sir Joshua—that note which frankly places a constructive plane with a stroke which is meant to stay because it is right in both value and color. The portrait by Sir Joshua of Mr. Musters was modern enough in its directness of painting, and of beautiful fulness of color, and fineness of expression. Such work is good for all time, knows no epoch, is always modern. We are speaking now of the latest exhibition, that of 1903, and would refer to still another fine work by Sir Joshua, both in color and composition—the portrait of Colonel Cussmaker. The breadth and virility of the painting and the admirable disposition of the masses in this canvas made it not only noteworthy in this collection, but, better still, a noteworthy Sir Joshua. An important Van Dyck, that of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison, a vivacious Romney of Miss Eleona Gordon, also one by Romney of Mrs. Ker of charming poise and expression, together with dewy-lipped and liquid-eyed Hoppners among many other fine early painters of portraits—these, all in the first room, left one in a critical mood to mount to the other galleries and receive the impression made by contemporary portraiture. Here we are in the presence of work by men who have had this past to study, to think upon, to deduce from; men who possess a wider knowledge of the precedents of portrait painting than had, probably, any of those whose canvases we have examined. From the primitives of Dutch and Italian schools to the latest English, French, German and American practice—Sir John Millais, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Frank Holl; Bonnat, Constant, Dagnan-Bouveret, and Carolus-Duran; Lenbach and Makart and Scandinavian Zorn were to be seen mingled with the Americans, Sargent, Whistler, Shannon, Collins and others. It struck one in a measure, this first approach, that whatever modifications landscape has undergone in the past twenty-five or thirty years, portraiture also had experienced. Light seems to have burst into the problem; light on surface, light on dress and hair, accessories and background. The sitter in these portraits is in air that can be breathed—not so pictorial, perhaps, as before, but more logical, less pretty, and—shall we say it?—not quite so kind, so sympathetic, so human. Light, bold, cold, unrelenting, revealing light, beat upon some of these figures, upon chair, table, and any accessory that happened in the area of the

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scene in which the figure sat or stood; and with an apparent unstudied disposition of quantities or of line, was so painted. This of itself struck one as modern on leaving the many well-considered canvases below stairs—canvases which spoke of a controlling purpose and intention in their spaces and their line. But let us not be hasty; perhaps, although less obvious, there is art before us here. There is art indeed, and much of nature—visual nature and faithfully represented—but of human nature? Has not this very fidelity to outward things been gained at the sacrifice of something?

Mr. Sargent's large exhibit of twelve canvases perhaps answers in some instances this question; but he is so consummate a virtuoso as well as so vital an interpreter of character that we are almost willing to accept the sacrifices for the pleasure he gives us in the thing done. But the dignity of the General Wood and the vivacity of the Mrs. Widener leave little to be desired. His portrait, too, of Miss Chanler is of a seriousness and living charm that shows him in a more human light than is always found in this master of almost unrivalled skill.

The same spirit that sent Manet to the café for "Le Bon Bock," Degas to the coulisses for the *figurante*, and Monet to the fields and Cathedral towns, has now entered the studio and the drawing-room, and people seem to exist for the painter of to-day mainly in their visual relation to objects surrounding them. Individuals are now, in some hands, a sublimated kind of still-life, to be portrayed in strict relation to whatever is found in juxtaposition to them. If this be well selected, it results in a marvellous vividness of presence. But has not the modern painter become so perfect a machine, so detached, so indifferent, so cold to everything save a realization of the actual, that the warm, sympathetic feeling of personal interest in the human being before him has gone from his heart?

Do not some canvases in this show breathe a spirit of personal prowess rather than of personal love for the thing done?

If the artist surprise his sitter at an unhappy instant, is not that fixed rather than the best and most propitious moment for perpetuation? Is this true, the accidental rather than the general mien, the habitual deportment? Should there not be less of cynicism and more of kindliness in the delineation of a human being? We want no Guy de Maupassants in painting, for painting is always before us; it is not between covers, where one may choose not to see it if one so wishes. There sometimes appears to be greater interest in the technical than in the human problem.

And now, after these strictures, it is only fair to signalize an exception or two in this brilliant show of modern work. There is a canvas named simply "Portrait." It is of a lady, by Dagnan-Bouveret, which breathes refinement, personality, an unobtrusive air all its own, and painted as by an artist who loves and respects his work. This may not have received much attention, although it is by a master. It is not *clever*, it is only *good*. It is very good. The virile portrait of a gentleman by Frank Hall is also of the good tradition of sympathetic portraiture. What if the shadows be somewhat black? The artist has evidently premised his work from the point of view of darks: background and dress alike are sombre. But is there not an individual before us? a person that talks, thinks, and acts? There is indeed, and all this has been projected upon the canvas by a painter who "feels"; it is human portraiture. Another exception is seen in the work of the late Alfred Collins, and particularly exceptional is the portrait entitled "Mrs. Collins." And is there not by Collins a starry-eyed young man in uniform, which, although unfinished, seems convincingly personal? This, too, possesses the human element of which we are speaking—and so does the lad in Eton jacket, which is tender, adolescent, and charming. These, with the little portraits by Dewing, are among the number that, for want of a better term, might be called the quiet gems of a dazzling collection. More of those could be noted, and the fact is stimulating. Those just mentioned are really "felt"; these are of the human kind which inspired the remark of the lady whom Robert Louis Stevenson mentions as just returning to Edinburgh after an absence of many years, who, in speaking of an Exhibition of Portraits by Raeburn —"I could see none of my old friends," she said, "until I went into the Raeburn Gallery, and found them all there." Such seems the destiny of fine portraiture, for through its magic we may cheat the grave, and retain at our side the forms that we cherish, the personalities that we adore.

FRANK FOWLER.

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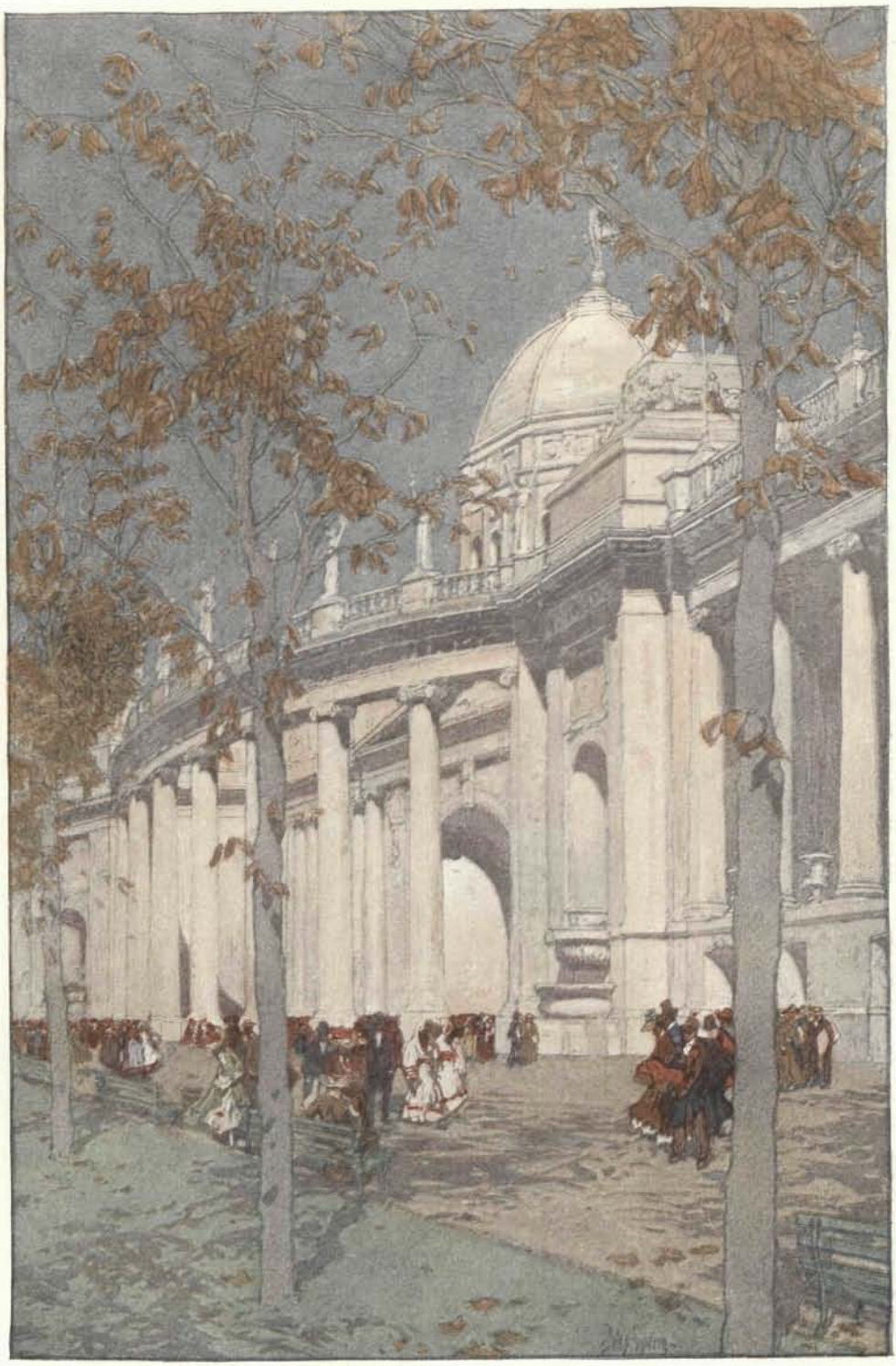

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

THE COLONNADE OF THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING.

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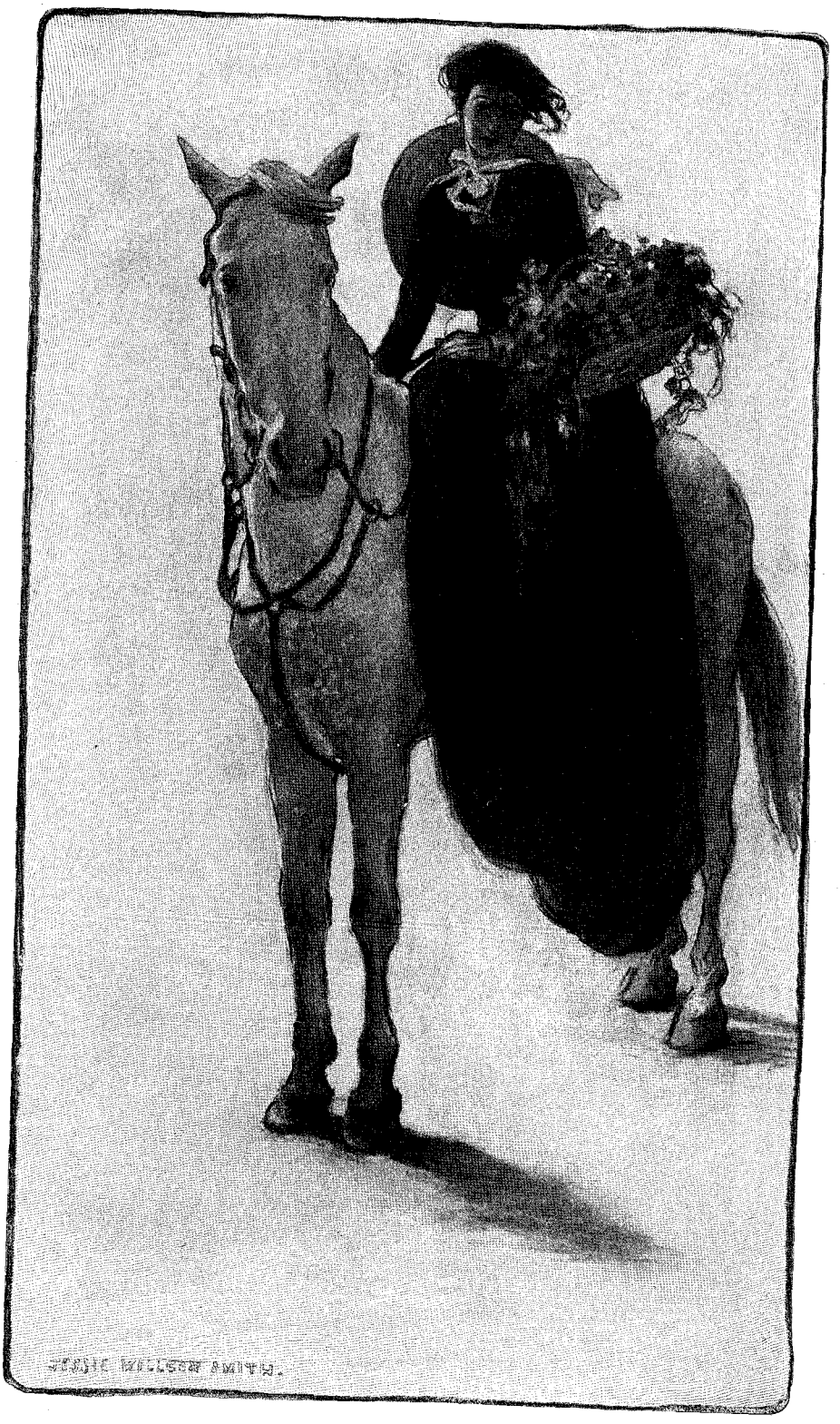

She rode up on old white Bunny.—Page 323.

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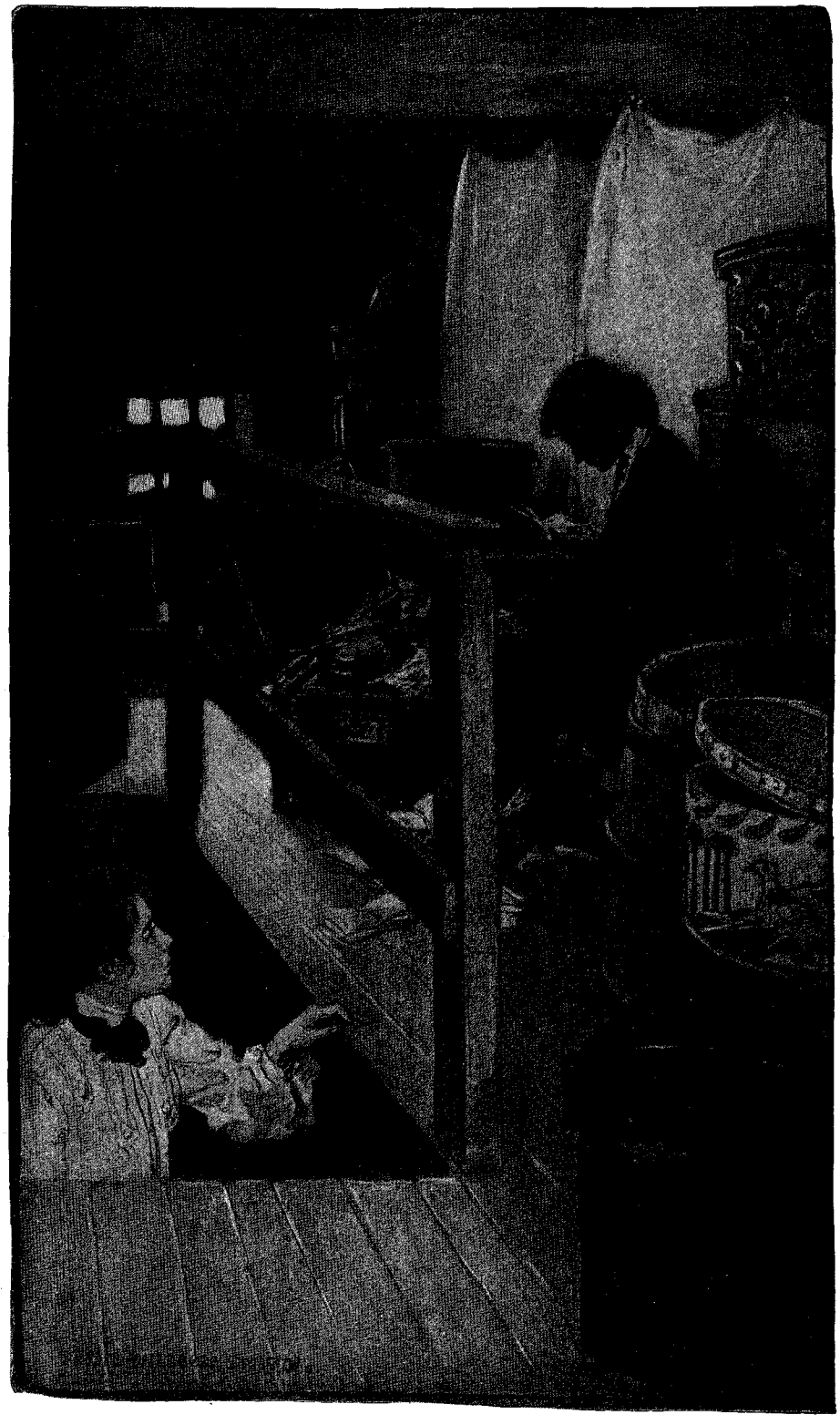

In these are packed certain old letters and dance programs.—Page 327.

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As several of the vases needed filling, I went into the garden.—Page 329.

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A small niece visited us awhile this summer.—Page 332.

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